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THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN
DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA



THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIXOTE

OF LA MANCHA

BY

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

DONE INTO ENGLISH BY

HENRY EDWARD WATTS

A NEW EDITION

WITH NOTES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

IN FOUR VOLUMES. VOL. IV.

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CONTENTS

SECOND PART



Don Quixote

CHAPTER LX

CHAPTER LXI

CHAPTER LXII

CHAPTER LXIII

CHAPTER LXIV

CHAPTER LXV



CHAPTER LXXII

CHAPTER LXXIII

CHAPTER LXXIV

APPENDICES



CHAPTER XXXVII

In which is continued the famous adventure of the Dolorous Duenna

THE Duke and Duchess were extremely delighted to see how excellently Don Quixote responded to their purpose; but here Sancho exclaimed:

—I should not like this lady duenna to be putting any block on the promise of my government, for I have heard an apothecary of Toledo say, who talked like a linnet,[1] that where duennas came in there could never be good thing.[2] God's my life, and how hard he was with them, that apothecary! From which I gather that, since all duennas are mischief-makers and impertinent, of whatever kind or quality they may be, what shall those be who are afflicted, as they say is this Countess Three-tails[3]—in my country, skirts and tails—tails and skirts—all's one.

[1] *Silguero*, the old form of *xilguero;* to talk and to sing like a *silguero* was apparently a cant term for a fluent speaker.

[2] Cervantes puts in the mouth of the Toledan apothecary his own opinions about duennas, against whom he was never weary of inveighing, with half-humorous, half-earnest acrimony,—the survival, perhaps, of some domestic sore. In his novel of *The Jealous Estremaduran*, he launches forth into a bitter invective against these ladies: "O duennas, born and bred in the world for the ruin of a thousand modest and virtuous resolves! O ye long, double-edged coifs, chosen to give propriety to the chambers and saloons of ladies of condition; and how otherwise than dutifully do ye use your almost necessary office!" This prejudice against duennas, who in the popular drama usually acted the part of procuresses to the ladies whose virtue they were appointed to guard, was shared by Quevedo and most of the satirists of the age.

[3] Alluding to the name *Trifaldi*, which suggests *tres faldas*, "three skirts."

—Peace, Sancho friend, said Don Quixote, for since this lady duenna comes from lands so remote in quest of me, she cannot be one of those of the apothecary's reckoning; more by token that she is a Countess, and when Countesses serve as duennas it will be in the service of Queens and Empresses, and in their own houses they are very ladies, who are served by other duennas.

To this Doña Rodriguez, who was present, made answer:

—My lady the Duchess hath duennas in her service which, if Fortune had pleased, might well be Countesses, but the laws go where the kings will;[1] and let none speak ill of duennas, especially of those who are old and maiden; for though I am not one, yet I know well and can appreciate the advantage that a maiden-duenna has over a widow-duenna; and he who clipt us has the shears in his hand.[2]

—For all that, retorted Sancho, there is so much to shear in your duennas, according to my barber, that it were better not to stir the rice even though it sticks.[3]



But I tell them, these moving logs, that, in spite of their teeth, we shall live in the world and in the houses of the quality, though we die of hunger and cover our bodies, delicate or not delicate, with black nuns' weeds,[1] as who should cover or cloak a dung-heap with a piece of tapestry on procession day. My faith, if I were allowed and the time demanded, but I would let them know, not only those present but all the world, how that there is no virtue which is not contained in a duenna.

I believe, remarked the Duchess, that my good Doña Rodriguez is right, and very much so. But it behoves her to bide the time for standing up for herself and the other duennas, to refute the ill opinion of that base apothecary and root out that which the great Sancho Panza has in his breast.

To this Sancho replied.—Since I have had a sniff of Governor the cobwebs of squire have left me, and I do not care a wild fig for all the duennas that are.

They would have gone further with this duennesque colloquy had they not heard the fife and drums sound once more, by which they learnt that the Dolorous Duenna was approaching. The Duchess asked the Duke whether it would not be right to go and receive her, seeing she was a Countess and a person of quality.

—For what she has of Countess, said Sancho—before the Duke could reply—I am for your Highness going out to receive her; but for what she has of duenna, I am of opinion you should not move a step.

—Who set thee to meddle in this, Sancho? said Don Quixote.

—Who, Sir? answered Sancho; I meddle, as I am able to meddle, as a squire who has learnt the rules of courtesy in the school of your worship, who is the most courteous and

[1] The costume of the duenna was invariably a black sombre suit, something [illegible] a nun's, with a towering head-dress, *toca*, of white.

well-bred Knight there is in all courtiership; and in these things, as I have heard your worship say, one may lose as much by a card more as by a card less;[1] and to a good hearer few words.[2]

—It is as Sancho says, said the Duke; let us see the shape of the Countess, and by that we shall measure the courtesy due to her.

And now the drums and the fife came in as before.—And here the author brought this short chapter to an end and began another, pursuing the same adventure, which is one of the most notable in the story.

[1] The allusion is to some game at cards, like *vingt-et-un*. See Part II. ch. xxvii.

[2] *Al buén entendedor pocas palabras*—a proverb.

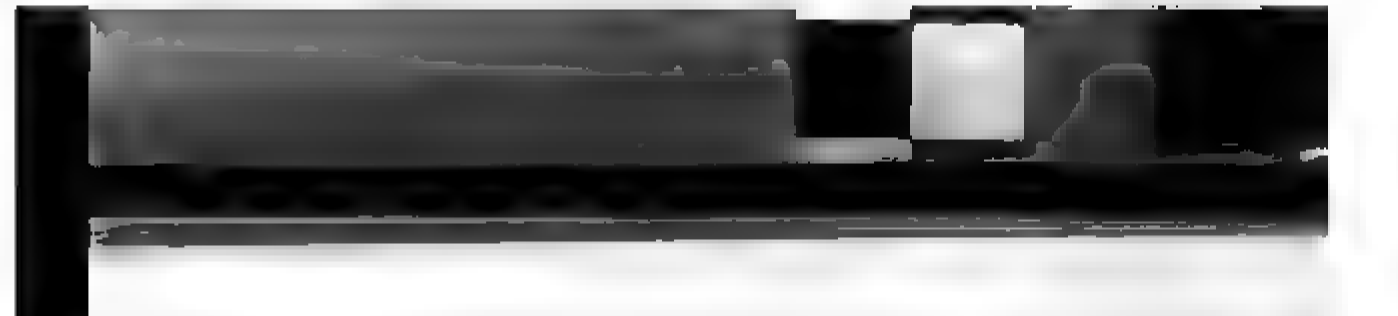
CHAPTER XXXVIII

Wherein is recounted what the Dolorous Duenna told of her misadventure

In the rear of the melancholy musicians there began to appear, in the garden beyond, some duennas to the number of twelve, divided into two files, all clothed in ample nuns' habits seemingly of milled serge, with white hoods of fine muslin, so long that only the hem of their robes could be seen beneath. Behind them came the Countess Trifaldi, whom the squire Trifaldin of the White Beard led by the hand,[1] clothed in finest black baize, unnapped, which had the nap been raised would have showed each grain of the bigness of one of the good Martos chick-peas.[2] The tail, or skirt, or what they please to call it, was of three points, which were borne in the hands of three pages also clothed in mourning, making a handsome mathematical figure with the three acute angles which three points formed, by which all who looked at the sharp-pointed skirt recognised that it was because of it she was called the Countess Trifaldi, as who should say the *Countess of the Three Skirts*; and this

[1] This passage is evidently an imitation of one in the romance of *Lisuarte of Greece*, where the Knight having just finished his dinner in company with the Emperor of Trebizond, there entered by the palace-gate a damsel, supported by two aged knights with very long beards and hair, clad in long black garments, who came to seek the hero's aid in some affliction.

[2] *Un garbanzo de los buenos de Martos.* Martos is a small town in Andalucia, famous, it would seem, for the bigness of its *garbanzos*,—always a favourite grain with the Spaniards of the South.



Benengeli says was true, for of her proper appellation she was called the Countess *Lobuna*, because in her country were bred many wolves; and that if instead of wolves they had been foxes, they would have named her the Countess *Zorruna*,[1] it being a custom in those parts for the proprietors to take their names from the thing or things in which their estates most abounded; but this Countess, out of compliment to her new fashion of skirt, dropped the *Lobuna* and took the *Trifaldi.* The twelve duennas and the lady advanced at a procession-pace, their faces covered with black veils, not transparent like Trifaldin's, but so thick that they showed nothing through them. As soon as the duenna-squadron came into full view, the Duke, the Duchess, and Don Quixote stood up, as well as all who were regarding the leisurely procession. The twelve duennas halted and made a lane, through the middle of which the Dolorous One advanced without letting go the hand of Trifaldin. Seeing this the Duke, the Duchess, and Don Quixote went forward about twelve paces to receive her. She, sinking on

be seated on a chair by the Duchess, who also received her with much politeness. Don Quixote remained silent, while Sancho was dying to see the face of the Trifaldi and one or two of her numerous duennas; but it was not possible, till they uncovered themselves of their own will and accord. All kept quiet and stood by in silence, waiting to see who should break it, which the Dolorous Duenna did, in these words:

Confident am I, most puissant Lord, loveliest Lady, and discreetest company, that my wretchedness will find in your most valiant bosoms a reception no less pleasing than generous and doleful, for it is one enough to melt marble and soften adamant and to mollify the steel of the most hardened hearts in the world. But before it is made public to your hearing, not to say your ears, I would that ye made me cognisant of whether there is, in this society, circle, and company, that stainlessest Knight Don Quixote of La Manchissima and his squireliest Panza.[1]

The Panza, said Sancho — before any one else could reply — is here, and the Don Quixotissimo likewisisimo, and therefore, Duenissima Dolorosissima, you can say what you wouldissimo, for we are all ready and preparedissimo to be your servantissimuses.

Thereupon Don Quixote rose to his feet, and directing his discourse to the Dolorous Duenna, said:

If your distresses, anguished lady, can promise themselves any hope of relief through any valour and might of any Knight Errant, here mine are, which though small and feeble, shall all be employed in your service. I am Don Quixote, whose business it is to succour any species of the

[1] The language of the Duenna is of the broadest burlesque, as befitting her extravagant appearance and complaint, and the company. Don Quixote she calls the "*acendradísimo caballero*" of "*La Manchísima*," and Sancho "*su escuderísimo Panza*," which Sancho mimics, in his turn,—turning names, titles, verbs, and participles into the superlative.

necessitous; and since this is so, you have no need, lady, to sue for benevolences or to hunt for preambles, but plainly and without circumlocution declare your grievances, for those who hear them will know how—if not to relieve them, to condole with them.

Hearing this the Dolorous Duenna made as if she would fling herself at Don Quixote's feet, and did indeed fall down and strive to embrace them, crying:

—Before these feet and these legs I prostrate myself, O unconquered Knight! for here are the pedestals and columns of Knight Errantry. These feet I would kiss, from whose steps depend and hang all the remedy of my distress. O valorous Errant! whose veritable deeds outstrip and eclipse the fabled ones of the Amadises, the Esplandians, and the Belianises!

And quitting Don Quixote, she turned to Sancho Panza and seizing him by the hands, exclaimed:

—O thou, the loyalest squire that ever served Knight Errant in past or present ages, whose goodness stretches further than the beard of Trifaldin, my attendant here at hand! Well mayest thou prize thyself, that in serving the great Don Quixote thou servest compendiously the whole troop of Knights who have handled arms in the world! I conjure thee by what thou owest to thy most trusty goodness to be my kind interpreter with thy master, that he may immediately favour this, the humblest and woefullest of Countesses!

To which Sancho made response:

—As to my goodness, dear lady, being so long and large as the beard of your squire, it signifies little to me. Let me but have my soul bearded and whiskered when from this life I go;[1] that is the point, for of beards here below

[1] Sancho's allusion is to the old story of the goaty young man, who, being reproached with his thinness of beard, replied:—"Let us have moustaches in the soul, for no other are of any consequence."

I care little or nothing. But without these clawings and cravings I will ask my master (and I know he loves me well, especially now that he has need of me for a certain business) to favour and help your grace in all he can. Let your grace unload you of your distress and give us the tale of it; and leave us to manage it, for we all understand one another.

The Duke and Duchess were bursting with laughter at all this, as they who knew the gist of this adventure, and to themselves they praised the cunning and artful management of the Trifaldi, who, returning to her seat, spoke as follows:

—Of the famous kingdom of Candaya, which lies between great Trapobana and the Southern Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Comorin,[1] was mistress the Queen Doña Maguncia, widow of the King Archipiela, her lord and husband, of which marriage they had and procreated the Infanta Antonomasia, heiress of the kingdom, which said Infanta Antonomasia was bred and grew up under my tutelage and teaching, I being the most ancient and chiefest of her mother's duennas. It happened then, that, as the days went and the days came, the child Antonomasia did reach the age of fourteen years, and such great perfection and beauty that nature could not mount it a point higher. Nor was it her wit, let me say, that was child-like.[2] She was as witty as she was fair, and she was the fairest of all in the world; and is so still, if the envious Fates and the inflexible Sisters have not cut her thread of life. But sure they will not have,—for the Heavens could not permit such evil to be done on earth, as that there should be carried off

[1] *Candaya* need not be sought for in any atlas. From its association with Trapobana (Taprobana), the ancient name of Ceylon, it may be identified with the modern Kandy, by any one desirous of more precisely fixing the locality of a kingdom lying between Ceylon and the South Seas.

[2] *Mocosa*, in the original, whose concrete sense is "snivelling." Shelton has it: "Discretion itself was a snotty-nose to her."

in its crudity a cluster of the loveliest vine of the soil. Of this—not-as-it-ought-to-be-praised by my dull tongue—beauty were enamoured an infinite number of Princes, both native and foreign, among whom there dared to lift his thoughts to the heaven of so much loveliness a private Knight there was at court, trusting in his youthfulness and gallantry, and in his numerous graces and accomplishments and the facility and felicity of his wit. For I would have your Grandeurs to know, if I do not weary you, that he could touch a guitar so that he made it speak, and more, that he was a poet and a great dancer, and knew how to make bird-cages, by which alone he could get his living, were he reduced to extreme need ;—and all these parts and graces are enough to uproot a mountain, not to say a delicate maiden. But all his gentleness and his good manners, all his graces and capabilities would have been of little or no avail in reducing the fortress of my child, had not the impudent thief resorted to the expedient of reducing me first. The miscreant and impious vagabond first sought

The ditty seemed to me pearls, and his voice syrup, and after that, I mean from that time, considering the harm into which I fell by these and such-like verses, I have concluded that from good and well-ordered commonwealths they should banish poets, as Plato advised,—at least the lewd ones,—for they turn you some couplets, not like those of the Marquess of Mantua,[1] which delight men and children and make them cry, but pointed things, which, like smooth thorns, pierce your soul and wound you like lightning there, leaving your vesture whole.

And again he sang:

> Come Death so stealthily to me
> That I may never feel thee nigh;
> Or else such joy I'll have to die
> That, Life, again I'll cling to thee.[2]

[illegible] Acquilano, differing only in the second line. The original runs thus:—

> De la dolce mia nimica
> Nasce un duol ch esser non suole;
> E per piu tormento vole
> Che se senta e non se dica

But it has been shown by Luis Galvez de Montalvo that Acquilano, in his poem where these lines occur, is copying the old Spanish *redondillas*. Acquitano was an *improvisatore*, who flourished about the end of the fifteenth century, and was reckoned in his time to be equal with Petrarch.

[1] *i.e.* the ballads so largely quoted by Don Quixote in the First Part; see [illegible]

[2] Ven, muerte, tan escondida.
Que no te sienta venir,
Porque el placer del morir
No me torne a dar la vida:

These lines are quite famous in Spanish poetry, and their leading idea has been adapted by many poets. According to Pelicer, the original author was Juan Encina (who flourished 1500-1510), whose version, however, was inferior to the above:—

> Ven, muerte, tan escondida,
> Que no te sienta conmigo;
> Porque el gozo de contigo
> No me torne a dar la vida

And in this kind other verselets and refrains, which being sung enchant and being written ravish. And then, when they stoop to compose a sort of verse which in Candaya was then in fashion which they call *seguidillas*:[1] then was your dancing of souls, the titillation of laughter, the perturbation of the body, and, in fine, the quicksilvering of the senses! And, therefore, I say, gentlemen, that such songsters ought, with just title, to be expelled to the islands of lizards.[2] But theirs is not the fault so much as of the simpletons who praise them, and the foolish women who believe them; and were I the good duenna I ought to be, his over-night[3] conceits might not have moved me, nor could I have believed to be truth such phrases as *Dying I Live*; *In frost I burn*; *In fire I shiver*; *Hopeless I hope*; *Go and Stay*; with other impossibilities of that kind of which their writings are full. And then, when they promise the

The lines, as Cervantes has quoted them, first appeared in the *Romancero General* of Pedro Flores (1614), with a gloss, which may have been the work of Cervantes himself, as Bowle suggests. Lope de Vega, who also wrote a gloss on the lines, changed the word *torne* into *vuelva*,—a change which extorts what seems an excessive amount of commendation from the Spanish commentator always ready to worship Lope. Calderon introduces the lines in his play of *El Mayor Monstruo los Zelos*; and again in his *Manos Blancas no Ofenden*.

[1] The *seguidillas*, the commonest and most characteristic verse of Spain outside of the ballads,—the metre in which the popular songs mostly run, were short lines of irregular construction, which differed from the *redondulas* in the first line rhyming with the third, and the second with the fourth, generally in assonants. A specimen was given in the snatch of song which the page was singing whom Don Quixote met on the road to the inn (ch. xxiv of this Second Part).—

A la guerra me lleva
Mi necesidad;
Si tuviera dineros,
No fuera en verdad.

[2] The islands of the lizards were uninhabited islands to which malefactors of old used to be banished, according to the *Jardin de Flores* of Torquemada.

[3] *Trasnochados conceptos*; *trasnochados*, used in the double sense of "laboured" and "stale." Cervantes here begins to ridicule the vicious euphuism then coming into vogue, the poetry of the *cultismo*, as it was called, of which Gongora had set the fashion about 1605.

Don Quixote

Phœnix of Arabia; the crown of Ariadne,[1] the horses of the Sun, pearls of the South; the gold of Tibar;[2] the Balsam of Pancaya![3] 'Tis here where they most indulge their pens, seeing that it costs them little to promise that which they never intend nor are able to perform. But whither am I digressing? Woe is me, unhappy one! What madness—what folly leads me to recount the faults of others, having so much of my own to speak about? Woe is me, the luckless one, again! For it was not the verses which seduced me but my own silliness; it was not music which melted me, but my own levity; my exceeding ignorance and my little caution opened the road and made easy the path to the approaches of Don Clavijo, for that is the name of the aforesaid cavalier; and so, I being the go-between, he found himself once and a great many times in the chamber of the — not by him but by me — beguiled Antonomasia, under the colour of lawful spouse, for, sinner that I was, I would not have allowed him to come near the edge of the sole of her slipper without being her husband. No, no, none of that; matrimony has to go before any matter of that kind which I manage.[4] There was only one hitch in this business, which was that of the disparity of rank — Don Clavijo being a private gentleman, and the Infanta Antonomasia heiress, as I have said, of the kingdom. For some time this intrigue was covered and hidden by my cunning management, till it seemed to me that it was being revealed apace by a something of a swelling in Antonomasia's

[1] The crown of Ariadne, made by Vulcan of gold and Indian gems, which was exalted into a constellation.

[2] *Tibar* was an ancient name of a river in Africa, famous for the finest gold. Alderete, *Origen de la Lengua Castellana*, 1604, lib. i. ch. xvi.

[3] *Pancaya*, a region of Arabia Felix celebrated for its frankincense,—the native country of the phœnix, according to Pliny.

> Totaque thurifera Panchaia pinguis arenis.
>
> Virgil, *Georg.* ii.

[4] The duenna speaks according to the very trick of her profession, in language happily chosen to suit the character of a go-between of quality.

person, the apprehension whereof made us three take counsel together, and we decided that before the mischief should come to light, Don Clavijo should ask Antonomasia for wife before the vicar, on the strength of a contract of marriage the Princess had given him, worded by my ingenuity, and so strongly that Samson himself could not break it. These measures were taken; the vicar was shown the contract; the vicar took the Princess's confession; she confessed all openly; she was ordered to be placed under the custody of a very honourable bailiff[1] of the court.

Here Sancho exclaimed: In Candaya, too,—are there court-bailiffs, poets, and *seguidillas?* By that I swear I think the whole world is one. But pray you, my lady Trifaldi, make haste, for it is late, and I am dying to know the end of this long story.

—Aye, that I will, answered the Countess.

[1] *Alguacil*; one of the many words of law and administration derived by the Spaniards from the Arabs. The word was originally, according to Dozy, *al-vacil*, which was from *al-wazir*, "vizier." Under the Arabs it was used to denote

CHAPTER XXXIX

Wherein the Trifaldi continues her stupendous and memorable story

WITH every word that Sancho spoke the Duchess was as much delighted as Don Quixote was annoyed, and bidding him be silent the Dolorous One proceeded, saying:

At last, after much questioning and answering, as the Princess stuck to her resolve, without departing or varying from her first declaration, the vicar gave a decision in favour of Don Clavijo and delivered her to him for his lawful wife, at which Queen Doña Maguncia, mother of the Infanta Antonomasia, was so vexed that within three days we buried her.

She must have died, no doubt, observed Sancho.

That is clear, replied Trifaldin, for in Candaya living persons are not buried, only the dead ones.

It has happened before now, Sir Squire, retorted Sancho, that they bury one in a swoon, believing him to be dead; and it seemed to me that the Queen Maguncia was bound to swoon rather than die, for with life many things can be remedied and the Infanta's giddiness was not so great as to force them to feel it so much. Had that lady married some page of hers, or other servant of the house, as many others have done, so I have heard tell, the mischief had been without remedy; but the marrying with a cavalier so genteel and so clever as they have here described him to us, indeed

and indeed, though it was a folly, it were not so great as they think; for according to the rules of my master, who is here present and will not let me lie, just as they make bishops of lettered men, they can make kings and emperors of Knights, especially if they are Errants.

—Thou art right, Sancho, said Don Quixote; for a Knight Errant, give him but two inches of luck, is in near potentiality of becoming the greatest lord on the earth. But let the afflicted lady proceed, for it is evident to me that there remains to be told the bitter of this till now sweet story.

—The bitter indeed remains, said the Countess, and so bitter, that in comparison therewith colocynth is sweet and oleander savoury.[1] The Queen then being dead, nor in a swoon, we buried her; and hardly had we covered her with earth, and scarce had we uttered our last farewell of her, when—

——Quis talia fando,
Temperet a lacrymis?[2]—



him into a hideous crocodile of some unknown metal; and between them stands a column,[1] also of metal, and on it written in the Syriac tongue some characters, which having been turned into Candayan, and now into Castilian, contain this sentence:—

These two rash lovers shall not recover their pristine form until the valorous Manchegan shall come to encounter me in single combat; for the Fates reserve for his great valour alone this unparalleled adventure.[2]

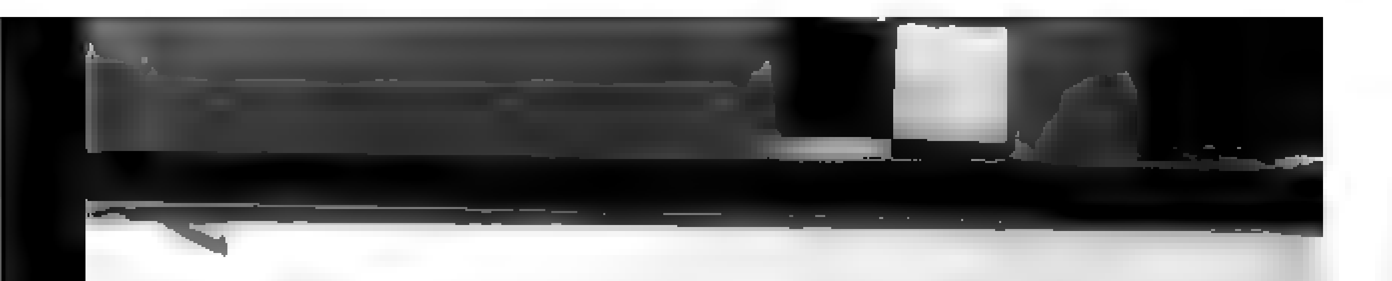
This done he drew from out its sheath a broad and prodigious scimitar, and seizing me by the hair made a feint[3] of cutting my throat and shearing off my head at a blow. I was alarmed, and my voice stuck to my throat; I was fretted to the last degree.[4] But nevertheless, recovering myself as well as I could, I said to him, and in a trembling and doleful voice, such and so many things as made him suspend the execution of his rigorous sentence. Finally, he caused all the duennas of the palace to be brought before him, which were these who are here present, and after having enlarged upon our fault and abused the characters of duennas, their evil practices and worse schemes, and laying on all the crime which was mine alone, he said he would not inflict on us capital punishment but other prolonged pains which

[1] *Un padrón*—a piece of furniture much in use in the books of chivalries, to which public proclamations, challenges, warnings, prophecies, etc., were fixed. The writing was generally Chaldee ("Syriac"), which was essentially the language of magic and magicians.

[2] Notices of this kind were very common in the books of chivalries, giving notice and information to knights regarding adventures reserved for them, and warning off adventurers for whom they were not intended.

[3] *Hizo finta*—an obsolete phrase, borrowed from the Italian. *Hacer finta*, or *fintas*, was a common form in the romances.

[4] *Turbéme, pegóseme la voz a la garganta*,—apparently a parody of the Psalms [illegible]: *Turbatus sum, et non sum locutus, et lingua mea adhaesit faucibus meis.* There is a ridiculous inadequacy of the terms to describe the feelings of a lady with a prodigious scimitar at her throat—which is, of course, a part of the burlesque.



should be to us a continuous civil death. And at the very point and moment that he finished saying this, we all felt the pores of our faces open, and as if all over they pricked us with the points of needles. We clapt our hands at once to our faces, and found ourselves such as you shall now see.

Then the Dolorous One and the other duennas raised their veils, with which they had been covered, and disclosed their faces all planted with beards,—some red, some black, some white, and some grizzled,—at which vision the Duke and Duchess made believe to be wonderstruck, Don Quixote and Sancho were stupefied, and all the bystanders scared.

The Trifaldi continued:—Thus did that evil-minded villain Malambruno punish us, covering the softness and smoothness of our skins with these rough bristles; and would to God he had rather with his murderous scimitar chopped off our heads than shaded the light of our faces for us with this fleece; for if we consider of it, gentlemen dear, —and this which I am going to say now should be said

CHAPTER XL

Concerning matters which relate and pertain to this adventure and to this memorable history

Really and truly all who delight in stories like this ought to show their gratitude to Cid Hamet, its original author, for the scrupulousness he has observed in recording the minutest circumstances thereof, without leaving a thing, however trivial, which is not brought to light distinctly. He portrays the thoughts, discovers the intentions, answers to unspoken questions, clears up doubts, resolves objections, in fine, elucidates the smallest points of the most inquisitive desire. O most illustrious author! O fortunate Don Quixote! O famous Dulcinea! O humorous Sancho Panza! May ye all, jointly and each singly, live infinite ages to the delight and general pastime of the living!

The history goes on to relate that when Sancho Panza saw the Dolorous One faint away, he exclaimed:

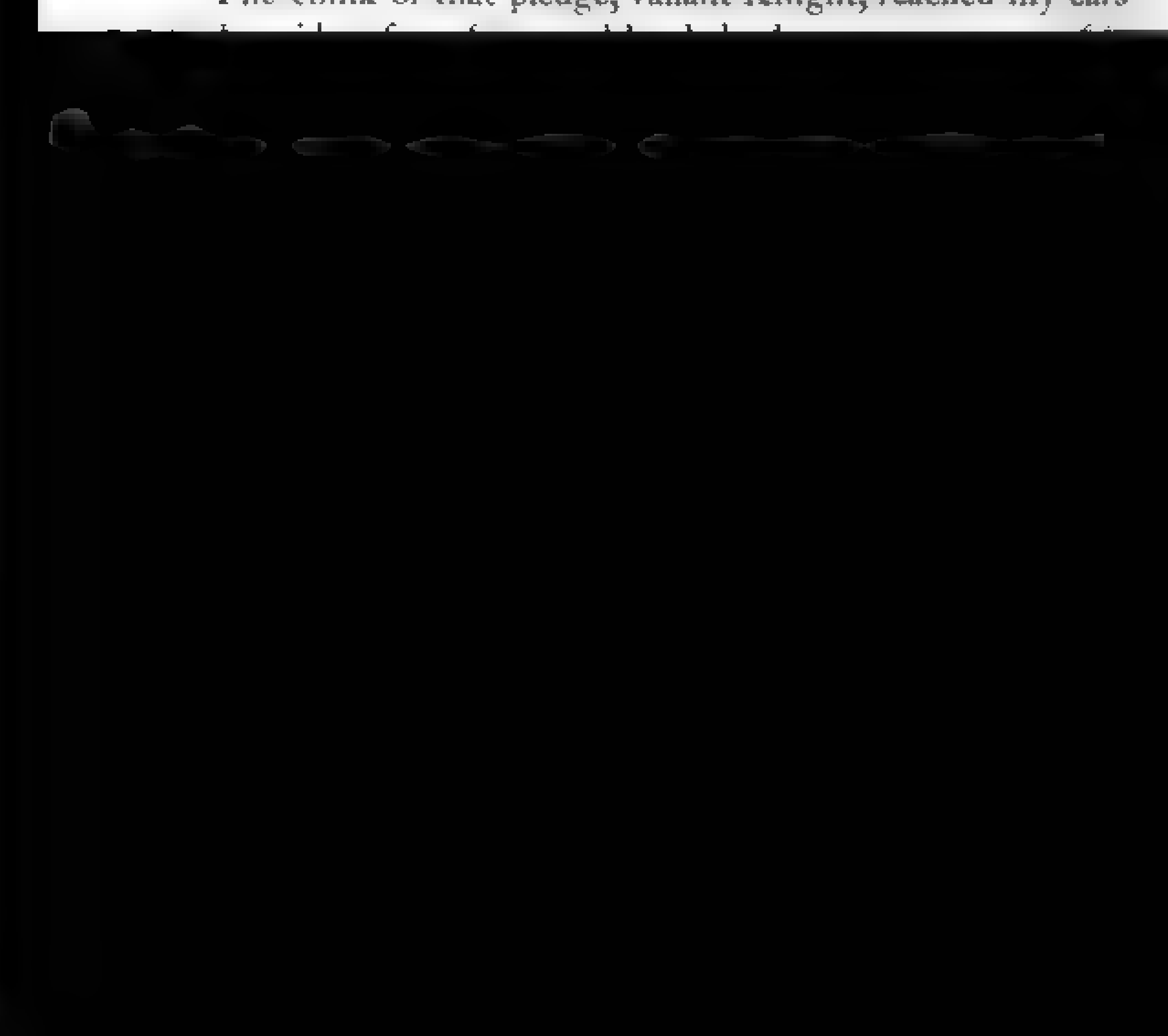
On the faith of an honest man and by the memory of all my forefathers, the Panzas, I vow that never have I heard or seen, nor has my master told me, nor in his imagination did there ever enter, such an adventure as this. A thousand devils take thee, not to speak ill of thee, Malambruno,—for an enchanter and a giant! And couldst thou not find another kind of punishment to inflict on these she-sinners than to beard them? What—and would it not have been better, and for them more proper, to have cut off half of

their noses, from the middle upwards, even though they snuffled for it, than to stick beards on them? I wager they have not the means to pay for their shaving.

—That is the truth, answered one of the twelve, that we have not the means to cleanse ourselves, and therefore some of us have taken, as a thrifty remedy, to use sticking or pitch plasters, and by clapping them to our chins and pulling them off with a jerk, we remain bare and smooth as the bottom of a stone-mortar; for though there are women in Candaya who go from house to house, to remove down, to trim eyebrows, and to prepare elixirs and other things pertaining to females,[1] we, the duennas of my lady, would never admit them, for most of them smell of your go-betweens who have ceased to be principals.[2] And if we are not relieved by Sir Don Quixote, with beards will they carry us to our burying.

—I would pluck out mine, said Don Quixote, in the land of the Moors,[3] if I could not relieve you of yours.

Here Trifaldi recovered from her swoon, and exclaimed: —The chink of that pledge, valiant Knight, reached my ears



five thousand leagues, two more or less; but if one goes by air and in a straight line, it is three thousand, two hundred, and twenty-seven. It should also be known that Malambruno told me that when Fortune had provided me with the Knight, our deliverer, he would send him a mount full better and with fewer vices than your hireling jades, for it will be the same horse of wood upon which the valiant Pierres carried off the Fair Magalona,[1] which said steed is governed by a peg which he bears on his forehead that serves him for a bridle, and he scuds through the air so softly that the devils themselves seem to bear him. This horse, according to the ancient tradition, was built by that sorcerer Merlin. He lent it to Pierres, his friend, and thereupon Pierres made long journeys, and carried off, as I have said, the Fair Magalona, bearing her on his crupper through the air, leaving them on earth staring like fools, and he was used to lend him only to whom he liked or who paid him best; and from the time of the great Pierres till now we know of no one who has mounted him. Since then Malambruno by his arts has got hold of him and has him at his command, and makes use of him in his journeys, which he performs now and then through divers parts of the earth; and to-day he is here, to-morrow in France, the next day in Potosi. And the best of it is that this horse neither eats nor sleeps nor costs anything in shoeing; and he ambles such a pace through the skies without having wings that he who goes on top of him can carry a cup full of water in his hand without spilling ever a drop, so calmly and easily he travels, for which reason the Fair Magalona greatly enjoyed the riding of him.

On this remarked Sancho:—For your smooth and easy pace give me my Dapple. Granted that he does not travel by air but by earth, I'll back him against any ambler in the world.

They all laughed, and the Dolorous One continued:—And this said horse, if so be that Malambruno is inclined to

[1] See Part I. ch. xlix. on the story of Pierres and Magalona.

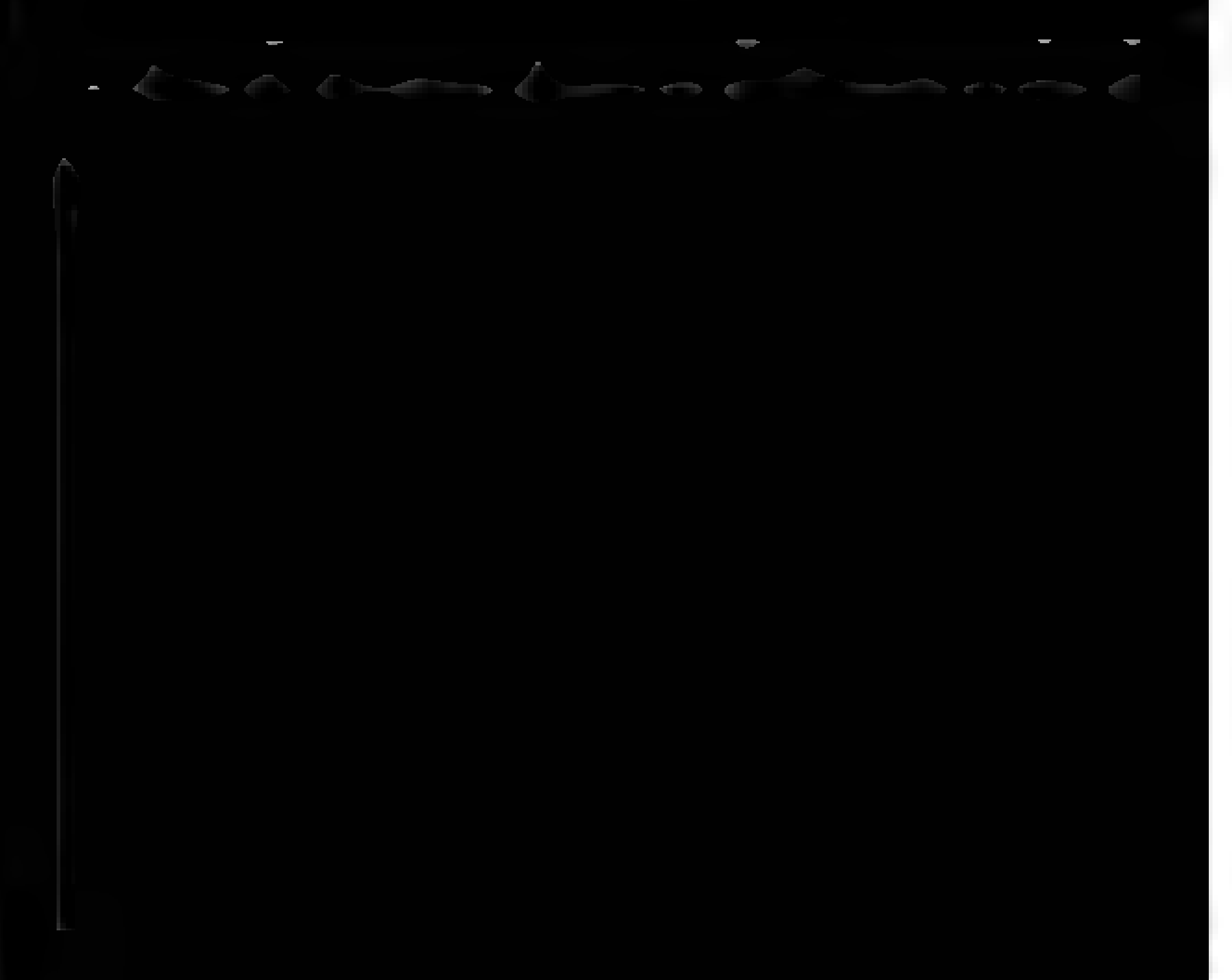
put an end to our trouble, within half an hour after nightfall he will be here in our presence; for it was signified to me that the token to be given me by which I should know that the Knight was found whom I sought, was the sending of the horse to the place where he might be, with all convenience and despatch.

—And how many does this horse carry? asked Sancho.

The Dolorous One replied:—Two persons, one in the saddle and the other on the crupper; and for the most part these two are knight and squire, when the ravished damsel is lacking.

—I would wish to know, Afflicted Lady, quoth Sancho, what name that horse bears.

—The name, answered the Dolorous One, is not that of the horse of Bellerophon, who was called Pegasus; nor that of Alexander the Great, called Bucephalus; nor that of mad Orlando, whose designation was Brillador; nor is it Bayard, which belonged to Rinaldo of Montalvan; nor Frontino, like that of Ruggiero;[1] nor Bootes, nor Pirithous,[2] as they say



king of the Goths, rode in the battle wherein he lost his life and kingdom.

—I'll wager, said Sancho, that as they have not given him any one of those famous ones, neither will they have given him Rozinante, after my master's, which in respect of being appropriate beats all those which have been mentioned.

—True, answered the Bearded Countess; but yet his name doth suit him well, for he is called Clavileño the Nimble,[1] which name agrees with his being of wood, and with the peg he bears on his forehead, and the swiftness with which he travels; and so in respect of the name he may well vie with the renowned Rozinante.

—The name displeases me not, said Sancho; but with what sort of a bridle or halter is he guided?

—I have said already, answered the Trifaldi, with the peg,—by turning which on one side or the other the rider makes the horse to go where he wishes, whether through the air, or brushing and, as it were, sweeping the earth, or in the mid region, which is what is sought and should be kept to in all well-ordered actions.

—I would like to see him, said Sancho; but to think that I will mount him, either on saddle or crupper, is to look for pears off an elm-tree.[2] A pretty thing, indeed, that me, who can hardly keep myself on my Dapple, and upon a pannel softer than silk itself, they should want now to put on a crupper of board without cushion or pillow! Egad, I do not intend to flay myself to take off anybody's beard. Let every one be shaved as best he can, for I do not propose to keep my master company in this long journey; more by token that I am in none of this business of the shaving of these beards, as I am in the disenchanting of Dulcinea.

[1] *Clavileño*, from *clavo*, "a spike" or peg, and *leño*, "wood."

[2] *Pedir peras al olmo*, to look for impossibilities; in the Aristophanic phrase, to seek for wool from an ass, used before in Part I. ch. xxii. In Erasmus, it is *ex arenâ funiculum nectere*—a proverb which has its counterpart in every language.

—Yes, friend, you are, said the Trifaldi; and so much so, that without your being present I understand we shall do nothing.

—In the King's name, cried Sancho, what have the squires to do with their master's adventures? Are they to get the fame of what they achieve and we to get the trouble? Body o' me! Nay, did the history writers say: such a Knight achieved such and such an adventure, but with the help of such a one, his squire, without whom it would have been impossible to finish it; but they write simply: Don Paralipomenon of the Three Stars[1] achieved the adventure of the Six Hobgoblins, without e'er naming the person of his squire, who was present all the while, just as if he were none in the world! Now, Sirs, I say again that my master is welcome to go alone and much good may it do him, but I will rest here in the company of my lady the Duchess, and maybe, when he comes back, the case of the Lady Dulcinea will be found to be bettered by a third and a fifth;[2] for I intend, at idle and leisure hours, to give myself a turn at the whipping without a hair to cover me.

—Nevertheless, you must accompany him, good Sancho, said the Duchess, if it be needful; for they are worthy folk who ask you, and the faces of these ladies must not be left bristly because of your idle fears, which surely were a shameful thing.

—In the King's name, again say I, replied Sancho, were this a piece of charity to be done for some modest maidens or some girls of a foundling, a man might venture some risks—but that I should suffer it to rid duennas of their beards! Beshrew me, I would rather see them all bearded

[1] Cervantes has been found fault with for having put such a word as *paralipomenon* in Sancho's mouth; but he might have heard his master use names of knights in the romances equally long-winded and ridiculous, as Don Cirongilio of Thrace; Don Esferamundi of Greece; Don Contumeliano of Phenicia; and Don Quirieleison of Montalvan.

[2] *Mejorado en tercio y quinto*; see note to Part I. ch. xxi.

from the biggest to the least, from the comeliest to the plainest.[1]

—You are hard upon the duennas, friend Sancho, observed the Duchess; you incline much to the opinion of that Toledan apothecary; but in faith you are not just, for there are duennas in my house who might be pattern duennas; and here is my Doña Rodriguez who will not let me say aught else.

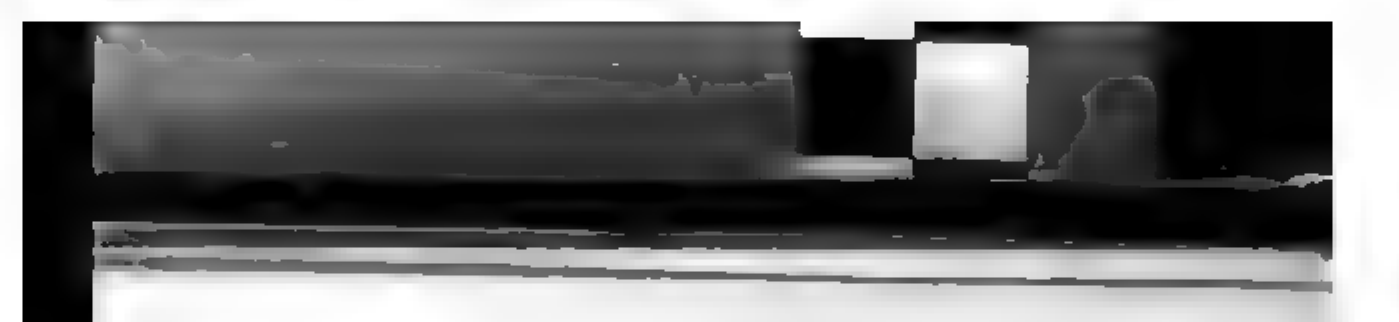
—But let your Excellency say it, quoth Rodriguez, for God knows the truth of everything, and good or bad, bearded or smooth-faced as we duennas may be, yet our mothers bore us, like other women; and since God cast us into the world, He knows the reason why; and by His grace I hold and not by the beard of anybody.

—Enough, Lady Rodriguez, said Don Quixote; and, Lady Trifaldi and company, I wait for Heaven to look with benign eyes upon your affliction; and Sancho shall do what I will command him. Let Clavileño come and let me find myself before Malambruno, for I know there is no razor can shave your graces with greater ease than my sword will shave Malambruno's head from off his shoulders; for God suffers the wicked, but not for ever.

—Ah! valiant Knight! here exclaimed the Dolorous One, may all the stars of the celestial regions regard your Greatness with benignant eyes and infuse into your soul all valour and prosperity, to be the shield and support of the slandered and down-trodden duenna-kind, abhorred of apothecaries,[2] backbitten by squires, and tricked by pages! Ill betide the wretch who in the flower of her years did not

[1] *De la mas melindrosa hasta la mas repulgada*; the passage is obscure, nor does there seem, as Clemencin remarks, sufficient opposition between *melindrosa* and *repulgada* as between "the biggest and the least." According to Bowle, who quotes a passage from Cervantes' novel of *El Licenciado Vidriera*, the epithets *melindrosa* and *repulgada* were derived from different kinds of head-dress worn by duennas, of which the *repulgos* were the more [illegible] and vulgar.

[2] See *ante*, ch. xxxvii.



choose to be rather a nun than a duenna! Unhappy us duennas, for though we should come by direct male descent from Hector of Troy, our mistresses would not give up flinging us *thee* and *thou*[1] as though they thought to be queens by it. O giant Malambruno, who, though an enchanter, art very sure in thy promises, send us now the peerless Clavileño so that our disaster may be ended, for if the heat sets in and these our beards stay, woe to our luck!

The Trifaldi said this with so much feeling that it drew tears from the eyes of all the bystanders and even filled Sancho's to the brim, who resolved in his heart to accompany his master to the uttermost parts of the earth, if on that depended the clearing those venerable faces of their wool.

[1] *Echamos un vos.* To translate the phrase literally would make the duenna's grievance pointless, if not unintelligible, for *vos*, the second person plural, and *tu*, the second person singular, have changed meanings to a great extent since Cervantes' time. Then, inferiors were addressed as *vos*. Now, the offence would be to *tutoyer* any one, unless a very intimate friend or a near relation. The reciprocal use of *vuestra merced*, shortened into *usted*, for the second person, is now

CHAPTER XLI

Of the coming of Clavileño, with the conclusion of this tedious adventure

By this time had come the night and with it the appointed moment when the famous horse Clavileño should arrive, whose delaying annoyed Don Quixote for thinking that, since Malambruno deferred sending it, either he was not the Knight for whom that adventure was reserved, or Malambruno dared not meet him in single combat. But lo! suddenly there entered by the garden four savages all clad in green ivy, who bore upon their shoulders a great horse of wood. They set him on his feet on the ground, and one of the wild men said:

—Let the Knight who has courage for it mount this machine.

—Then this is no mount of mine, said Sancho, for neither have I courage nor am I a Knight.

The savage continued, saying:

—And let the squire, if there is one, get up on the crupper and confide in the valiant Malambruno, for except by his sword, by none other, nor by malice of any other, shall he be hurt. And there is no more to do than to twist this peg he carries on his neck and he will bear them through the air [1] to

[1] In the last chapter Clavileño was said to carry the peg on his forehead,—a detail which Cervantes had copied from the wooden horse of Cleomades in the romance of that name. The "stede of brass" brought to King Cambuscan, in

where Malambruno awaits them; but lest the height and altitude should produce giddiness their eyes must be bandaged till the horse neighs, which will be the signal of his having reached his journey's end.

This said, they retired gracefully by the way they had come, leaving Clavileño. The Dolorous One, as soon as she spied the horse, almost melted into tears and said to Don Quixote:

—Valiant Knight! Malambruno's promises have been made good, the horse is here, our beards are growing, and each one of us by every hair of these supplicates thee to shave and shear us, since there is no more to do than to mount hereupon with thy squire and make a happy start on your novel journey.

—That shall I do, my lady Countess Trifaldi, with a very good heart and better will, without stopping to take a cushion or put spurs on my heels; so strong is the desire I have to see you, lady, and all these duennas shorn and smooth.

—That shall I not do, said Sancho, neither with bad will



delay is danger, and when they give thee the calf run with the halter;[1] saving these ladies' beards, Saint Peter at Rome is well at home;[2] I mean to say that I am well in this house, where they have done me so much favour, and from whose master I look for so great a boon as to find myself a governor.

Upon which said the Duke:—Friend Sancho, the Isle I have promised you can neither move nor fly; it has roots so deep struck in the abysses of earth that they shall not tear it up nor with three pulls shift it from where it is; and seeing you cannot but be aware that I know that there is no kind of place of those of the highest rank which is not gained by some sort of bribe, more or less,[3] that which I wish to get for this governorship is that you go with your master, Don Quixote, to end and crown this memorable adventure. And whether you return upon Clavileño with the speed his fleetness promises, or whether adverse fortune meets you, and you walk back turned pilgrim, from house to house and inn to inn, you will always find your Isle, when you return, where you left it, and your Insulars with the same desire to receive you for their governor as they have ever had, and my good-will shall be the same; and doubt not the truth of this, Master Sancho, for that would be to do grievous wrong to my desire to serve you.

—No more, Sir, cried Sancho; I am but a poor squire, and cannot carry so many favours on my back; let my master mount; let them bind my eyes and commend me to God, and let me know if, when we are going through these

[1] *Cuando te dieren la vaquilla acudas con la soguilla*—a proverb several times used in this Second Part.

[2] *Bien se está San Pedro en Roma*—a proverb, which seems to smack of the old Spanish spirit of revolt against the domination of Rome.

[3] A palpable hit at one great abuse of the age in Spain, the buying and selling of public offices. To such a height had the practice reach that on the 19th of March, 1614,—which was about the very date when Cervantes was writing this chapter—the apathetic and *insouciant* Philip III. issued a *pragmática* imposing heavy penalties on those guilty of such offences, and ordering that all offices and dignities should be bestowed on worthy persons and without fee or bribe.

high flights, I may commend myself to our Lord or call upon the angels to favour me.

To which the Trifaldi made answer:

—Sancho, you can safely commend yourself to God or to whom you please, for Malambruno, though an enchanter, is a Christian, and works his enchantments very shrewdly and delicately, without meddling with anybody.

—Go to, then, cried Sancho; God help me and the Holy Trinity of Gaeta![1]

—Since the memorable adventure of the fulling-mills, said Don Quixote, never have I seen Sancho in so much fear as now; and if I were as superstitious as some are his pusillanimity would cause me some trepidation of heart. But come hither, Sancho, for by leave of these gentlemen I would speak two words with you apart.

And drawing Sancho aside among some trees in the garden and seizing both his hands, the Knight said to him:

—Thou seest, brother Sancho, the long journey which



and on coming back I promise you, as I am here, to make such haste to wipe off my debt that your worship shall be content; and I say no more.

—With that promise, good Sancho, answered Don Quixote, I will be comforted, and I believe that thou wilt perform it, for indeed though foolish thou art veridical.

—Verdant I am not, but brown,[1] quoth Sancho, but were I a motley I should keep my word.

With that they returned to mount Clavileño, and, on mounting, Don Quixote said:

—Get up, Sancho, and bind thine eyes, Sancho, for he who sends for us from countries so remote will not deceive us, seeing the little glory which can redound to him from deceiving one who trusts in him. And even though all should happen contrary to what I expect, no malice can obscure the glory of having attempted this enterprise.

—Let us go, Sir, said Sancho, for the beards and tears of these ladies are piercing me to the heart, and I shall not eat a mouthful to do me good till I see them in their first smoothness. Mount, your worship, and blindfold yourself first, for if I have to go on the crupper it is clear he o' the saddle has to mount first.

—That is true, said Don Quixote.—And drawing a handkerchief from his pocket he begged the Dolorous One to cover his eyes well; and, after having them bandaged, he uncovered them again to say:

—If I remember right, I have read in Virgil of the Trojan Palladium, which was a horse of wood dedicated by the Greeks to the goddess Pallas, which went pregnant with armed Knights who afterwards wrought the total destruction

[1] Sancho misunderstands the fine word *verídico* his master had used, taking it for *verde* (green), and plays upon it, *no soy verde sino moreno*. Shelton, for once, omits the passage, with a marginal note saying: "Here I left out a line or two of a dull conceit; so it was no great matter, for in English it could not be expressed"; which is all true.

of Troy; and therefore it were well first to see what Clavileño carries in his stomach.[1]

—There is no need, said the Dolorous One; I will answer for him; and I know that Malambruno has naught in him of malice or of treachery. Let your worship, Sir Don Quixote, mount without any fear and on me be it should any harm befall you.

Don Quixote bethought him that anything he said in reply concerning his safety might be laid to the prejudice of his valour, and so without further parley he got upon Clavileño and tried the peg, which turned readily; and, as he had no stirrups and his legs hung down, he looked like nothing so much as a figure out of Flemish tapestry, painted or woven, in some Roman triumph. Slowly and with an ill grace Sancho also managed to get up, and, adjusting himself as well as he could on the crupper, found it a little hard and not at all pleasant. So he prayed the Duke, if it were possible, to oblige him with a cushion or pillow, were it from his lady the Duchess's couch or off some page's bed, for the

and tearfully on those in the garden, besought them to help him in that strait with a couple of *paternosters* and as many *ave-marias*, that God might provide some one to say the same for them when they were in like difficulties. On which Don Quixote said:

—Art thou perchance on the gallows, thief, or at the last term of life, to resort to such prayers? Art thou not, soulless and dastardly creature, in the same place the Fair Magalona occupied, from which she descended, not to the grave but to be Queen of France, if the histories lie not? And I, who ride by thy side, am I not able to place me with the valiant Pierres who pressed the same spot which now I press?[1] Blind thee, blind thee, spiritless animal, and let not the fear which possesses thee find vent from thy mouth, at least in my presence.

—Let them blindfold me then, quoth Sancho, and since they will not let me commend myself nor be commended to God, what wonder that I am afraid that some legion of devils should be hereabouts to carry us to Peralvillo?[2]

They were now bandaged and Don Quixote, feeling that all was as it should be, touched the peg. Scarcely had he placed his fingers on it when all the duennas and the whole company present lifted up their voices, crying:

—God guide thee, valorous Knight! God go with thee, intrepid squire! Now, now ye go through the air, cleaving it more swiftly than an arrow! Now ye begin to astonish

[1] The story of the knight Pierres de Provence and the Fair Magalona was written originally, according to Brunet, at the end of the twelfth century. It was early translated into Spanish, and was one of the most popular of the sentimental romances, outside of the regular books of chivalries. In it occurs a magic horse, such as Don Quixote speaks of. Magalona was never Queen of France but of Naples.

[2] Peralvillo was a village near Ciudad Real, which of old was the centre of the Holy Brotherhood's jurisdiction, and the place where malefactors were shot to death with arrows. Hence Peralvillo came to be used, figuratively, as a synonym for a place of terror, a hell.

and amaze as many as are looking at you from the earth! Hold fast, valiant Sancho; for thou totterest! Have a care thou dost not fall, for thy fall shall be worse for thee than that of the rash youth who sought to guide the chariot of the Sun his father!

Sancho heard these voices, and, nestling closer to his master and enfolding him with his arms, said to him:

—Sir, how is it they say we are soaring so high when their voices reach us here, and it seems as though they were speaking close to us?

—Make no account of that, Sancho, for seeing these things and these flights are outside of the ordinary course, from a thousand leagues off we shall see and hear what we please; and clip me not so close, for thou wilt upset me. Verily, I know not what thou art troubled and frightened about, for I will dare swear that in all the days of my life I never was mounted on a steed of so easy a pace. We seem not to move from one spot. Banish all fear, friend, for indeed the business goes as it should go and we have the

age this peg so as not to get up to where we shall be scorched.

Here with some pieces of tow, easily set alight and quenched, tied to a stick, they warmed their faces from a distance, and Sancho, feeling the heat, exclaimed :

May they kill me if we are not already in the place of fire, or very near it, for a great piece of my beard has been singed ; and, Sir, I am for uncovering and seeing whereabouts we are.

—Do no such thing, said Don Quixote, and remember the true story of Doctor Torralva,[1] whom the devils carried flying through the air on a stick with his eyes shut, and in twelve hours he reached Rome and alighted at the Torre di Nona, which is a street of the city, and saw all the tumult and assault and the death of Bourbon, and by the morning he was already back in Madrid, where he gave an account of all he had seen. He said also that as he was going through the air the devil told him to open his eyes, and he opened them and found himself, as it seemed to him, so near the

[1] Our hero refers to the very curious and somewhat mysterious story of one Doctor Eugenio Torralva, a learned physician of Spanish origin, who practised at Rome. Returning to Spain and being addicted to the study of the arts of chiromancy, divination, etc., he was seized by the Inquisition in 1528, and put to the question, when he confessed, as many in his case have done, out of vanity or folly or sheer despair of life, to extraordinary magical practices. He said he had a familiar shut up in the stone of a finger-ring, by aid of whom he could go to Rome and back in a night, riding on a stick. He confessed that in the year 1509, a friend of his in the same line lent him a spirit called *Zekiel*, by whose means he was able to foretell several historical events, such as the naval defeat of the Spaniards in the island of Gelves in 1510 and the death of the Great Captain, of which he informed Cardinal Ximenes. He made confession also of the tale to which Don Quixote alludes in the text, of how Zekiel having told him, when at Valladolid in 1527, that Rome was at that hour being sacked, he, but believing it, was carried by his familiar through the air and found himself at Rome in the *Torre di Nona* and heard the clock strike one, and saw the sacking of Rome by the Constable Bourbon, and was back in an hour and a half to Valladolid. It is probable that Torralva was no more of a wizard than Agrippa or Paracelsus, but only a wise man, born before his time, who, were he alive now, would be earning fame and money as a medium or a *mahatma*.

body of the moon that he could take hold of it with hi
hand, not daring to look down upon earth lest he should
turn giddy. Therefore, Sancho, there is no need for us to
uncover ourselves, for he who bears us in his charge will take
care of us, and, perhaps, we are fetching a point and mount-
ing aloft, to be let down plump upon the kingdom of Candaya,
like a goshawk or a falcon upon a heron, to seize it more
securely for his mounting; and though it seems to us to be
not half an hour since we left the garden, believe me we
must have made much way.

—I know naught about it, responded Sancho, only this I
can say that if the lady Magallanes or Magalona was pleased
with this crupper that she could not have been very tender
of flesh.

All this discourse of the two heroes was heard by the
Duke and Duchess and those in the garden, to whom it gave
great delight; and desiring to put a finish to this rare and
well-contrived adventure, they put a light with some tow to
Clavileño's tail, and on the instant the animal, being filled
with squibs and crackers, flew into the air with a prodigious
noise, bringing Don Quixote and Sancho Panza half scorched
to the ground. By this time the whole bearded duenna
troop had vanished from the garden, and the Trifaldi and all;
and those that remained lay stretched on the ground as in a
swoon. Don Quixote and Sancho rose up in sore plight,
and looking around were astonished to find themselves in the
same garden whence they had set out, and to see such a
number of people laid on the earth. And their wonder
grew the more when they saw planted in one corner of the
garden a tall lance, hanging from which by two silken cords
was a white and smooth parchment scroll, on which was
written in great letters of gold the following:—THE ILLUS-
TRIOUS DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA HATH ENDED AND
ACHIEVED, BY THE MERE ATTEMPTING OF IT, THE ADVEN-
TURE OF THE COUNTESS TRIFALDI, OTHERWISE CALLED

THE DOLOROUS DUENNA, AND COMPANY. MALAMBRUNO IS CONTENT AND SATISFIED IN ALL HIS WILL; AND THE CHINS OF THE DUENNAS ARE NOW SMOOTH AND CLEAN; AND THEIR MAJESTIES CLAVIJO AND ANTONOMASIA RESTORED TO THEIR PRISTINE ESTATE; AND WHEN THE SQUIRELY FLAGELLATION SHALL BE COMPLETED, THE MILK-WHITE DOVE SHALL BE FREE OF THE DEADLY JERFALCONS WHO PERSECUTE HER AND IN THE ARMS OF HER LOVING MATE; FOR THUS IT IS ORDAINED BY SAGE MERLIN, PROTO-ENCHANTER OF ENCHANTERS.[1]

Don Quixote, having read the writing on the parchment, plainly understood that it spoke of the disenchanting of Dulcinea, and giving many thanks to Heaven for that with so little danger he had achieved so mighty an exploit, restoring to their former bloom the faces of the venerable duennas, who were now no more to be seen, he went to where the Duke and Duchess lay, not yet come to themselves, and, grasping the Duke's hand, he said:

Soho! good my lord! courage, courage! for it is all nothing; the adventure is achieved without any damage to any one,[2] as what is written on that scroll clearly shows.

The Duke came to himself slowly, as one who awakes from heavy sleep, and in like manner the Duchess and all who were lying prone in the garden, with so many tokens of wonder and affright as almost to persuade one that what they had learnt so well to feign in jest had happened to them in earnest. The Duke perused the scroll with eyes half closed, and then with open arms went up to embrace Don Quixote, pronouncing him to be the best Knight that had been seen in any age. Sancho went to look for the Dolorous

[1] Such messages from sages and enchanters, written on scrolls or engraved on steel or marble, containing news, threats, prophecies, or announcements of their fulfilment, are common in the books of chivalries.

[2] *Sin daño de barras*—literally "without damage to the barriers"—a proverbial phrase.

One, to see what sort of face she had without her beard, an
whether she was as beautiful shorn of it as her brave figur
promised. But they told him that as soon as Clavileño cam
flaming through the air and alighted on the earth, the whol
squadron of duennas with the Trifaldi had vanished, goin
clean shaved without a bristle. The Duchess asked Sanch
how he had fared in that long journey, to which Sanch
replied:

—I felt, my lady, that we were going, as my master tol
me, flying through the fire region, and would have uncovere
my eyes a bit but my master, whose leave I asked, woul
not let me; but I, who have some chips of the curious i
me and of wishing to know what is forbidden and denie
me, quietly and without any one seeing, shoved the handker
chief, which was folded over my eyes, up to my nose just
little, and so I looked towards the earth; and methought th
whole of it was no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed, an
the men which walked on it only a little bigger than hazel
nuts, by which it may be seen how high we must have bee
then.

On this, the Duchess remarked:

—Friend Sancho, consider what you are saying, for i
seems you saw not the earth but the men going about o
it; and it is clear that if the earth looked to you like
grain of mustard-seed, and each man like a hazel-nut, on
man alone must have covered the whole earth.

—That is so, answered Sancho; but for all that, I spied i
from a little corner and I saw the whole of it.

—Take care, Sancho, said the Duchess; we do not se
the whole of what is looked at from one little corner.

—I know nothing of your lookings, replied Sancho; a
I know is that your Ladyship would do well to understan
that as we were flying by enchantment, by enchantment
might well see the whole earth and all the men on it fro
wherever I looked. And if this you don't believe of m

Don Quixote

neither will your Grace believe how that, uncovering myself up to the eyebrows, I saw myself so near to heaven that there was not more than a hand's breadth and a half from me to it; and what I can swear, my lady, it was mighty grand likewise, and it happened that we went by where the seven little she-goats[1] are; and upon God and my soul, as in my childhood I was in my country a goatherd, as soon as I saw them I felt a longing to divert myself awhile with them, which if I had not satisfied methinks I should have burst. So I come and take, and what do I do, without saying anything to anybody, nor to my master, softly and silently I slipped off from Clavileño, and disported myself with the kids,—which were like any gilly-flowers, about three-quarters of an hour, nor did Clavileño stir from one spot nor move on.

And while honest Sancho amused himself with the she-goats, asked the Duke, how did Sir Don Quixote amuse himself?

To which Don Quixote made answer:

—As all these things and the like incidents go out of the order of nature, it is no wonder that Sancho says what he does. For my part I can aver that I uncovered myself neither above nor below; I neither saw the heaven nor the earth; neither the sea nor the shore. True, indeed, I felt that I was passing through the region of the air and that I touched the region of fire, but that we passed beyond it I am unable to believe, for the region of fire being between the moon's atmosphere and the farthest region of the air, we could not reach the sky where the seven she-goats are of whom Sancho speaks, without scorching ourselves; and seeing we are not burnt, either Sancho lies or Sancho is dreaming.

I neither lie nor dream, retorted Sancho; if I do, ask

[1] *Siete cabrillas*—meaning the constellation, composed of the seven stars in the sign of Taurus, called the Pleiades.

me then of the marks of those she-goats, and by them will be seen whether I speak truth or not.

—Tell us them, Sancho, said the Duchess.

—They are, answered Sancho, two of them green, two scarlet, two blue, and one a mottled.

—That is a new kind of goat, said the Duke, and about this our region of the lower earth such colours are not in fashion; I mean she-goats of such colours.

—That is clear enough, replied Sancho; aye, for there should be a difference between the she-goats of heaven and those of earth.

—Tell me, Sancho, asked the Duke, did you see there any he-goat among the she-goats?

—No, Sir, replied Sancho. But I have heard say that never a he one has passed the horns of the moon.[1]

They had no mind to question him further of his journey, for it seemed to them that Sancho was in the cue to be rambling over the whole heavens and to give the news of everything which was there passing, without

Don Quixote

In Cervantes' use of it, for the purposes of his story, he exhibits one of the most striking proofs not only of his inventive genius but his close and scrupulous attention to the unfolding of the characters of his story. As Coleridge remarks (*Literary Remains*, vol. i. p. 130), "Sancho's account of what he had seen on Clavileño is a counterpart in his style to Don Quixote's adventure in the Cave of Montesinos. This last is the only impeachment of the Knight's moral character; Cervantes just gives one instance of the veracity failing before the strong cravings of the imagination for something real and external; the picture would not have been complete without this; and yet it is so well managed that the reader has no unpleasant sense of Don Quixote having told a lie. It is evident that he hardly knows whether it was a dream or not, and goes to the enchanter (as we shall see by-and-by) to enquire the real nature of the adventure."

to go to the government of the Isle, and this evening they will provide you with the fitting attire you have to take, and with all things necessary for your expedition.

—Let them dress me as they will, quoth Sancho, for in whatever fashion I go dressed I shall still be Sancho Panza.[1]

—That is true, answered the Duke, but the apparel has to suit the office or dignity we hold, for it were not well that a lawyer should be attired like a soldier, nor a soldier like a priest. You, Sancho, shall go clothed as parcel-judge, parcel-captain, for, in the Isle I give you, arms are as necessary as letters and letters as arms.

—Letters I have few, answered Sancho, for, indeed, I know not the A B C,—though it is enough that I have the *Christ*[2] in my memory to be a good Governor. As to arms, I will handle such as they give me till I fall; and God help me.

—With so good a memory, said the Duke, Sancho cannot go wrong in anything.

Don Quixote

counsel him how he was to behave in his office. Having entered the chamber, he shut the door behind him, and almost by force made Sancho sit down beside him, and in a deliberate voice thus addressed him :—

I give infinite thanks to Heaven, friend Sancho, that thee first, and before I have met with any piece of good luck, Fortune hath gone out to meet and to receive. I, who had pledged my success in payment of thy services, see myself only in the beginning of promotion ; and thou, before thy time, contrary to all rule of reason, seest thyself crowned with thy heart's desire. Some there are who bribe, importune, solicit, rise early, petition, pester, and yet reach not what they aim at ; and another comes, and without knowing why or how finds himself in the charge and office for which so many others contended. Here comes in and fits well the saying that there is good luck and bad luck in preferments. Thou, whom I take, beyond any doubt, to be a dull fellow, without early rising or late sitting up, without taking any pains, with only the breath which has touched thee of Knight Errantry, without more ado findest thyself Governor of an Isle, as though it were nothing at all. All this I say, O Sancho, that thou mayst not attribute to thine own deserts the favour received, but give thanks unto God, who disposes matters benignly ; and afterwards bestow them on the might contained in the profession of Errant Knighthood.

Thy heart being disposed to believe what I have said to thee, be attentive, O son, to this thy Cato,[1] who would counsel thee and be the pole-star and guide to conduct thee and steer thee to a safe port out of the stormy sea wherein thou goest to be engulfed ; for offices and high places are nothing else than a gulf profound of troubles.

[1] That is to say, to thy adviser. Cato, the author of the *Disticha*, a treatise on morals, had an enormous authority in that age and was a synonym for a wise counsellor.

have much hold over the ignorant who set up to be clever.

Let the tears of the poor man find in thee more compassion, but not more justice, than the pleadings of the rich.

Try and discover the truth, as well among the promises and presents of the rich man, as among the wailings and importunities of the poor.

Where equity can and should have place, charge not the whole rigour of the law upon the delinquent, for the fame of the rigorous judge stands not greater than that of the merciful.

If perchance you should bend the rod of justice, let it not be with the weight of a bribe, but with that of mercy.

When it should happen to thee to judge the cause of some enemy of thine, turn thy mind away from thine injury and set it on the truth of the case.

Let not personal passion blind thee in another's cause, for the errors thou shalt commit therein will be mostly without remedy, and if thou hast one it will be at the cost of thy

in our sight is brighter and more excellent than that of justice.

If thou shouldst follow these precepts and rules, Sancho, thy days shall be long, thy fame everlasting, thy recompense ample, and thy happiness unspeakable. Thou shalt marry thy children as thou wilt; they and thy grandchildren shall not want titles; thou shalt live in peace and good-will among men, and in the last stages of thy life shalt arrive at that of death in a sweet and ripe old age, and the tender and delicate hands of thy great-grandchildren shall close thine eyes.

What I have said to thee so far are maxims to furnish thy soul. Listen now to those which have to serve thee for the furnishing of the body.[1]

[1] The harmony and elegance of the language in which these precepts of Don Quixote are clothed have been deservedly admired; nor less admirable surely are their mingled good sense, propriety, charitableness, tenderness, and depth of humanity. Among moral maxims they have almost the unique distinction of being as pleasant to hear as they are good to follow; nor have we any complaint to make of the author for putting them in the mouth of Don Quixote, where, after his recent adventures, they are placed with a singular felicity of time and occasion. The two last adventures have been at Don Quixote's expense,—artificial, obstreperous, and a little brutal. In this chapter, as though conscious that he had carried the joke too far, Cervantes raises his hero again, varying the scene, and so managing the process of the story as that quite naturally, and without any effort, Don Quixote resumes his place in our esteem.

CHAPTER XLIII

Of the second batch of counsels which Don Quixote gave to Sancho Panza

WHO that heard the foregoing discourse of Don Quixote but would take him for a person of very good sense and even better disposition? As has been often said in the course of this great history, he wandered only when he touched upon chivalry, and in his other talk he displayed a clear and unbiassed understanding, so that at every step his acts discredited his judgment and his judgment his acts. But in this matter of the second counsels he gave Sancho he showed

Go not, Sancho, ungirt and loose, for the slovenly attire is an index of a slatternly mind; if, indeed, the slovenliness and negligence be not due to artifice, as they were supposed to be in the case of Julius Cæsar.[1]

Estimate carefully what thine office may be worth; and if it will permit thee to give liveries to thy servants, give them a decent and serviceable one rather than showy and garish, and divide them between thy servants and the poor. I mean, that if thou hast to clothe six pages, clothe three, and other three poor men, and thou wilt have pages both for heaven and for earth; and to this new fashion of bestowing liveries the vain-glorious have not attained.

Eat not garlic nor onions,[2] lest by the smell they detect thy rusticity. Walk leisurely, speak composedly; but not so as to seem that thou art listening to thyself, for all affectation is bad.

Eat little at dinner and less at supper,[3] for the health of the whole body is forged in the workshop of the stomach.

[1] Cæsar, when young, at election time, is reported to have affected a slovenly mode of attire, to win the favour of the *plebs*,—going about *fluxiore cincturâ*, according to Suetonius; which habit of his gave rise to Sylla's caution to Pompey: *cave tibi illum puerum male præcinctum*.

[2] See note to ch. x. The national taste for these roots is very highly developed throughout Spain, especially in the South; so much so that *ajo* has almost become the concrete of *Españolismo*. There is no doubt that the use of garlic is carried to excess, but perhaps it has a virtue in a Southern country which we in England are unable to understand. It must be said, moreover, that the garlic, like the onion, of Spain is of a milder flavour, from being more quickly grown, than in Northern countries. There are several proverbs marking the universal sense of the virtues which reside in this much abused root, one of which is, *ajo y vino puro, y luego verás quien es cada uno* (garlic and pure wine, and you shall see who is each one).

[3] *Come poco y cena mas poco.* This is not according to the proverb which, in Nuñez and in the *Medicina Española* of Sorapan de Rieros, runs:—*come poco y cena mas, duerme en alto y vivirás.* (Dine little and sup more, sleep aloft—that is, in a raised bed, and not on the floor—and thou shalt live.) Don Quixote no doubt purposely altered the saying, as a hint to Sancho to curb his tendency to eat too much at either meal.

Be temperate in drinking, remembering that wine overmuch neither guards a secret nor keeps a promise.

Have a care, Sancho, not to chew on both sides of the mouth, nor to eruct [1] in any one's presence.

—That about eructing I don't understand, said Sancho.

To eruct means to belch,[2] said Don Quixote; and this is one of the vilest words in the language, though very significant; and so dainty people have recourse to the Latin, and for *belch* say *eruct*, and for *belches*, *eructations*; and should any not understand these terms it matters little, for use will introduce them with time, so that they will be easily understood; and this is the way to enrich the language over which custom and the multitude bear sway.

—In truth, Sir, quoth Sancho, one of the counsels and cautions which I intend to bear in mind shall be this about not belching, for I am accustomed to do it frequently.

-*Eruct*, Sancho, and not *belch*, said Don Quixote.

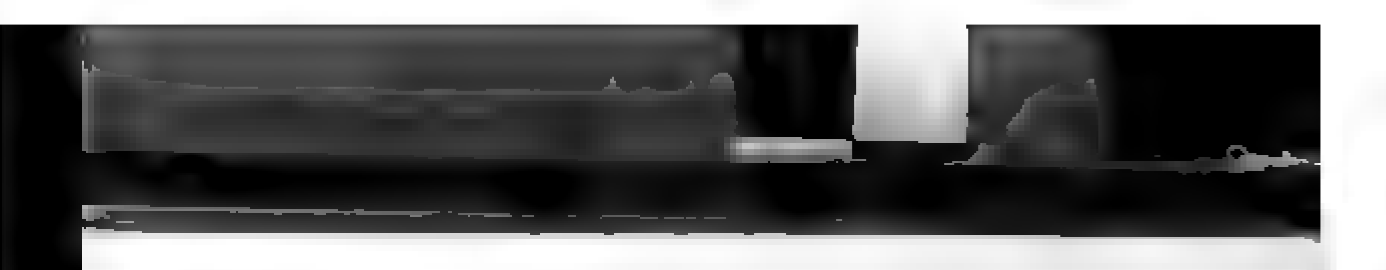
—Eruct I shall say from henceforth, answered Sancho; and, faith, I will not forget.

—Moreover, Sancho, thou must not interlard thy speech with that profusion of proverbs thou art wont to use, for though proverbs are maxims in brief, oft-times thou draggest them in by the hair, so that they seem not so much maxims as nonsense.

—That God can remedy, replied Sancho; for I know

[1] *Erutar.* Sancho might well say that he did not understand the word, as it is one coined by Cervantes from the Latin, and here first used. Clemencin, on this passage, gives a list of the new words, either invented by the author or which have come into use through their appearance in *Don Quixote*. They amount to no more than a dozen in all, and are all of them useful words regularly formed, such as *adarvar* (to strike senseless with wonder or fright), *segundar*, *gallardearse* (to brisk oneself up), *mofante* (a sneerer or scoffer), etc.

[2] *Regoldar*, quasi *re-holgar* (to experience the return of pleasure partaken). The action of "eructing," in the East, is supposed, when performed by a guest after eating, to be a mark of polite attention,—a tribute to the excellence of the dinner and a compliment to the cook. Nor is the custom confined to the East with people of Sancho's station.



Be temperate in drinking, remembering that wine overmuch neither guards a secret nor keeps a promise.

Have a care, Sancho, not to chew on both sides of the mouth, nor to eruct[1] in any one's presence.

—That about eructing I don't understand, said Sancho.

—To eruct means to belch,[2] said Don Quixote; and this is one of the vilest words in the language, though very significant; and so dainty people have recourse to the Latin, and for *belch* say *eruct*, and for *belches*, *eructations*; and should any not understand these terms it matters little, for use will introduce them with time, so that they will be easily understood; and this is the way to enrich the language over which custom and the multitude bear sway.

—In truth, Sir, quoth Sancho, one of the counsels and cautions which I intend to bear in mind shall be this about not belching, for I am accustomed to do it frequently.

—*Eruct*, Sancho, and not *belch*, said Don Quixote.

—Eruct I shall say from henceforth, answered Sancho; and, faith, I will not forget.

more proverbs than a book, and they come so many together to my mouth when I speak, that they fight one with another to get out; and the tongue gets hold of the first it meets with, though it may not be pat to the purpose. But I will have a care from henceforth to utter such as befits the gravity of my office, for in a full house supper is soon cooked; and a bargain's a bargain; and the bellman it is who is safe; and to give and to have needs a head![1]

—Aye, go on so, Sancho! said Don Quixote; thrust in, thread, and string your proverbs, for there is none to hinder thee! My mother chides me, and I whip the top![2] I am telling thee to refrain from proverbs, and in one moment you have flung out a whole litany of them, which square with the matter in hand like the hills of Ubeda.[3] Look, Sancho, I do not say that a proverb is unseemly when aptly applied, but to crowd them and string them pell-mell makes discourse feeble and vulgar.

When thou ridest on horseback, do not fling thy body upon the breech of the saddle, nor carry thy legs stretched and stiff, standing out from the horse's belly, nor bear thyself so loosely as to seem as though thou wert astride of Dapple, for riding makes cavaliers of some and stablemen of others.

Let thy sleep be moderate, for he who rises not with the sun doth not enjoy the day; and reflect, Sancho, that industry is the mother of good fortune, and idleness, its opposite, never yet reached the goal sought by an honest intent.

This last precept which now I will give thee, though it is not one concerning the dressing of the body, I would have

[1] Four proverbs, of which the three first have been quoted before. The fourth is, *Al dar y al tener seso ha menester.*

[2] *Castígame mi madre, y yo trómpogelas*—a proverb explained by Mallara as a saying uttered by the naughty child, who, the more he is reproved by his mother for [illegible], the more he goes on whipping his top. Don Quixote, in the very act of reprehending Sancho for his proverbs, utters one himself.

[3] *Como por los cerros de Ubeda.* See note to Part I, ch. xxxii.

thee carry it well in thy memory, for I believe it will be no less profitable to thee than those which heretofore I have given thee; and it is, never to engage in disputes about families, at least to compare them with one another; for of necessity among those which are compared one has to be best, and by that which thou hast disparaged thou wilt be hated, and by that thou hast exalted in no wise rewarded.

Thy habit shall be full breeches,[1] a long coat, and a cloak a little longer; for trunk-hose,[2] think not of them, for they are neither for gentlemen nor for governors.

This, for the present, is what has occurred to me, Sancho, for thy instruction. As time passes, according to the occasions shall be my teaching, if thou takest care to advise me of the state in which thou mayst be.

—Sir, replied Sancho, I well see that all your worship has said to me are things good, holy, and profitable; but of what use will they be if I remember none of them? To be sure, that about not letting my nails grow, and about marrying a second time, if I have a chance, will not pass from my mind; but that other jumble and skimble-skamble and stuff[3] I remember not, nor shall remember any of them more than last year's clouds; and therefore you must needs give them to me in writing; for, though I can neither read nor write, I will give them to my confessor, who shall hoard them up and remind me of them when needful.

[1] *Calza entera*, i.e. hose and breeches in one, fitting tight to the limbs, such as were worn by Don Quixote himself, when he is first introduced to the reader (Part I. ch. i.).

[2] *Greguescos*; the name given to the breeches, padded round the hips, then in fashion,—a frequent subject of jesting with the wits and satirists of the day, which, nevertheless, held their own and extended all over Europe. The name imports that they were introduced into Spain from Greece. Don Quixote himself in his third sally wore *greguescos* under his armour (see ch. xxxi.).

[3] *Esotros badulaques y enredos y revoltillos*; words not easily rendered into corresponding English. *Badulaque* is literally a mess made of chopped bits of meat, lights, and livers, etc.,—a *galimaufry*. Shelton makes it *slabber-sauce*. *Enredos* are things tangled; and *revoltillos*, things jumbled.

—Ah, sinner that I am! said Don Quixote; how ill doth it beseem Governors not to be able to read or write! For thou must know, O Sancho! that for a man not to be able to read or to be left-handed, argues one of two things,—either that he was the son of parents poor and base in the extreme, or that he was so perverse and wicked that neither good example nor good teaching could reach him. A great defect is that thou hast about thee, and therefore I would wish thee to learn at least to sign thy name.

—I know well enough how to sign my name, answered Sancho, for when I was warden of a brotherhood[1] in my village I learnt to make certain letters, like the marks on a bale of goods, which they told me spelt my name; besides, I will pretend that my right hand is maimed, and make another sign for me, for there's a remedy for everything but death,[2] and, holding the power and the rod, I will do what I please, more by token that he who has the Bailiff for his father[3]——; and I being Governor, which is greater than Bailiff, let 'em come on and play at bo-peep with me;[4] nay, let 'em flout and slander me, for they'll come for wool and go back shorn, and whom God loves well his house knows it,[5] and the rich man's folly passes for wisdom in the world, and as I'll be that, being Governor and liberal to boot, as I intend to be, no fault

[1] *Prioste.* According to Clemencin, who quotes from the official topographical reports made in the reign of Philip II., there was but one religious confraternity (*cofradia*) in Argamasilla at that time, which was that of the True Cross. This is a symbol supposed to be of peculiar efficacy in bringing down rain from heaven, and therefore likely to be held in particular honour in a dry and waterless district like La Mancha. Sancho had previously told us he was *[illegible]* (leader) of the confraternity. See Part I. ch. xxi.

[2] *Para todo hay remedio sino es para la muerte*—a proverb.

[3] *El que tiene el padre alcalde*—*seguro va á juicio*, "goes safely to the court": Sancho leaves that proverb unfinished.

[4] "A troop of absurd speeches still to Sancho's part,"—remarks Shelton in the margin; not easy to render, but not difficult to understand.

[5] *A quien Dios quiere bien, la casa le sabe*—a proverb, best explained by a passage from Cicero: *neque unquam bono quicquam mali evenire potest, neque vivo, neque mortuo; neque unquam ejus res a Diis negliguntur.*—*Tusc. Disp.* 1.

will be seen in me; nay, make yourself honey and the flies will suck you; as much as you have, so much are you worth, quoth one my grandmother, and upon a man well rooted[1] there's no taking revenge.

God's curse upon thee, Sancho, here Don Quixote exclaimed; sixty thousand devils take thee and thy saws! A full hour hast thou been stringing them, giving me with every one of them a dose of torture! Take my word for it, these proverbs will bring thee to the gallows one day; thy vassals will take thy government away from thee for them or break out into tumults.[2] Tell me, booby, where dost thou find them, or how appliest thou them, blockhead? For, to utter but one and to apply it well, I sweat and labour as if I were digging.

—'Fore God, Sir master of ours, replied Sancho, but your worship makes complaint of a mighty little thing. Why the devil should you fret yourself because I make use of my estate who have none other nor other stock in trade but proverbs, and more proverbs, and just now I have four that offer which

Don Quixote

—That Sancho thou art not, said Don Quixote, for not only art thou not good silence but bad babble and bad stubbornness. Yet withal I would know what are the four proverbs which occurred in thy memory just now, which come so pat here, for I have been racking mine, and it is a good one, and not one offers.

What better ones, said Sancho, than—*between two back-teeth put not thy thumbs*, and—*get out of my house, what would you with my wife?*—there is no answering; and—*whether the pitcher falls on the stone or the stone on the pitcher, it is bad for the pitcher*,—all of which fit to a hair.[1] For no one should take on with his governor nor with him who commands, for he will come off worsted, like him who puts his finger between two back grinders; and whether they be back grinders it does not matter, so long as they are grinders; and to what the governor says there is no replying any more than to—*get out of my house, what would you with my wife?* And then that of the stone on the pitcher,—why, a blind man can see it. So that he who sees the mote in his neighbour's eye, had need to see the beam in his own, that it be not said of him—*the dead woman was frightened of her with the throat cut*;[2] and your worship well knows that the fool knows more in his own house than the wise man in another's.

Not so, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, for the fool knows nothing, whether in his own house or in another's, for the reason that no wise building rests upon a foundation of folly. And let us leave this now, Sancho, for if thou governest ill, thine will be the fault and mine the shame; but I comfort

[1] Clemencin points out that Sancho only repeats three proverbs, and Hartzenbusch is at the trouble of correcting the text, putting *tres* in place of *cuatro*. But surely there is no occasion for any correction. Sancho had previously repeated one of the four proverbs, *al buen callar*, etc., and there were only three more to come.

[2] *Espantóse la muerta de la degollada*: a proverb, equivalent to the pot calling the kettle black.

myself in that I have done my duty in advising thee as truly and wisely as I am able; therewith I am acquitted of my obligation and my promise. God guide thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from the misgiving which lingers in me, that thou wilt turn the whole Isle topsy-turvy—a thing I could avert by discovering to the Duke who thou art, telling him that all that fat little person of thine is nothing but a sackful of proverbs and rogueries.

—Sir, answered Sancho, if your worship thinks that I am not a proper man for this Governorship, I give it up from this moment; for I love a single black of the nail of my soul better than my whole body, and bare Sancho I can keep me just as well on bread and onion as Governor with partridge and capon; more by token, while we are asleep we're all equal, the great and the less, the poor and the rich; and if your worship looks into it, you will see that 'twas your worship alone has put me on this business of governing, for I know no more about the government of Isles than a vulture; and if 'tis thought that through being Governor the devil will



CHAPTER XLIV

How Sancho Panza was taken to his Government, and of the strange adventure which happened to Don Quixote in the Castle

THEY say that in the real original of this history one reads that when Cid Hamet came to write this chapter, his interpreter did not translate it as it was written;[1] which

[1] This preamble of Cid Hamet Benengeli does not please certain critics, native and foreign. They find it obscure, confused, and little humorous. Clemencin pronounces it roundly to be "gibberish" (*algarabia*); for how, says he, could it be read in the true original that the interpreter had not translated it faithfully? Or what has this to do with the complaint which the Moor makes on his account, that the subject he had taken up for his story was dry and barren? Mr. Ormsby is not less out of humour (in every sense) with his author, whom he finds, at this point, to be labouring under "a confusion of ideas"; to be writing "in a very desultory fashion," showing palpable signs of weariness; and,—taking this preamble seriously,—to be complaining of "the intolerable drudgery" of writing on the same subject, "chronicling the sayings and doings of the same two characters." All this, from those who have thought the book worthy of their pains of comment and translation, is to me incomprehensible. That they should have followed Cervantes so far as this without understanding his design,—not to say his humour,—is certainly not very flattering to the author. Perhaps it is not wholly the author's fault. The opening sentence of this chapter is certainly a little involved, but the meaning is clear enough to those who will bear in mind that the author never loses touch of those books of chivalries which his first intention is to ridicule. To argue from the words of Cid Hamet Benengeli that it is Cervantes himself who is weary of "a story so dry and restricted," shows an insensibility to the whole meaning and character of the book which is nothing less than astounding in a translator of *Don Quixote* who has reached the forty-fourth chapter of the Second Part. As for Clemencin the corrector, he is incorrigible.



runs in a vein of complaint that the Moor made against himself for having taken in hand a story so dry and so restricted as this of Don Quixote, as he seemed to have to speak always of Don Quixote and of Sancho, without daring to launch into disgressions and episodes more serious and more entertaining. To have his mind, his hand, and his pen ever bent on writing of a single subject, and to speak through the mouths of so few persons, he said, was an insupportable labour, the fruit of which did not redound to the author's gain, and therefore to avoid this inconvenience he had, in the First Part, resorted to the device of short tales, such as were that of *The Impertinent Curiosity* and that of *The Captive Captain*, which are, as it were, detached from the story, although the others which are there told are incidents which happened to Don Quixote himself, which could not be omitted. He also thought, as he says, that many, carried away by the attention which the exploits of Don Quixote demanded, would not give the same to the tales and would pass by them in haste or disgust, without

given to Sancho, Don Quixote handed them to him in writing that same evening in order that he might get some one to read them to him; but Sancho let them drop soon after he had received them, and they came into the hands of the Duke, who showed them to the Duchess, and the two wondered anew at Don Quixote's madness and wit. And to carry on their jest, they sent Sancho the same evening, with a great retinue, to the village which for him was to be an Isle. He who had charge of this business was a steward of the Duke's, a man of much discretion and humour (and there can be no humour without discretion), who had personated the Countess Trifaldi with such grace, as has been already described. Thus qualified, and carefully tutored by his master and mistress as to how he was to behave with Sancho, he carried out his design to admiration. Now it happened that, as soon as Sancho set eyes on this steward, he fancied he beheld in his face the very countenance of the Trifaldi, and turning to his master he said:

—Sir, either let the Devil fly away with me from where I stand, a true man and a believer,[1] or your worship shall confess to me that the face of this steward of the Duke's here is the same as that of the Dolorous One.

Don Quixote looked intently at the steward, and after inspecting him, said to Sancho:

—There is no need for the Devil to fly away with thee, Sancho, either as true man or as believer (and I know not what thou meanest), for the face of the Dolorous One is that of the steward; yet not for that is the steward the Dolorous One, for his being so would imply a very great contradiction, and now is not the time to make these

[1] *En justo y en creyente*—an old proverbial phrase, of uncertain origin and of various meaning. In the Academy's Dictionary it is explained as a popular mode of giving assurance that a thing is certain and sure. But Covarrubias explains it as equivalent to "suddenly and quickly." There can be no doubt that Sancho uses the phrase in the former sense.

investigations, which would be to plunge into inextricable labyrinths. Believe me, friend, that we have need to pray to our Lord very earnestly to deliver us two from wicked sorcerers and wicked enchanters.

—It is no jest, Sir, replied Sancho, for I heard him speak before this, and methought the voice of the Trifaldi rung in my ears. Well, I will hold my tongue, but I will not fail to be watchful henceforth, to see if I may discover some other sign to confirm or to remove my suspicion.

—So must thou do, Sancho, said Don Quixote, and give me advice of all thou shalt discover in this business, and of all that shall happen to thee in the Government.

Sancho set out at last, attended by a great number of people, dressed in the garb of a man of law, having over all a gown of ruddy watered camlet, with a cap of the same, and riding on a mule jennet-wise; and behind him, by the Duke's orders, came Dapple, with brand-new harness and ass-trappings of silk. From time to time Sancho would turn his head to look at his ass, in company with whom he went so well pleased that he would not have changed conditions with the Emperor of Germany. On taking leave of the Duke and Duchess he kissed their hands and besought his master's blessing, who gave it to him with tears, Sancho receiving it with a blubbering face.[1]

Let the good Sancho, amiable reader, go in peace and God speed him; and look out for two bushels of mirth, which have to be reaped by thee by the account of how Sancho bore himself in his charge. Meanwhile, attend to what happened to his master that night, and if thou wilt not laugh thereat, at least it will expand thy lips into a monkey grin, for the adventures of Don Quixote have to be honoured either with wonder or with laughter.

[1] *Con pucheritos*; that is, blowing out his cheeks into the form of a *puchero* (round pot), as children do preparatory to breaking out into tears. *Hacer pucheros* is a common phrase for "to blubber."

Don Quixote

It is recorded, then, that hardly had Sancho taken his departure when Don Quixote felt his loneliness, and had it been possible to revoke Sancho's commission and take the Governorship from him, he would have done so. The Duchess, observing his dejection, asked him why he was sad, saying that if it were through Sancho's absence, there were squires, duennas, and maidens in her house to wait upon him to his heart's content.

—It is true, dear lady, answered Don Quixote, that I am grieving for Sancho's absence, but that is not the principal cause of my looking sad; and of the many offers which your Excellency makes me, I choose and accept only the good-will with which they are tendered, and for the rest I entreat your Excellency that within my apartment you consent and permit that I alone do wait upon myself.

—Indeed, Sir Don Quixote, said the Duchess, it must not be so, for four maidens of mine shall serve you, beautiful as the flowers.

—For me, replied Don Quixote, they will be not like flowers, but like thorns to prick the soul. They shall as soon come into my chamber, or anything like it, as fly. Should your Highness wish to continue your favours to one so undeserving of them, suffer me to have them by myself, and to wait on myself, within my own doors, that I may keep a wall between my desires and my virtue; nor would I break through my rule for all the bounty which your Highness would bestow on me. In fine, I will rather lie clothed than consent that any should undress me.[1]

—No more, no more, Sir Don Quixote, replied the

[1] Don Quixote shows himself here too delicate as well as forgetful of the usages of Knight Errantry; for, as he has himself described in a previous chapter, it was the custom in the simple age of chivalry for young maidens to undress the Knight, and "strip him as naked as the mother that bore him." The Duchess, in offering the services of her damsels, was acting in perfect accordance with all the precedents, and carrying out her husband's design of treating Don Quixote precisely as the Knights Errant are treated in the books.

Duchess; I promise I will give orders that not even a fly shall enter your chamber, much less a maiden. For me, I am not one to undermine Sir Don Quixote's propriety, and so far as I have discovered, that which is the most resplendent amongst his many virtues is modesty. Your worship may undress and dress by yourself alone and in your own fashion, how and when you please, for there shall be none to hinder you. And within your apartment you will find all the utensils needed by him who sleeps within locked doors, so that no call of nature shall oblige you to open them. May the great Dulcinea del Toboso live a thousand years, and may her name be diffused over the whole round earth, for she deserves to be beloved of a Knight so valiant and so modest, and may kind Heaven incline the heart of Sancho Panza, our Governor, to put a speedy end to his whippings, and that the world may again enjoy the charms of so famous a lady.

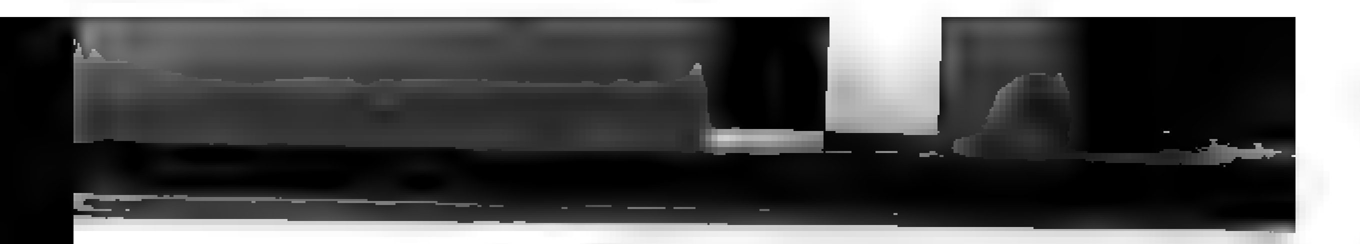
To which Don Quixote made response:—Your Highness has spoken like yourself, for in the mouths of virtuous

the harm he had done to the Trifaldi and company and other persons, and of the wicked deeds which as wizard and conjurer he had committed, he had a mind to make away with all the implements of his art, and as the chief of them and the one which caused him most disquiet, roving from land to land, he burnt Clavileño, that in its ashes and in the trophy-scroll might live eternally the valour of the great Don Quixote of La Mancha.

Thanking the Duchess again and again, Don Quixote, after having supped, retired to his chamber alone, without suffering any one to enter it with him to attend upon him, so much did he fear to encounter temptations which should lead or force him to forfeit the decorous chastity which he reserved for his mistress Dulcinea, having ever present in imagination the virtue of Amadis, flower and mirror of Knights Errant. Shutting the door behind him, he undressed himself by the light of two wax candles, and in taking off his stockings—O disaster unworthy of such a personage! there burst forth,—not sighs nor other things to discredit the purity of his manners,—but about two dozen stitches from one of his stockings, making it look like a window-lattice. The good gentleman was extremely distressed, and would have given an ounce of silver to have had there half a drachm of green silk,—I say green silk, because his stockings were green. Here Benengeli cried out, saying as he wrote:—O poverty, poverty! I know not with what cause the great Cordovan poet[1] was moved to call thee a holy, misprized boon. I, though a Moor, well know through the commerce I have with Christians, that holiness

[1] Juan de Mena, the Ennius of Spain, who flourished in the reign of Juan II., and died in 1456. The reference is to stanza 227 of his *Trecientas*:—

> O vida segura la mansa pobreza,
> Dádiva santa desagradecida!
> Rica se llama, no pobre, la vida,
> Del que se contenta vivir sin riqueza.



consists in charity, humility, faith, obedience, and poverty.[1] But withal I say that he has much hold of God who lives content to be poor; unless it be that kind of poverty of which one of his greatest Saints[2] speaks: *Possess all things as if ye possessed them not;* and this they call poverty in spirit. But thou, the inferior poverty[3] (which is what I speak of), why dost thou love to fall out with the gentle and well-born more than with other people? Why dost thou oblige them to smear their boots and to have the buttons of their coats some of silk, some of hair, some of glass? Why must their collars be for the most part crumpled, and not smoothed out after a pattern? (And by this may be perceived that the use of starch and of plaited ruffs is ancient.) And he proceeded: Wretched he, the well-born, who goes giving sops to his honour while dining miserably within closed doors, making a hypocrite of his toothpick, with which he sallies out into the street, after having eaten nothing which obliges him to clean his teeth! Miserable he, I say, who has his honour all in a tremor, imagining that from a league off may be

bursting of the stitches in his hose; but he consoled himself at the sight of some travelling boots that Sancho had left behind, which he designed to put on the next day. Finally, he laid him down thoughtful and dispirited, as much because of the want of Sancho as the irreparable disaster to his clothing. These he would have stitched up, even though with silk of another colour, which is one of the greatest marks of distress which a gentleman can show in the course of his troublesome penury. He put out his candles, but it was hot and he could not sleep. He rose from his bed and opened a little way the casement of a latticed window which looked into a pretty garden, and on opening it he perceived and heard people walking and talking in the garden. As he sat himself to listen attentively, those below raised their voices so that he could hear these words:

—Press me not to sing, O Emerencia! for thou knowest that from the moment this stranger entered this castle and mine eyes looked upon him, I have been unable to sing, only to weep. Moreover, my mistress' sleep is rather light than heavy, and I would not that she found us here for all the wealth of the world; and even if she slept and did not wake, in vain would be my singing, if this new Æneas who has come into my regions to mock me, should be asleep and wakens not to hear it.[1]

Do not mind that, friend Altisidora, was the answer, for no doubt the Duchess and everybody in this house are asleep, save the lord of thy heart and disturber of thy soul, for I heard him but just now open his lattice window, and doubtless he must be awake. Sing, my afflicted one, in a low and gentle tone to the sound of thy harp, and should the Duchess hear us we can lay the blame on the heat of the night.

—That is not the point, O Emerencia, replied Altisidora,

[1] An allusion to the words of Dido:

—Proh Jupiter! ibit
Hic, ait, et nostris illuserit advena regnis?—*Æneid*, iv.

but that I do not wish my song to lay bare my heart, and so be judged by those who take no note of love's mighty power for some light and wanton maid. But come what may; better shame in the face than sore in the heart.— With this she began to touch a harp very softly.

On hearing this Don Quixote was startled, for in that moment there came into his memory the infinite adventures similar to that—of windows, lattices, and gardens; of serenades, love-plaints, and languishments, which he had read of in his giddy books of chivalries. He at once conceived that some one of the Duchess's maidens was enamoured of him, and that modesty compelled her to keep her love in secret. He trembled lest he should yield, but resolved in his mind not to let himself be overcome; so commending himself with all good heart and soul to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he determined to listen to the music; and to let them know he was there, he feigned to sneeze, at which the damsels were not a little rejoiced, for they desired nothing better than that Don Quixote should hear them. Then

Don Quixote

Seekest thou thine own adventures?
 Others' ventures thou suppliest;
Dealest wounds, yet for their healing
 Salve or plaster thou deniest.

Tell me, lusty youth and valiant,
 May thy wishes all be sped!
Was't in Jaca's gloomy mountains,[1]
 Or in Lybia thou wert bred?

Say, didst suck thy milk from serpents;
 Was thine infant babyhood
Nursèd by the horrid mountain,
 Dandled by the rugged wood?

Well may Dulcinea, thy charmer,
 Damsel plump and round, be proud,
Conquering that heart of tiger,
 Softening that bosom rude!

This shall make thy name e'er famous
 From Jarama to Henares;
From Pisuerga to Arlanza;
 From Tagus e'en to Manzanares.[2]

Might I change with Dulcinea,
 I'd give her my best petticoat;
Rarest silk, of pretty colours,
 Golden fringe and all to boot!

O to live within thine arms, and
 O to sit beside thy bed!
O that poll so sweet to scratch, and
 Brush the scurf from that dear head!

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[1] Jaca is a small town within the southern defiles of the Pyrenees, on the ders of Aragon.

[2] The rivers here mentioned are close to one another, so that Altisidora's esque intention is tolerably evident. The Jarama runs within a short ance of the Henares, the Pisuerga of the Arlanza; while the Manzanares is ibutary of the Tagus.

Much I ask, though undeserving
Of so notable a grace,
Would that I thy feet were stroking,
That's enough for maid so base.

What fine night-caps I would work thee;
What fine shiny silvern socks;
Breeches of the rarest damask;
Lovely yellow Holland cloaks!

Precious milk-white pearls I'd give thee,
Each as big as any gall,
Such as, having no companions,
Orphans they are wont to call.[1]

Gaze not from thy rock Tarpeian
On the fire which scorches me,
Nero of the world Manchegan!
Nor revive it cruelly.

Child I am,—a tender pullet,—

And my voice is, if you listen,
  Equal to the best, I trow;
And I am of form and figure
  Something less than middling too.

Spoils of thy spear, thy bow and quiver,
  These my charms and more are;
Maid am I of this here castle,
  And my name, Altisidora![1]

Here ended the lay of the sore-wounded Altisidora, and here began the terror of the courted Don Quixote, who, heaving a deep sigh, said to himself:

–How unhappy an Errant am I, that there is no maiden but looks upon me who is not enamoured of me! How sad is the fate of the peerless Dulcinea, whom they will not leave free to enjoy my incomparable fidelity! Queens, what do ye want of her? Empresses, why do ye persecute her? Maidens of fourteen and fifteen, wherefore do ye molest her? Leave, O leave, the unhappy one to triumph, to rejoice, to glory in the lot which love would assign her in rendering her my heart, and delivering to her my soul! Know, ye amorous crew, that for Dulcinea alone am I dough and sugar-paste, and for all the rest of you flint. For her I am honey, and for you aloes. For me Dulcinea alone is the beautiful, the sensible, the chaste, the gay, and the well-bred; and the rest ugly, silly, wanton, and base-born. To be hers and none other's Nature sent me into the world. Let Altisidora weep or sing; let the lady despair for whose sake they belaboured me in the castle of the enchanted

[1] The burlesque is here sufficiently broad, and, as burlesque, the verses are passable. Shelton remarks, in one of his pithy marginal notes, that "they are made to be scurvy on purpose," for which reason the author "observes neither verse nor rhyme." But rhyme is there in the original, in assonants, which I have not thought it worth while to imitate here or elsewhere, it being impossible to preserve the effect of assonant rhymes in English.



Moor ;[1] for Dulcinea's I must be,—roasted or boiled, clean, well-born, and chaste,—in spite of all the powers of witchcraft in the world.

And with that he clapt the window to, and lay down on his bed, and out of humour and with a heavy heart, as if some great misfortune had happened to him, where for the present we will leave him, for the great Sancho calls, who is desirous of making a beginning with his famous Governorship.

[1] Referring to the adventure with Maritornes at the inn, in Part I. Don Quixote calls the heroine of that enterprise *madama*, which is an antique word of rare occurrence.

CHAPTER XLV

Of how the great Sancho Panza took possession of his Isle, and of the mode in which he began to govern

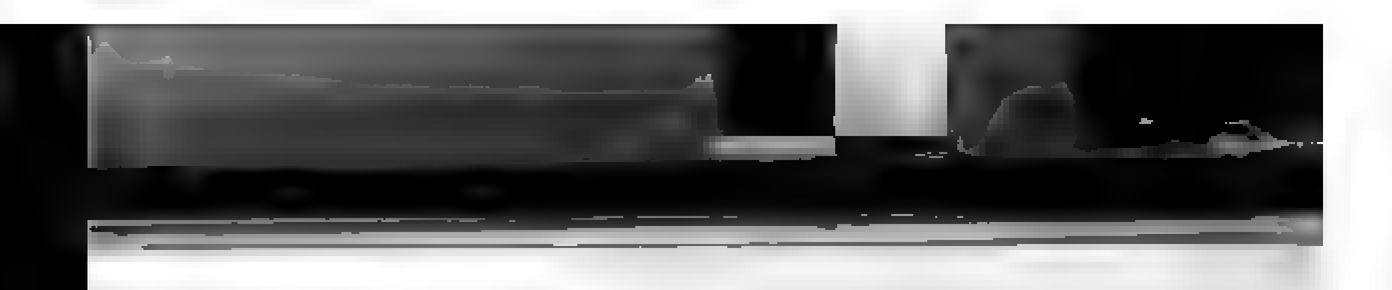
Oh, thou perpetual discoverer of the Antipodes! Torch of the world! Eye of Heaven! Sweet stirrer of wine-coolers![1] Here Thymbrius,[2] there Phœbus—now archer, now physician! Father of poetry, inventor of music; thou, who always risest, and though thou seemest to set, never settest! On thee I call, O Sun! by whose aid man engendereth man—thee I invoke to favour me and illumine the darkness of my wit, that I may be able scrupulously to report of the Government of the great Sancho Panza; for without thee I feel myself weak, faint-hearted, and perplexed.

I say, then, that Sancho Panza with all his retinue arrived at a village[3] of about a thousand inhabitants which was one

[1] *Meneo dulce de cantimploras.* A *cantimplora* was a long-necked copper vessel or carafe used for the cooling of wine and other liquors. The derivation, according to Covarrubias, is a fanciful one, from the varied sounds which the liquor makes when poured in, *que parece cantar y llorar juntamente.* The sun is termed the "stirrer of wine-coolers," since it is the sun's heat which sets them in action. This pompous invocation to the sun under his various names is apparently a burlesque of a fantastic passage in some poet of the day.

[2] Pater est Thymbræus Apollo.—Virgil, *Georgic* iv.

[3] *Lugar*, equivalent to *pueblo*, as the town is called hereafter. A *lugar*, according to the Academy's Dictionary, is something smaller than a *villa* and larger than an *aldea*. An old French writer, Sorel, in a book entitled *Le Berger Extravagant*, published in 1647,—intended, in imitation of *Don Quixote*, to be a burlesque on the books of chivalries as well as on romantic and heroic poetry in general,—had the audacity to include *Don Quixote* itself in his satire, censuring in it, among other things, this extravagant notion of a town of one



of the best the Duke possessed. They informed him it was called the Isle Barataria,[1] either because the place was called *Baratario*, or because of the *barato*, or cheap rate, at which the Governorship had been bestowed on him. On arriving at the gates of the town, which was a walled one, the municipality of the town came out to welcome him; the bells were rung, and all the people gave signs of general rejoicing. They conducted him with much pomp to the principal church to give thanks to God, and then, with some burlesque ceremonies, they delivered to him the keys of the town, acknowledging him as perpetual Governor of the Isle Barataria. The garb, the beard, the plumpness and smallness of the new Governor made all the people wonder

thousand inhabitants being handed over, even in joke, to the government of an ignorant rustic like Sancho Panza. To this the answer is that, as clearly appears in the text, the leading inhabitants themselves were in the joke. Again, such a governorship as that of Sancho's did not imply any independent executive power. The *Gobernador* in those days would be little more than the *corregidor* of a town or village, whose functions, as the acts of Sancho clearly show, were simply to dispense justice in person and to keep order. There have been many

who were not in the secret of his story, and even all who were, which were many. Taking him from the church they carried him to the judgment-seat, and placed him upon it, and the Duke's Steward thus addressed him:

Lord Governor, it is an ancient custom here, that he who comes to take possession of this famous Isle is bound to answer questions put to him, which should be somewhat intricate and difficult, by which answer the people may touch and feel the pulse of their new Governor's understanding, and so be either glad or sorry at his coming.

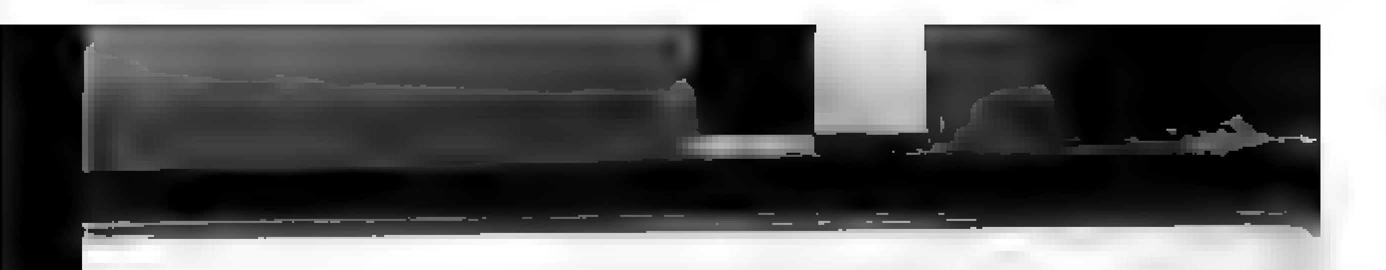
Whilst the Steward was saying this Sancho was staring at several large letters inscribed on the wall in front of his seat, and not knowing how to read, he asked what those paintings were on that wall. They made answer:—Sir, there it is written and recorded the day on which your Lordship took possession of this Isle, and thus says the inscription: *This day in such a month and such a year the lord Don Sancho Panza took possession of this Isle; which may he enjoy many years.*

—And whom do they call Don Sancho Panza? asked Sancho.

Your Lordship, answered the Steward; for into this Isle has never entered any other Panza than he who is seated in that chair.

—But look ye, brother, quoth Sancho, I have no Don, nor has there been one in all my family. Sancho Panza they call me simply, and Sancho Panza was my father called, and Sancho my grandsire; and all were Panzas without any tacking of Don or Doña. I fancy that there must be more Dons than stones in this Isle. But enough; God knows me, and maybe if the Government lasts me four days I will weed out these Dons, who, from their plenty, must be as troublesome as gnats.[1] Go on with your question, Master

[1] For the abuse of the title of Don in Spain, see notes to Part I. ch. iii. and Part II. chs. ii. and v. Quevedo, in his *Visita de los Chistes* and in *Pablo de Segovia*,



Steward, which I will answer to the best of my wit, whether the town be sorry or not sorry.

At this moment there entered the justice-hall two men, one dressed as a labourer and the other as a tailor, for he bore a pair of scissors in his hand; and the tailor said:

—Sir Governor, I and this labouring man have come before your worship for the cause that this good fellow came to my shop yesterday, who, saving your presences, am a licensed tailor, blessed be God! and, putting a piece of cloth in my hands, asked me:—Sir, would there be enough in this cloth to make me a cap? I, measuring the stuff, answered him *Yes.* He must have suspected, as I suspect, and suspected rightly, that without doubt I wished to rob him of some part of his cloth, founding his belief on his own roguery and the ill opinion there is of tailors, and he replied that I should look and see if there were enough for two. I guessed his drift, and said *Yes;* and he, riding away on his first damned intent, went on adding caps, and I adding *Yeses*, till we reached five caps; and now at this moment he has come for them, and I am giving them to him; and he will not

All those present laughed at the number of caps and at the novelty of the suit. Sancho set himself to consider a little while, and then said:

—Methinks there need be no long delays in this case, but that it may be decided, according to a wise man's judgment, off-hand; and so I decree that the tailor shall lose the making and the countryman the stuff, the caps to be given to the prisoners in the gaol; and let no more be said.[1]

This judgment provoked the laughter of the audience, but what the Governor commanded was done. And now there came before him two old men, one of them carrying a cane by way of a walking-stick.

—Sir, said the one who had no stick, I lent this good man some days ago ten gold crowns in gold to do him a kindness and good office, on condition that he would repay me on demand. Not to put him to a greater inconvenience now in returning them to me than that he was in when I lent them to him, I did not ask him for the money till many days had passed. But it seeming to me that he was careless about payment, I have asked him for it not once but many times; and not only will he not repay me, but he denies the debt, declaring that I never lent him the said ten crowns, or if I did lend them, that he had returned them. I have no witnesses—neither of the loan nor of the repayment, for he has not repaid me. I want your worship to put him on his oath, and if he will swear that he returned them to me, I will forgive him the debt here and before God.

[1] Here are some words in the old editions:—*Si la sentencia pasada de la bolsa del ganadero movió á admiracion á los circunstantes*; which imply that Cervantes originally intended to put the case which now follows before that of the cap-maker, but changed his mind—allowing the above words, however, to stand, through carelessness. It would have been absurd to retain, to the confusion of the reader, what is clearly a blunder, either in the writing or in the printing. Hartzenbusch, who has no more reverence for his author than if he was a school boy whose exercise he was set to correct, calmly transposes the cases, dislocating the text to suit his own idea of what Cervantes ought to have written.

—What do you say to this, worthy old man of the stick? said Sancho.

To which the old man answered:

—I confess, Sir, he lent me the crowns. Lower your rod of justice, and I will swear, since he leaves it to my oath, that I returned them to him really and truly.

The Governor lowered his wand,[1] and in the meantime the old man of the stick gave his stick to the other to hold while he was taking the oath, as though it incommoded him, and then placed his hand upon the cross of the wand, saying that it was true that these ten crowns asked for had been lent to him, but that with his own hand he had given them back into the other's, and that it was because he had forgotten it that he was asking again and again for them every minute.

Seeing this, the great Governor asked the creditor what answer he had to give to his opponent, saying that without doubt the debtor must be speaking the truth, for he took him for an honest man and a good Christian, and it was he himself, the plaintiff, who must have forgotten when and

—Willingly, answered the old man; here it is, Sir.— And he placed it in Sancho's hand, who took it; and, giving it to the other old man, said:—Go, in God's name, for now you are paid.

I, Sir? said the other; but is this cane worth ten crowns of gold?

Yes, said the Governor; or if not, then I am the greatest blockhead in the world, and now shall be seen if I have a head to govern a whole kingdom.—And he ordered them in presence of them all to break and rip open the cane. They did so, and in the heart of it were found ten crowns in gold. All were struck with amazement, and took their Governor for a new Solomon.[1] They asked him how it was he had learnt that those ten crowns were in that cane, and he answered that having observed the old man, when he was swearing, give that stick to his adversary, and swear that he had paid him really and truly, and that after taking the oath he had sought the stick again, it came into his imagination that inside of it must be the money demanded; from which could be inferred, he said, that those who govern, though some may be fools, sometimes God directs in their judgments. Besides, he had heard the priest of his village narrate a like case, and he had so good a memory that, were it not for his forgetting all that he wished to remember, there would be no better in all the Isle. In the end they went away, the one old man ashamed and the other repaid, leaving the bystanders wrapt in admiration; and he who wrote down

[1] This story has been traced by Bowle to one in the *Legenda Aurea* of Jacobus de Voragine. The sequel of Voragine's story, however, was different, nor was that any case of judgment, except in a religious sense. It was a Jew who lent the money and was tricked. The debtor, who had sworn upon the altar of S. Nicholas of Bari that he had paid the money, was run over by a cart as he was leaving the court, and his cane smashed, so that the coin and the trick were discovered. The Jew was so much struck by this strange incident that he offered to be a Christian on condition that S. Nicholas brought the defunct to life. The Saint performed the miracle, and the Jew was duly baptized.

the words, acts, and movements of Sancho could not determine within himself whether to take and set him down for a fool or a wise man.

This suit was no sooner ended than there entered the court a woman holding fast by a man clad like a rich herdsman, saying in a loud voice:

—Justice! Lord Governor, justice! And if I find it not on earth, I will go to seek it in heaven! Lord Governor of my soul, this bad man has forced me in the middle of that field yonder, and had his will of my body as though it had been an ill-washed rag; and, woe is me! has taken that which I have kept safe it is more than three-and-twenty years, defending it from Moors and Christians, from natives and strangers,—and I always hard as a cork-tree, keeping myself pure like the salamander in the fire or wool on the briars, that this fellow should come now with his clean hands to handle me!

—Nay, that remains to be enquired into, said Sancho, whether this gallant has clean hands or not.

And turning to the man he said: What have you to say and answer to the complaint of that woman?

He, all in confusion, replied:—Sirs, I am a poor herdsman with a herd of swine, and this morning I went out of this village to sell—saving your presence[1]—four porkers, which they took from me in taxes and extortions little less than their value. I was coming back to my village, when I fell in with this good woman on the road, and the Devil, who embroils and entangles everything, caused us to yoke together. I paid her sufficiently, but she was not content, and seized hold of me and would not let me go till she dragged me to this place. She says that I forced her, and she lies, by the oath which I have taken or intend to take; and this is the whole truth, without one tittle less.

The Governor then asked him whether he had about him

[1] See note in Part I. ch. ii.

any money in silver. He said he had about twenty ducats in his bosom in a leathern purse. He was ordered to take it out, and deliver it just as it was to the complainant. He did so trembling, and the woman took it, making a thousand curtseys to all, and praying God for the life and health of the good Governor who thus looked after poor orphans and maidens, thereupon departed from the court, holding the purse tightly in both hands, though first she looked to see if the money within were of silver. She had scarcely gone out when Sancho said to the herdsman, who was now dissolved in tears while his eyes and his heart went after his purse:—Go, good man, after that woman, and take the purse from her whether she will or not, and return hither with her.

Nor did he say it to a fool or a deaf one, for the man started off at once like lightning and ran to do what he was bid. All the bystanders awaited in suspense the issue of that case; and in a little while the man and woman returned more closely bound and locked than before, she with her petticoat and the purse held in her lap, and the man struggling to take it from her; but it was not possible, so stout was the defence of the woman, who kept crying out loudly:

—Justice from God and the world! See, your worship, Lord Governor, the small shame or fear this reprobate has, who in the middle of the town and the middle of the street, would have robbed me of the purse which your worship ordered to be given me!

—And has he robbed you of it? asked the Governor.

—Is it rob me? retorted the woman: I will let them rob me of my life rather than rob me of this purse. A pretty little child I'd be! Another sort of cats they have to fling at my chin; not this miserable, filthy wretch! Pincers and hammers, mallets and chisels shall not suffice to get it out of my clutches, nor even lions' claws: sooner shall they have the soul from out of my body!

—She is right, said the man, and I own myself conquered and spent, and confess that my strength is not enough to rob her of it.—And he let go his hold.

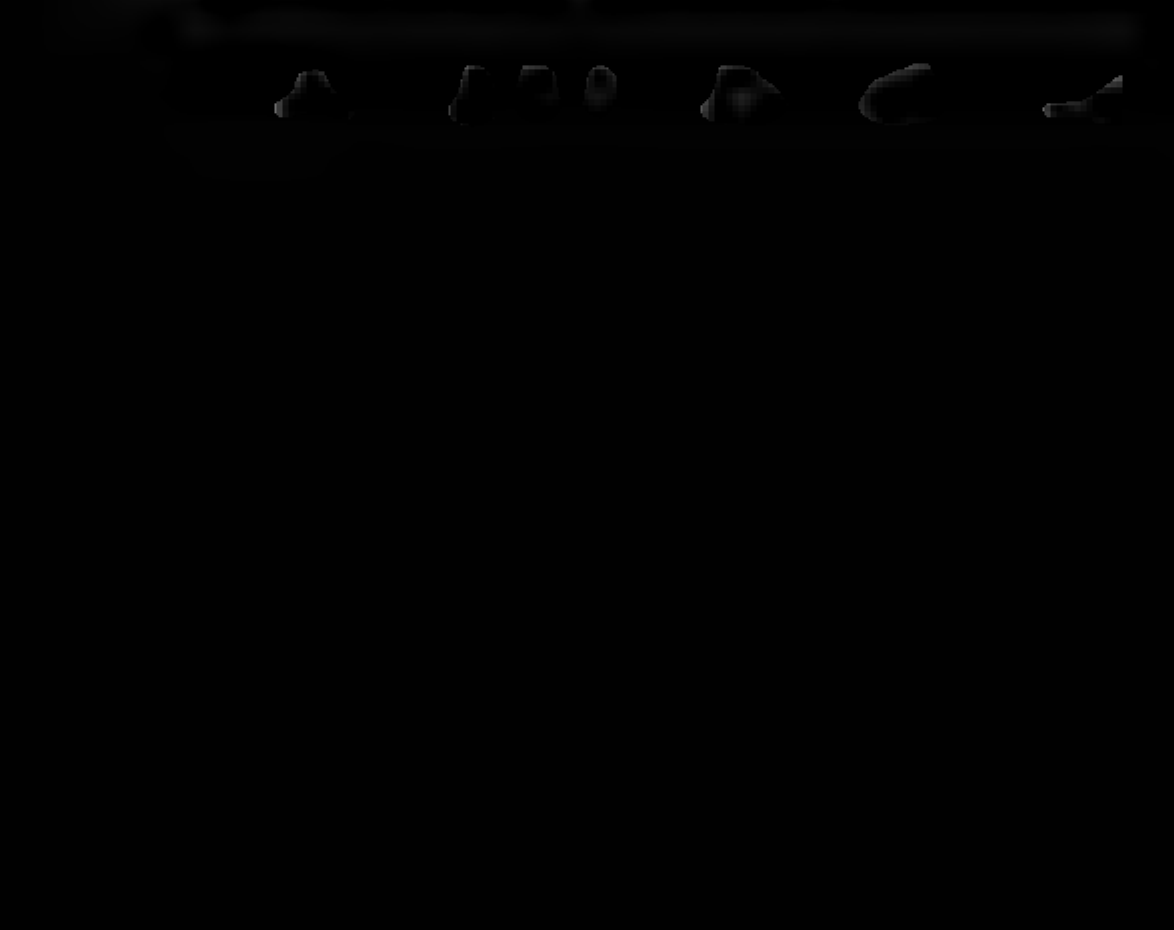
Then said the Governor to the woman:—Let me see that purse, honest and valiant woman.

She gave it to him at once, and the Governor returned it to the man, saying to the forcible and unforced one:

—Sister mine, if the same spirit and courage which you have displayed in defending that purse, you had shown, or even one-half less, in defending your body, the strength of Hercules could not have forced you. Away with you, in God's name, and ill betide you! And stay not here in all this Isle nor within six leagues round, on pain of two hundred stripes. Begone, I say, thou prattling, shameless impostor!

The woman was confounded and went her way, hanging her head and ill content; and the Governor said to the man:

—Good fellow, go, in God's name, to your village with



CHAPTER XLVI

Of the fearful bell-and-cat[1] *fright which Don Quixote got in the process of the loves of the enamoured Altisidora*

We left the great Don Quixote wrapt in the meditations aroused in him by the music of Altisidora, the love-sick maiden. He went to bed with them, nor, like fleas, would they let him sleep or rest a moment, to which was added the breakage in his stockings. But as Time is swift, and no barrier can stop him, he came riding upon the hours and quickly arrived the morrow; which when Don Quixote perceived he quitted his soft bed of down, and dressed himself briskly in his chamois suit, and put on his travelling boots to hide the disaster to his stockings. He flung over him his scarlet mantle, put a cap of green velvet trimmed with silver lace on his head, hung his baldrick over his shoulders with his trusty, trenchant blade; laid hold of a large rosary which he always wore about him, and with a solemn and stately strut went out into the front hall, where were the Duke and Duchess already dressed, as though expecting him; and as he passed by a gallery there stood, as though purposely waiting for him, Altisidora and the other damsel her friend; and as soon as Altisidora saw Don Quixote she pretended to faint away, and her friend caught her on her lap and in a great hurry began to unlace her

[1] *Cencerril y gatuno.*

bosom. Don Quixote observed it and going up to them said:

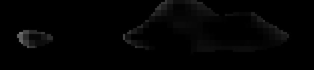
—I know well whence these fits proceed.

—That know not I, answered the friend, for Altisidora is the healthiest maid in all this house, and I have never heard a sigh from her all the time I have known her. May evil take all the Knights Errant in the world, if they are all so ungrateful! Get you gone, Sir Don Quixote, for this poor child will never come to herself whilst you are here.

Don Quixote replied:—Be pleased, lady, to have a lute put in my chamber to-night, and I will console as best I can this afflicted damsel, for in these first buddings of love prompt undeceiving is wont to be an effective remedy.

And with that he went off that he might not be observed by those who should see him there. He had scarce gone when Altisidora, recovering from her swoon, said to her companion:

—We must put a lute there for him, for doubtless Don



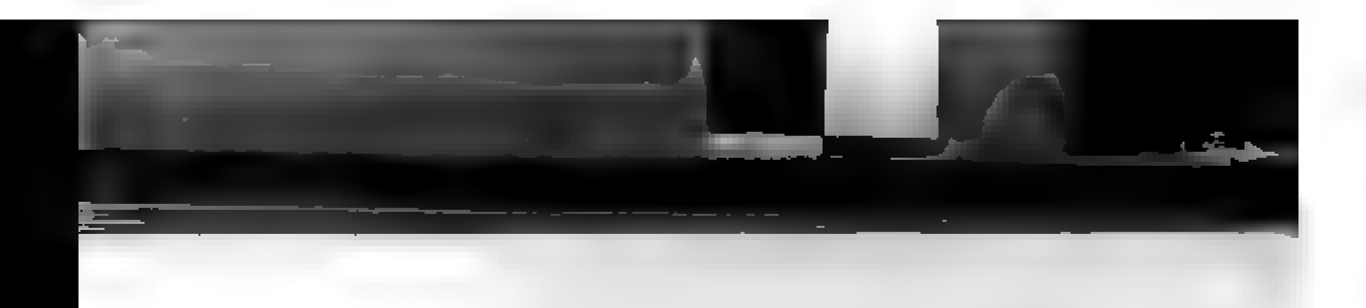
Don Quixote

Don Quixote found a guitar[1] in his chamber. He tried it and opened the window, and, being aware that there were people walking in the garden, he ran over the strings of his guitar, and tuned it as well as he could; he spat and cleared his throat, and then with a voice somewhat harsh though tuneful, sang the following ballad which that same day he had composed: —

> Amorous passions e'er are wont to
> Souls from off their hinges take;
> Easy living, doing nothing,
> Instruments of these they make.
>
> Stitching, or some useful labour,
> This is ever found to prove
> Antidote to the sweet poison,
> Surest medicine for love.
>
> Maidens prudent and decorous,
> Maidens who to wed aspire,—
> Chastity is their best dower;
> Praise than this cannot be higher.
>
> Courtier-Knights and Errants gallant,
> Who in camp and court do tarry,
> Woo the lighter sort of damsels,
> But the modest ones we marry.
>
> Loves there are 'twixt host and guest which
> In the morning are begun;
> But at parting they are ended,
> In the evening with the sun.

---

[1] Don Quixote asked for a *laud*, or lute, which was the usual instrument on which the Knights are represented as playing in the old romances, and they brought him a *vihuela*, or *viguela*, which was the ancient form of the guitar, or something between it and the violin. It is mentioned among the instruments of the day in a poem of the fourteenth century, and by the Arcipreste de Hita. There were *vihuelas de peñola* and *vihuelas de arco*—the former played with a plectrum, the latter with a bow. Latterly, the *vihuela* merged entirely into the guitar.



Love that's bred so quick and lightly,
Comes to-day, to-morrow's gone ;—
Goes, and leaves impressed behind it
No images the soul upon.

Picture upon picture painted,
Shape or colour doth not show ;
Where one beauty's ready planted,
There's no room for number two.

Dulcinea del Toboso
On my fancy I have got
Painted deep, in such a manner,
Her I cannot ever blot.

Constancy in love's the part which
Lovers generally do prize ;
Miracles doth love work by it,
Lovers doth it raise likewise.[1]

Here had Don Quixote arrived in his song, with the

candles which were burning in the room, and rushed about seeking some way of escape. The rising and falling of the rope with the great bells never ceased, and the greater part of the people about the castle, who were not in the secret of the affair, were amazed and confounded. Don Quixote rose to his feet, and drawing his sword, began to lay about him through the casement, and to shout in a loud voice:

—Avaunt, malignant enchanters! Avaunt, ye wizard rabble! For I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, against whom your wicked designs are of no avail or force!

And turning round upon the cats, which were scampering about the room, he dealt them many blows. They made for the window to go out therefrom, and one of them finding itself hard pressed by Don Quixote's slashes, jumped at his face and seized him by the nose with its claws and teeth, from the pain of which he roared as loudly as he could. The Duke and Duchess hearing this, and guessing what it might be, ran with much haste to his room, and, unlocking it with a master-key, found the poor Knight struggling with all his might to tear away the cat from his face. Entering with lights and seeing the unequal fight, the Duke ran up to interpose in the fray, but Don Quixote cried out:

—Let no one take him off! Leave me hand to hand with this demon, this wizard, this enchanter,—for I will let him know from me who Don Quixote of La Mancha is!

But the cat, not caring for these threats, growled and held fast. At last the Duke pulled it away and flung it out of the window, Don Quixote remaining with a scratched face, and with a nose not very whole, though greatly vexed because they had not let him finish the battle he had fought so toughly with that miscreant enchanter. They sent for oil of *hypericum*,[1] and Altisidora herself, with her lily-white

[1] *Aceite de Aparicio.* Clemencin says that this was a decoction of various medicinal drugs, so called after the name of the inventor; but Bowle conjectures, as I think rightly, that the word *Aparicio* is a corruption of *Hypérico* (*Hypericum*),

hands, applied bandages to all his wounds, and while putting them on she said to him in a low voice:

—All these misadventures befall thee, flinty-hearted Knight, for the sin of thy obduracy and obstinacy. And may it please God that Sancho, thy squire, will forget to whip himself, so this Dulcinea, so beloved of thee, may never come out of her enchantment, nor thou enjoy her, nor reach the nuptial couch with her,—at least, while I, who adore thee, am alive.

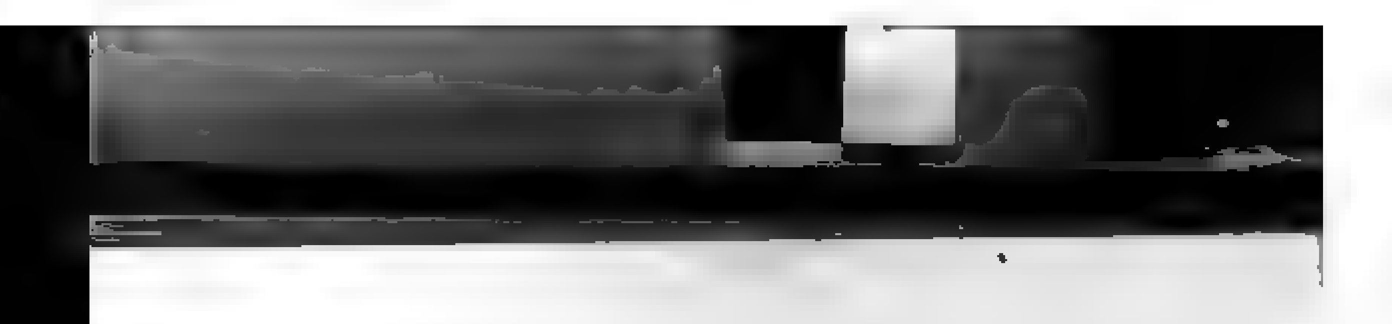
To all this Don Quixote uttered not a word but heaved a profound sigh, and presently he laid him down on his bed, after thanking the Duke and Duchess for their kindness, not because he had any fear of that cattish and bellish enchanter-rabble,[1] but because he was sensible of their good disposition in coming to his succour. The Duke and Duchess left him to repose, and went away grieving at the evil issue of their frolic, for they did not think the adventure would have proved so disastrous and costly to Don Quixote; for it caused him to keep himself confined for five days, and in

CHAPTER XLVII

Wherein is contained the account of how Sancho Panza bore himself in his Government

The history tells us that from the Hall of Justice they conducted Sancho Panza to a sumptuous palace where in a great chamber there was laid a royal and very elegant table. As soon as Sancho entered the room the clarions sounded, and four boys came forward to bring him water for his hands, which Sancho received with much gravity. The music ceased, and Sancho seated himself at the head of the table, for there was no other seat than that and no other service laid. On one side there placed himself standing a personage who was afterwards discovered to be a physician, with a little wand of whalebone in his hand. They lifted up a very fine white cloth, with which was covered the fruit and a great variety of dishes, with many kinds of viands. One who looked like a student pronounced a blessing, and a page tucked a lace bib under Sancho's chin, while another, who performed the part of seneschal, brought a plate of fruit before him.[1] Hardly had he eaten a mouthful when he of the little wand touched the plate with it, and they bore it away from him very quickly; but the seneschal brought him another with a different kind of viand. Sancho was

[1] In the old days, in the great houses, dinner commenced with green fruit and ended with dried fruit and conserves.



of things there are in such *ollas*, we cannot miss hitting on something which is tasty and wholesome.

—*Absit!* cried the physician; far be so ill a thought from us! There is nothing in the world of less nutriment than an *olla-podrida*. Leave your *olla-podridas* for canons or rectors of colleges or for peasants' weddings; but let the tables of Governors be free from them, at which should preside every nicety and every refinement. And the reason is because, always and everywhere and by every one, simple medicines are more esteemed than compound; for in the simple one cannot err, and in the compound one may, by altering the quantities of the things of which they are composed. Therefore do I say that what the Lord Governor should eat now in order to preserve his health and fortify it, is a hundred of wafer rolls [1] and some thin slices of the flesh of quince, which may sustain his stomach and help him to digestion.

On hearing this, Sancho leant back against his chair, and, looking at the physician intently, asked, with a grave voice,

fuera,[1] which lies between Caracuel and Almodóvar del Campo,[2] on the right-hand side, and I have the degree of doctor from the university of Osuna.[3]

To whom Sancho, all inflamed with rage, responded :

– Then, Master Pedro Recio of Mal-Aguero,[4] native of Tirteafuera, a village which is on the right hand as we go from Caracuel to Almodóvar del Campo, graduate of Osuna, —get out of this at once ! or I swear by the sun I will take a cudgel, and beginning with you I will beat every doctor out of the island, at least those I perceive to be ignorant, for the learned physicians, the prudent and wise, I will put them over my head and honour them as persons divine. And again I say, let Pedro Recio begone from here ; if not, I will take this chair on which I am sitting and break it on his head,[5] and let them call me to account for it in the judgment,[6] for I will clear myself by saying that I did God service by killing a bad doctor, the plague of the

[1] *Tirteafuera*,—literally, "take thyself off." Strange to say, there is actually a village of that name, of which the site is accurately given in the text. It is some three miles from Almodovar, and in the time of Philip II. was officially returned as having one hundred and seventy inhabitants.

[2] Caracuel and Almodovar are small towns in the province of Ciudad Real.

[3] Osuna was one of the minor universities, at which Cervantes was fond of girding.

[4] Sancho here plays upon the doctor's name, making him of "bad augury."

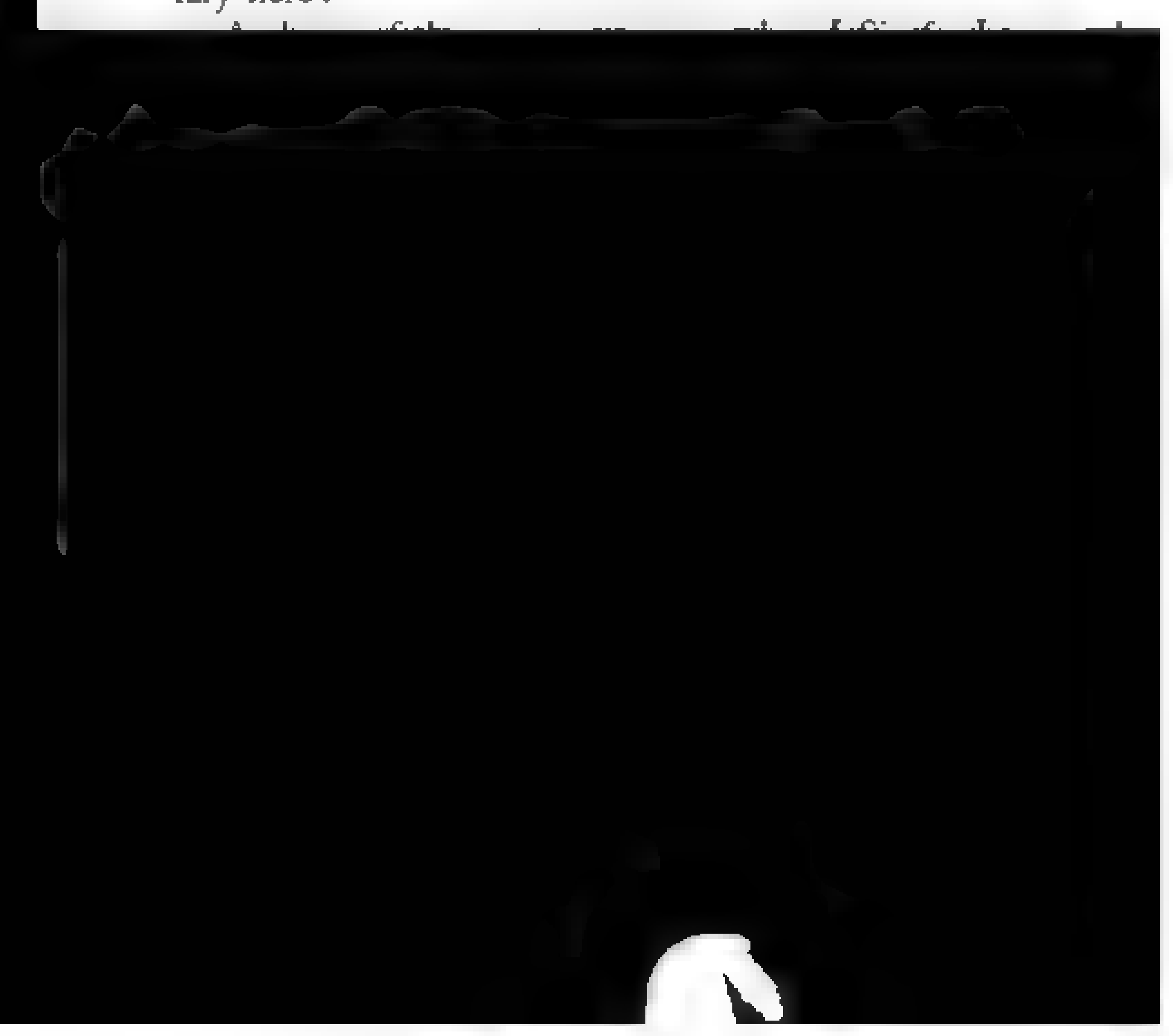
[5] *Pidienme en residencia.* According to the old law of Spain, embodied in the *Fuero Juzgo*, which itself was derived from the Theodosian Code, every official, on leaving office, had to remain for a period of at least a month in the chief town of his district, so that a scrutiny might be held into his past conduct and an audit taken of his accounts,—a portion of the salary due to him being withheld until he had received his acquittance. This was termed being *en residencia*, so that the word *residencia* itself came to mean "judgment." The law dates from at least the time of the ancient Greeks, who had precisely the same institution, called εὐθύνη, or more properly εὔθυνα,—generally used in the plural εὔθυναι. One great charge brought against Demosthenes by his rival, Æschines, was that he, as an εὔθυνος, or scrutineer, was guilty of accepting a golden crown, when, by the law, he was bound not to receive any such popular recognition while holding that office ; and it was in answer to this, among other counts in the indictment, that Demosthenes made his famous oration *De Corona*.

commonwealth. And give me something to eat, or let them take their Governorship from me, for a place which gives its holder naught to eat is not worth two beans.

The physician was frightened at seeing the Governor so angry, and would fain have taken himself off out of the room; but at that moment a post-horn was sounded in the street, and the Seneschal, looking out of the window, turned round and said:—A messenger comes from the Duke, my master; he must be the bearer of some despatch of importance.

The courier entered in a sweat and a flurry, and, drawing a despatch from his bosom, placed it in the Governor's hands. Sancho gave it to the Steward, whom he commanded to read the superscription, which ran as follows:—*To Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island Barataria, into his own hands or into those of his Secretary.*

On hearing this, Sancho exclaimed:—Who is my secretary here?



It has come to my knowledge, Sir Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine and of the island will make a furious assault upon it, I know not upon what night. It is meet that you should keep watch and be on the alert, so that they take you not unprepared. I learn also by trusty spies that four persons have entered the town in disguise to take your life, because they are in fear of your genius. Keep your eyes open and take heed who comes to speak with you, and eat not of the thing they offer you. I will take care to send you succour if you find yourself in trouble, and in everything you will act as is expected of your intelligence.

From this place, the Sixteenth of August,[1] *at four of the morning.*

Your friend,

THE DUKE.

Sancho was amazed and the bystanders pretended to be so likewise. Turning to the Steward, he said:—That which has to be done, and done at once, is to clap Doctor Recio in the lock-up; for if there is anybody will kill me it is he, and by a death of the worst and a lingering one, as is that by hunger.

—Yet methinks, said the Seneschal, your worship should not eat of anything that is on this table, for it has been all presented by some nuns, and as they say, *Behind the cross stands the Devil.*

—I don't deny it, said Sancho, and for the present let them give me a piece of bread and a matter of four or five pounds of grapes, for in these there can be no poison; and, indeed, I cannot last without eating, and if we have to get

[1] This date was doubtless that on which Cervantes wrote this passage, and comparing it with that of Sancho's letter to his wife, in chapter xxxvi. of this part, which was July 20th, we are enabled to compute the time it cost Cervantes to write these eleven chapters. It is needless, perhaps, to repeat that these dates make the confusion of the chronology assigned to the fable by Don Vicente de [illegible] and other exact and matter-of-fact critics.

ready for those battles they threaten us with, we must needs be well supported, for tripes carry heart, and not heart tripes.[1] And you, Secretary, reply to the Duke my Lord and say that all he commands shall be done according to his command without bating a jot ; and you will present a salute on my behalf to my Lady the Duchess, and say that I pray her not to forget to send by an express my letter and my parcel to my wife, Theresa Panza, which I will take very kindly, and I will be careful to serve her to the utmost of my power. And, by the way, you can put in a kiss-of-the-hand to my master, Don Quixote of La Mancha, that he may see that I am grateful, and like a good secretary and a good Biscayan you can add all that you please that is to the point. And now let them clear away the cloth and give me something to eat, and I will settle it with as many spies and murderers and enchanters as may come upon me and my Isle.

At this point there entered a page, who said :—There is a labouring man on business who would speak to your lord-



fellow,[1] and I know little but he is as good as good bread.[2]

—There's nothing to fear, said the Steward, for we are all here.

—Would it be possible, Seneschal, asked Sancho, now that Doctor Pedro Recio is not here, for me to have something to eat of weight and substance, though it were but a bit of bread and an onion?

—This evening at supper the shortcomings of the dinner shall be made good, and your Lordship shall be satisfied and requited, said the Seneschal.

God grant it, quoth Sancho.

Thereupon entered the peasant, who was of a fair presence and from a thousand leagues off might be seen to be an honest good soul. The first thing he said was:—Which is the Lord Governor here?

—Who should he be, replied the Secretary, but he who is seated in the chair?

—I humble myself in his presence, said the peasant.—And bending on his knees, sought his hand to kiss it. But Sancho refused it, and bade him rise and say what he wanted. The peasant did so, and said:

—I, Sir, am a labouring man, a native of Miguel Turra, a village which is two leagues from Ciudad Real.

—Have we another Tirteafuera? exclaimed Sancho.—But speak on, brother, for I can tell you I know Miguel Turra right well, and it is not very far from my own village.

—This is the matter, Sir, continued the peasant, that I, by God's mercy, am married, with leave and licence of the

[1] *Alma de cántaro*; here—and once before in Part II, ch. xiii.—used in good part, of a harmless fellow; but elsewhere throughout *Don Quixote* the term is one of opprobrium.

[2] *Tan bueno como el buen pan*: a common saying, testifying to the esteem in which good bread was held in Spain, where there is still the best bread in the world, as the Sevillians boast of the produce of their city.

Holy Roman Catholic Church. I have two sons student and the younger he is studying for a bachelor and the eld for a licentiate. I am a widower, for my wife died, or rathe a wicked doctor killed her for me, who purged her when sh was with child; and had God pleased that her child shoul see the light, and it had been a boy, I would have put hi to study for a doctor so that he might not be envious of h brothers, the bachelor and the licentiate.[1]

—So that if your wife had not died, or they had not kill her, observed Sancho, you would not now have been widower.

—No, Sir, by no means, answered the peasant.

—We are well thriven, said Sancho.—Get on, brothe for it is the hour for sleep rather than for business.

—Well, I was saying, continued the peasant, that this m son, who is to be a bachelor, fell in love with a damsel of th same village, called Clara Perlerino, daughter of Andre Perlerino, a very rich farmer and his name of Perleri does not come to them by descent or from ancestry, bu because all of his line are paralytic, and to better the nam they call themselves Perlerinos.[2] Aye! and to tell the tru the maiden is like an Oriental pearl, and looked at on the rig side like a flower of the field; on the left not so much, fo she wants that eye which she lost by the small-pox; an though the pits on her face are many and great, those th love her say that they are not pits but graves wherein ar buried the hearts of her lovers. She is so cleanly that le she should soil her face she carries her nose so cocked u that they say it looks as if it were flying from her mouth and for all that she looks extremely well, for she has a lar mouth, and did it not lack some ten or a dozen teeth an grinders it might pass and make a show among the be

[1] Bachelor is one who has taken the first degree; licentiate (master) t second, which qualifies him to teach; doctor, the third and highest.

[2] The peasant plays upon the words *perla* and *perlesia*, "pearl" and "paralysi

formed ones. Of her lips I know not what to say, for they are so thin and delicate that if it were the fashion to wind lips one might make a skein of them; but as they have a different colour from ordinary lips they look wonderful, for they are mottled with blue, green, and purple; and may the Lord Governor pardon me if I am painting so minutely the parts of her who, some day or other, has to be my daughter, for I like her well and to me she appears not amiss.

—Paint what you please, cried Sancho, for I am refreshing myself with your painting; and had I dined, there could be no better dessert for me than your portrait.

—That I have still to serve you, replied the peasant; but the time will come when we may, if we do not now; and say I, Sir, that if I could paint the elegance and the shape of her body it would be a thing to astonish you, but it may not be, for the reason that she is crooked and shrunken and has her knees up to her mouth, and for all that we may see that if she could only stand upright her head would touch the ceiling; and she would have given her hand as spouse to my bachelor only she cannot stretch it out, for it is shrivelled up, though in her long and guttered nails you can see its fineness and good make.

—'Tis well, quoth Sancho, and reckon, brother, that you have painted her from head to foot: what is it you want now? Come to the point without turnings and windings, without babblings or addings.

—I want your worship, Sir, said the peasant, to do me the favour of giving me a letter of recommendation to the girl's father, praying him to be so good as to let this match be made, for we are not unequal in the goods of fortune or in those of nature, for to tell you the truth, Sir Governor, my son is bewitched and there is no day that the evil spirits do not torment him three or four times, and from a fall in the fire once he has his face puckered up like parchment and his eyes somewhat tearful and running, but he has the temper of

an angel, and were it not that he bethumps and belabours himself he would be a saint.

—Is there anything else you wish, good fellow? said Sancho.

—There's something else I would like, replied the peasant, only I dare not speak of it; but go to—it must not rot in my bosom, stick or not stick.[1] I say, Sir, but I wish your worship would give me some three or six hundred ducats in aid of my bachelor's portion to help him,—I mean, set up house, for in sooth they have to live by themselves without being subject to the impertinences of their fathers-in-law.

—Look if there's anything else you'd like, said Sancho, and don't be hindered from saying it through shame or bashfulness.

—No surely, answered the peasant.—Scarce had he spoken when the Governor, starting to his feet, laid hold of the chair on which he had been sitting and exclaimed:

—By this and by that I swear, Don Lubber, ill-conditioned



the Governorship, and you would have me possess six hundred ducats?

The Seneschal made signs to the peasant to go out of the hall, which he did with his head hanging down, fearful to all appearance lest the Governor should carry out his threat; but the rogue knew very well how to play his part.

But leave we Sancho in his wrath and peace to all the company,[1] and let us return to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bound up under treatment of his cattish wounds, which did not heal within eight days; on one of which there befell him that which Cid Hamet promises to recount with the truthfulness and exactitude with which he is accustomed to narrate the passages of this history, however minute they be.

[1] *Andar la paz en el coro*—a proverbial phrase which took its rise from the ceremony of "giving the peace," *i.e.* the benediction, to the members of the choir during Mass. *Andar la paz en el coro*, is often used ironically, of a community torn by internal feuds.

CHAPTER XLVIII

Of what happened to Don Quixote with Doña Rodriguez, the Duchess' duenna, with other incidents worthy of record and of eternal remembrance

EXCEEDINGLY melancholy and out of humour was the sore-wounded Don Quixote, with his face bandaged and marked, not by the hand of God but by the claws of a cat,—disasters incidental to Knight Errantry. For six days he appeared not in public, on one night of which, lying wide awake and watchful, meditating on his misfortunes and on Altisidora's persecution, he was aware of some one opening the door of

please; for wheresoever it may be thou art mine, and everywhere I have been and shall be I am thine.

As he finished saying this, at the same moment the door opened. He stood up on the bed, wrapt from head to foot in a quilt of yellow satin, a great nightcap[1] on his head, and his face and moustaches tied up,—the face for the scratches; the moustaches, that they might not droop and fall; in which attire he looked the strangest phantom that could be conceived. He fixed his eyes on the door, and when he looked to see the enthralled and distressful Altisidora come in, he saw enter a very reverend duenna, with a white pleated veil, so long that it covered and cloaked her from head to feet. Between the fingers of her left hand she held a lighted half-candle, while with her right she made a shade so that the light might not fall on her eyes, which were covered by a huge pair of spectacles. She advanced with noiseless steps, moving her feet very softly. Don Quixote gazed at her from his watch-tower, and when he perceived her attire and observed her silence he conceived that some witch or sorceress was coming in that guise to do him some ill turn, and he began to cross himself with great energy. The apparition advanced, and when it reached the middle of the chamber it raised its eyes and saw the energy with which Don Quixote was crossing himself; and if he was frightened at seeing such a figure as hers she was startled at the sight of his, so that as soon as she saw him thus long and yellow with the quilt and the bandages which disfigured him, she gave a loud scream, crying:—Jesus! what do I see?—And with the shock she let fall the candle from her hands, and finding herself in the dark she turned round to fly, and in her fright she tripped on her skirt and came down with a great fall. Don Quixote in his fear began to say:

I conjure thee, phantom, or whatever thou art! tell me

[1] *Galocha*,—an ancient form of cap, fitting close to the head; from the Latin *galea*.

who thou art, and say what thou wantest of me! If thou art a soul in torment tell me, for I will do for thee all that my powers are equal to, for I am a Christian Catholic and love to do good to all the world, and for this end did I take up the order of Knight Errantry which I profess, whose office extends even to the doing good to souls in purgatory.

The bewildered duenna hearing herself thus conjured, by her own fright conjectured Don Quixote's, and answered him in a low plaintive voice:

—Sir Don Quixote,—if perchance your worship is Don Quixote,—I am no phantom or spectre or soul in purgatory, as your worship must have supposed, but Doña Rodriguez, duenna of honour to my lady the Duchess, who, in a necessity such as your worship is wont to relieve, have come to you.

—Tell me, Doña Rodriguez, cried Don Quixote, do you perchance come to me on a mediation of love?[1] Because I would have you know that I am good for no one; thanks to the peerless beauty of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso. I say in short, my lady Doña Rodriguez, that if you leave out and put aside all love messages, you can go and light your candle and come again and we will converse of everything you may bid me or is most to your taste,—saving, as I say, all amorous incitements.[2]

—I with a message from any one, Sir! answered the duenna; little does your honour know me. Indeed, but I am not of an age so advanced as to be driven to such child's work. Praised be God, I have still a soul in my

[1] *A hacer alguna terceria*—literally, "to do some procuress work." Shelton has it "some piece of brokage." The duennas had a bad character in those days for their aptitude to engage in this kind of business, and the more pious their looks and the longer their "reverend hoods," the more ready they were to set as such "ministers of Satan," as they are called in *Guzman de Alfarache*. Don Quixote, of course, was thinking of the grave matrons who figure so largely in the books of chivalries, as mediators between the Princesses and the objects of their incontinent loves.

[2] *Todo incitativo melindre*. *Melindre* is literally a kind of fritters made of honey and flour.

flesh, and all my teeth and molars in my mouth, except a few of which catarrhs have robbed me, so common in this land of Aragon.[1] But let your worship wait a little; I will go out to light my candle and come back in a moment to tell of my griefs to him who is the reliever of all in the world.

And without awaiting a reply she went out of the chamber, where Don Quixote remained expecting her, composed and thoughtful. But presently there occurred to him a thousand reflections about that new adventure, and it seemed to him that it was ill done and worse conceived to place himself in peril of breaking his pledged faith with his mistress, he saying to himself:—Who knows but that the Devil, who is subtle and adroit, would deceive me now with a duenna as he has not been able to do with Empresses, Queens, Duchesses, or Countesses? For I have heard many wise persons say, oft-times, that if he can, he would rather give you a flat-nosed one than an aquiline.[2] And who knows but that this solitude, this opportunity, and this silence will awake my sleeping desires, and cause me, at the end of all these years, to fall where I have never stumbled? In such cases it is better to fly than to await the battle. Yet I cannot be in my right mind if I think and utter these silly things, for it is not possible for a duenna, white-hooded, ample, and spectacled, to stir or raise a lewd thought in the most profligate bosom on earth. Is there by chance in the world a duenna with wholesome flesh? Is there by chance on the globe a duenna who is other than impertinent, affected, and prudish? Avaunt, then, ye duenna crew, useless for any human pleasure! How well done it was of

[1] This was a common excuse, according to Quevedo, among old women, for their loss of teeth. Compare Martial's epigram on Ælia's four teeth. *Ep.* lib. i. 20.

[2] In allusion to the proverbial saying—*Si la podemos dar roma, no la damos aguileña.* A *roma*, or flat-nosed woman, that is, an ugly one, was popularly supposed to be more dangerous to a man's virtue than an *aguileña*, one high-featured and handsome.

that lady who is reported to have had two carved figures of duennas at the head of her chamber, with their spectacles and sewing-cushions, as though they were working, which figures were as good for preserving the dignity of her hall as if they had been real duennas.[1]

Saying this he leapt out of bed with the intention of shutting the door and not letting the lady Doña Rodriguez enter; but as he went to close it the lady Rodriguez was already come back with a lighted candle of white wax. She, when she saw Don Quixote closer, wrapped in his quilt, with his bandages, bonnet, or nightcap, was affrighted anew, and retreating a few paces exclaimed:

—Sir Knight, am I safe? For I take it as no honest sign that your worship has risen out of your bed.

—That same is indeed what I would ask you, lady, answered Don Quixote; and so I do ask, whether I shall be safe from being assailed and forced?

—Whom and from whom, Sir Knight, do you ask that safety? retorted the duenna.

—You, and from you, I ask it, replied Don Quixote; for neither am I made of marble nor you of brass, nor is it ten of the day but the middle of the night, and even a little more as I guess, and in an apartment more close and secret than that cave must have been wherein the traitorous and daring Æneas had his will of the lovely and gentle Dido. But give me your hand, lady, for I desire no other security than that of my continence and modesty and that which that reverend hood offers.

Saying this, he kissed his right hand,[1] and seized hers in his, which she gave him with the same ceremonies.

[1] Most of the translators make it "he kissed *her* right hand"; but it clearly is not so. The text says, *besó su derecha mano*, that is, kissed his own right hand—in token of his good faith, and by way of sealing his pledged word. In the state in which the Knight is described, as being fearful of his virtue under such temptation, he was hardly likely to kiss the lady's hand.

Here Cid Hamet puts in a parenthesis and says that by Mahomed he would have given the better of the two mantles[1] he had to have seen the pair thus linked go from the door to the bed.

Finally, Don Quixote got into his bed, and Doña Rodriguez remained seated in a chair a little removed from the bedside, without taking off her spectacles or setting down the candle. Don Quixote muffled and covered himself all up, leaving no more than his face revealed, and, the two being settled, the first who broke silence was Don Quixote, who said:

—Now may you, my lady Doña Rodriguez, unburden and unbosom yourself of all that you have within your sorrowful heart and afflicted bowels, for it shall be listened to by me with chaste ears and relieved by compassionate deeds.

—So I can believe, answered the duenna, for of your gentle and agreeable presence none but so Christian an answer could be expected. This, then, is the case, Sir Don Quixote, that though you see me seated in this chair and in the middle of Aragon and in the habit of a decayed and forlorn duenna, I am a native of the highlands of Oviedo,[2] and of a family which crosses with that of many of the best in that province. But my ill fate and the improvidence of my parents, which led to their untimely impoverishment, brought me, I know not how or why, to the court of Madrid where, for the sake of peace, and to save me from further misfortunes, my parents placed me in service as a waiting-

[1] *Almalafas*,—a Moorish cloak, enveloping the whole body, similar to the modern *burnous*. See note to Part I. ch. xxxvii.

[2] *Asturias de Oviedo*,—meaning the hilly district near Oviedo, in the Asturias. Asturias, which is a plural word, comes, according to Ford, from the Iberian *ast*, meaning elevation; *ast ther* being "gate of lofty rocks." The Asturias of Oviedo would, therefore, be the Highlands of Oviedo. Oviedo is the capital of the province formerly called Asturias, now divided into the provinces of Oviedo and Santander.

maid to a lady of quality, and I would have your worship know that at back-stitch and plain work no one ever surpassed me in all my life. My parents left me in service and returned to their country, and a few years afterwards they went it must have been to heaven, for they were very good people and Catholic Christians. I was left an orphan, and stinted to the miserable wages and scanty favours which are wont to be paid to such servants in a palace. About this time, without my giving him any cause for it, a page of the house fell in love with me—a man already in years, bearded and personable, and above all a gentleman like the King, for he was of the mountains.[1] We did not manage our loves so closely but that they came to the notice of my lady, who, to save us from talking tongues, married us with the licence and approbation of the holy mother Church, Roman Catholic, of which marriage was born a daughter to put an end to my good fortune, if I had any,—not because I died in childbed, for I took it right and in season,—but because, a little after, my husband died of a certain shock which he received, and had I the time now to tell of it, I know that your worship would wonder.

And here she began to weep piteously, and said:

—Pardon me, Sir Don Quixote, for I cannot help it, and every time I call to mind my unhappy one my eyes are brimful of tears. Heaven help me! How proudly would he carry my lady behind him on the crupper of a stout mule, black as the very jet! For in those days they did not use coaches or chairs, as they say are now in fashion, and ladies rode behind their squires. This, at least, I cannot refrain from telling you, that you may note the good breeding and punctiliousness of my good husband. At the

[1] Every native of the mountains of the Asturias—in special token of their being the home of Pelayo and the cradle of the Spanish monarchy and state,—deemed himself an *hidalgo*, and therefore as good as the King; whence came the proverbial saying—*en siendo montañeses todos somos hidalgos.*

entrance of the street of Santiago in Madrid,[1] which is somewhat narrow, a Judge of the Court happened to be coming out with two of his officers before him, and as soon as my good squire saw him he turned his mule's rein, as if he designed to wait upon him. My lady, who rode on the crupper, said to him in a low voice:—What are you doing, you paltry fellow, see ye not that I am here?—The Judge, out of politeness, pulled up his horse, and said:—Take your road, Sir, for 'tis I who should wait upon the Lady Casilda; for such was my mistress' name. Still my husband strove, with cap in hand, desiring to wait upon the Judge. Seeing this my lady, filled with rage and spite, drew out a stout pin,—or, I believe, a bodkin,—and ran it into his loins, whereupon my husband gave a loud scream and twisted his body so that he came with his lady to the ground. Two of her lacqueys ran up to raise her, and the like did the Judge and his officers. The Guadalajara[2] gate was in a hubbub (I mean the idle people who were there). My mistress went away on foot and my husband ran into a barber's shop, crying that his bowels were pierced through and through. My husband's courteousness was so much bruited about that the boys would run after him in the streets; and for this and because he was somewhat short of sight, my lady dismissed him; the pain of which, I believe, without any doubt brought on the calamity of his death. I was left a widow and helpless, and with a daughter on my shoulders, who

[1] The *Calle de Santiago* still exists and retains its name, though now considerably widened.

[2] *La Puerta de Guadalajara* was one of the most famous in old Madrid, the centre of gossip and of turbulence, the resort of the idlers, the beggars, the hangers-on of the Court, as the *Puerta del Sol* is now. It was situated in the *Calle Mayor*, opposite the openings of *Calle de los Milaneses* and the *Calle de Santiago*, according to Pellicer. It was destroyed in 1582 by a fire, caused by the illuminations in honour of the conquest of Portugal. In his interlude of *El Juez de los Divorcios*, Cervantes introduces one of his characters, saying:—"The mornings are spent in hearing Mass, in standing about the Guadalajara gate evil speaking, learning news, uttering and hearing lies."

went on growing in beauty like the sea-foam. At last, as I had the name of being a great seamstress, my lady the Duchess, who was then newly married to the Duke, my master, offered to bring me with her to this kingdom of Aragon and my daughter also, where, in process of years, my daughter grew up, and with all the grace in the world. She sings like a lark, dances like a thought, foots it like one of your gay ones,[1] reads and writes like a schoolmaster, and reckons like a miser. Of her cleanliness I say nothing, for running water is not cleaner; and she should be now, if I remember right, sixteen years five months and three days, one more or less. To come to an end, there became enamoured of this my lass the son of a very rich farmer, who lives in a village of my master the Duke, not very far from here. In short, I know not how, they came together, and under promise of marrying her, he fooled my daughter,

[1] *Danza como el pensamiento, báila como una perdida.* There is a distinction here made between *danzar* and *báilar*, which most of the translators have overlooked. The *danza* was the grave, stately, decorous performance, which took place in good society, of which Pellicer has noted many varieties, such as *el turdion, la pavana, Madama Orliens, el piede gibao, la gallarda*; which must have resembled, more or less, the *gavotte*, the minuet, and the *contre-danse* of our forefathers. The *báile* was more fast and furious, the dance of the people,—now surviving in taverns and saloons, generally performed by professionals of the class called *la gente perdida*. Of this sort were the *zarabanda, chacona, jabona, juanredondo, pipironda, guririgurrigay*, and others with names more or less suggestive. The lowest and worst are those exhibited for the benefit of English tourists by the *gitanas* of Seville and Granada. The best are strikingly graceful, poetical, and characteristic. The performers, as in the East, are nearly always accompanied by the voice, and often by castanets, the spectators assisting. These dances are very ancient, doubtless as old and as universal as the passion itself to which they administer. See Ford, in his *Handbook*, vol. i. p. 187, etc., for an admirable, true and graphic description of Spanish dances. They are of kin to the Indian *nautch* and the Egyptian *ghowazee*, and are, doubtless, a survival of the "Gaditanian measures," fondly referred to in more than one of Martial's epigrams. We can now understand what Doña Rodriguez means when she says that her daughter dances "*como una perdida*." Shelton renders it absurdly, "like a castaway"; yet he is the only one who seems to have had a notion of what "*una perdida*" meant.

and refuses to keep his word; and though the Duke my master knows it, because I have complained to him not once but many times, and prayed him to bid the said farmer marry my daughter, he turns a deaf ear and will scarcely listen to me. And the reason is because the father of this joker is rich and lends him money and goes surety for his pranks at every moment, so he will not displease him nor trouble him in any way. Therefore, dear Sir, I want your worship to take upon you the charge of redressing this wrong, either by entreaties or by arms; for, as all the world says, you were born into the world to redress wrongs, to right the injured, and to succour the unfortunate. And put before you my daughter's orphan state, her genteelness, her youth, with all the good points I have told you she possesses; and by heaven and on my conscience, of all the damsels my lady keeps there is not one who reaches to the sole of her shoe; and she they call Altisidora, whom they take to be the gayest and freest, put in comparison with my daughter, comes not within two leagues of her; for I wish you to know, dear Sir, that all is not gold that glitters, for this same little Altisidora has more boldness than beauty and more freedom than modesty. Moreover, she is not very wholesome, for she has a certain tainted breath which does not allow one to be near her for a moment, and even my lady the Duchess——I must be silent, for they say that walls have ears.

—On my life, what of my lady the Duchess, Doña Rodriguez? asked Don Quixote.

—Thus conjured, replied the duenna, I cannot refuse to answer what is asked me in all truth. Do you mark, Sir Don Quixote, my lady the Duchess' beauty, that bloom of complexion, like nothing else than a smooth and burnished sword-blade; those two cheeks of milk and carmine, which have the sun in one and the moon in the other, and that sprightliness with which she goes treading and even spurn-

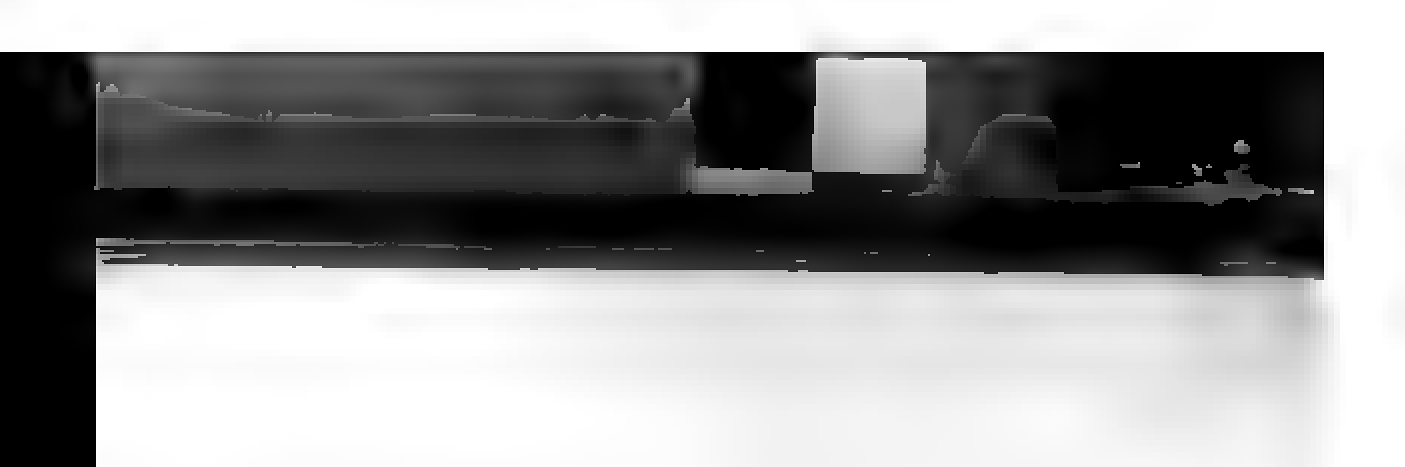
ing the earth, that one would think she went dispensing health where she walked? But let your worship know that she may thank God for it in the first place, and next, two issues she has in her two legs, whence she discharges all the ill humours of which the doctors say she is full.[1]

—Holy Mary! cried Don Quixote, and is it possible that my lady the Duchess has two such conduit-pipes? I could not believe it had barefooted friars told me.[2] But since Doña Rodriguez says so it must be so; though issues such as these and in such places should distil not humours but liquid amber. Verily, now I do believe that this opening of issues must be a matter important for the health.

Hardly had Don Quixote uttered these words when the doors of the chamber flew open with a great bang, and with the suddenness of the start down fell Doña Rodriguez with the candle in her hand, and the chamber remained dark as a wolf's mouth, as the saying is. Then the poor duenna felt herself gripped so fast by the throat with two hands that she was unable to squeal, while some one else, without speaking



tioners fell upon Don Quixote, and stripping him of the sheet and the quilt, they pinched him so soundly and severely that he was driven to defend himself with his fists, and all in wonderful silence. The battle lasted nearly half an hour; then the phantoms fled away, Doña Rodriguez gathered up her skirts, and bemoaning her disaster went out of the door without saying a word to Don Quixote. He, pinched and disconsolate, perplexed and pensive, remained alone; where we shall leave him longing to know who was the malign enchanter who had done him this turn. But that will be told in its time, for Sancho Panza calls us, and the order of this history demands that we should go to him.



CHAPTER XLIX

Of what happened to Sancho Panza on going the round of his Isle

We left the great Governor vexed and angry with the portrait-painting peasant knave, who, tutored by the Steward, as the Steward was by the Duke, played the fool with Sancho. But he, despite of his ignorance, rudeness, and lumpishness, held his own with them, saying to those about him and to the Doctor Pedro Recio, who, after the matter of the Duke's secret letter had been disposed of, had come back into the hall :

God give to him and all those of his breed,—I say, to that of bad doctors, for that of the good ones deserves palms and laurels.

All who knew Sancho Panza wondered to hear him speak so elegantly, nor knew to what to attribute it, unless that offices and grave duties quicken some intellects whilst they deaden others. Finally, the Doctor Pedro Recio Tirteafuera promised to give him something to sup on that night, even though he should transgress the aphorisms of Hippocrates. With this the Governor was satisfied; and he looked forward with great impatience to the coming of night and the supper hour; and though time, to his seeming, stood still, at length it came, so long wished for, when they gave him for supper a salad of beef and onions[1] and some boiled calves' feet, somewhat stale by keeping. He fell to upon all with greater zest than if they had given him Milan francolins, Roman pheasants, Sorrento veal, Moron partridges, or Lavajos geese;[2] and turning to the Doctor while supping, he said to him:

—Look ye, Sir Doctor, from henceforth trouble not yourself to give me choice things and far-fetched dainties to eat, for that will take my stomach off its hinges, which is accustomed to kid, to beef, to bacon, hung meat,[3] turnips, and onions, and if by chance they give it any other palace kickshaws it receives them with squeamishness and sometimes with loathing. What the master-sewer should do is to get me those they call *olla-podridas*; and the rottener they are the better they smell, and in them he can cram and stuff

[1] *Salpicon*; which was one of the dishes in Don Quixote's own dietary "on most nights." See Part I. ch. i.

[2] These, we may presume, were some of the chief gastronomic delicacies of the period. The francolin is a bird allied to the partridge, common in Southern Europe, and much esteemed for the table. The pheasant was then a rare bird in Spain, supposed to be only accessible to Kings and great Princes. Moron is a wild, rugged district, on the road from Seville to Ronda. Of Lavajos and its geese I can learn nothing.

[3] *Cecina*—meat slightly salted and dried in the sun; then a common food of the country people.

whatever he will, so long as it is for eating, and I will thank him for it and repay him some day. And let no one fool me; for either we are or we are not; let us all live and eat in good peace and fellowship; for when God makes the dawning it is dawn for all.[1] I shall govern this Isle without giving up a right or taking bribe;[2] and let everybody keep his eyes open and mind his own bolt;[3] for I would have them know that the devil is loose in Cantillana,[4] and if they give me cause they shall see marvels which will astonish them,—nay, but make yourself honey and the flies will eat you.[5]

—Of a surety, Sir Governor, said the Seneschal, but there is much reason in what your worship says, and I offer, in the name of all the Insulars of this Isle, to serve your worship with all exactness, love, and good-will, for the sweet mode of governing which, in these beginnings, your worship has shown us, leaves us no room to do or think anything which may be to your worship's disservice.

—I believe it, answered Sancho, and they would be so many fools if they did or thought anything else; and again I say let them look to my feeding and that of my Dapple, which is the important thing in this business and most to the purpose. And when the hour comes let us go the rounds, for it is my intention to clear this Isle of every kind of impurity, and of your vagabond, lazy, and ill-conditioned gentry. For I want you to know, friends, that idle and vagrant folk in a State are the same as drones in a hive, who eat up the honey the worker-bees make. I intend to favour the labouring men, preserve to the gentlemen their privileges, reward the virtuous, and above all respect religion and honour

[1] *Cuando Dios amanece para todos amanece*—a proverb.

[2] In allusion to the proverb *ni hagas cohecho ni pierdas derecho*, once before used in Part II. ch. xxxii.

[3] In allusion to the proverb, *cada uno mire por el virote*, used before in Part II. ch. xiv.

[4] A proverbial saying, of obscure origin. Cantillana is a village near Seville.

[5] *Haceos miel y comeros han moscas*—a proverb, used before in Part II. ch. xliii.

the clergy. What think ye of this, friends? Say I aught, or do I talk idly?[1]

—Your worship says so much, Sir Governor, replied the Steward, that I am amazed to find a man like you, without learning (for I understand you have none), say such and so many things full of judgment and of good counsel, so much beyond all that was expected of your wits by those who sent us and by us who are come here. Every day we see new things in the world; jests are turned into earnest, and mockers find themselves mocked.

The night had now come and the Governor, with Doctor Recio's leave, having eaten his supper, prepared to set out on his rounds, accompanied by the Steward, the Secretary, and the Seneschal, with the chronicler, whose charge it was to keep a record of his deeds, and officers and scribes so many as would have formed a moderate-sized battalion. In their midst walked Sancho with rod in hand, a goodly sight to see. Having traversed a few of the streets of the place they heard a clashing of knives; and hastening to the spot they found that the men fighting were two only, who, seeing the approach of the authorities, desisted, one of them exclaiming: Here, in God's name and the King's! What, are they allowed in this town to rob a man in public and to come out to assault one in the middle of the streets?

—Calm yourself, my good man, said Sancho, and tell me what is the cause of this dispute, for I am the Governor.

Said the other, his adversary:—Sir Governor, I will tell you with all brevity. Your worship must know that this gentleman here has just won here in this gaming-house, which is opposite, more than a thousand *reals*, and God knows how; and I, being present, adjudged more than one doubtful cast in his favour, contrary to what my conscience dictated. He got up with his winnings, and when I expected

[1] *O quiébrome la cabeza*—literally, "or do I break my head?"

that he would give me some crown at least for a fee,[1]—as is the use and custom to give to men of quality like me, who stand by to see fair or foul, to back up wrong practices, and to prevent quarrels,—he pocketed his money and went out of the house. I, in dudgeon, went after him, and with fair and civil words asked him to give me some eight *reals*, for he knows I am an honourable man, and have neither place nor profession, for my parents taught me none nor left me any. And the rascal, who is a greater thief than Cacus and a greater cheat than Andradilla,[2] would not give me more than four *reals*; so that you may see, Sir Governor, what little shame he has, and what a conscience; though, i'faith, if your worship had not come up, I would have made him vomit up his winnings and taught him how much there was in the scales.[3]

—What do you say to this? asked Sancho.

The other replied that what his adversary had said was true, and that he did not care to give him more than four *reals*, for he often gave him something; and those who expect benevolences should be civil and take what is given them with a pleasant face and not keep a reckoning with winners, unless they know them for certain to be sharpers and their gains to be foully won. And that for a token that

[1] *Barato*; the term then used, both for the commission which each player had to give to the keeper of the gambling-tables for leave to play, and for the allowance made by the winners to certain experts among the bystanders, who helped them to win, by the means suggested in the text. Pellicer has a long note on the various classes of hangers-on in the gaming-houses, the office of some of whom was to entice foreigners and ignorant people to play,—called, in allusion to their various functions, *encerradores*, *perros ventores*, and *abrasadores*. There was another class called *mirones* or *barateros*, divided into *pedagogos* or *gansos*, whose business it was to instruct the novices to play; and *doncayres*, who during the play placed themselves near the table and by signs and tricks of various kinds helped the more experienced to good luck, and looked for a percentage on the winnings.

[2] *Andradilla* was some noted *escroc* of old, of whom nothing more is known.

[3] *Con cuantas entraba la romana*—literally, "with how many (pounds) the steelyard was weighted."

he was an honest man and no thief, as was said, there was none better than his not wishing to give anything, for it is the sharpers who are ever the tributaries of the lookers-on, by whom they are known.

—That is so, said the Steward; let your worship consider, Sir Governor, what is to be done with these men?

—That which is to be done, answered Sancho, is this: You, winner, fair or foul or indifferent, give to him who would be your knifer instantly a hundred *reals*, and disburse thirty more for the poor in the prisons; and you, who have neither place nor profession and go about doing nothing in this Isle, take those hundred *reals* immediately, and to-morrow, some time of the day, get you out from this Isle, banished for ten years; on pain, if you break the term, of completing it in another life, for I will hang you on a gallows, or at least the hangman will do so by my command; and let none reply or he shall feel my hand.

The one disbursed, the other pocketed; the latter quitted the Isle, the former went away home, and the Governor went on to say:—I am good for little or I will put down the gaming-houses,[1] for I have an idea they are very hurtful.

—This one at least, observed one of the notaries, your worship will not be able to put down, for a great personage keeps it, and what he loses in the year is more, beyond all comparison, than what he gains by the cards. Upon the gambling dens of lower degree your worship may well use your power, for these are what do the greatest harm and harbour the worst abuses; for in the houses belonging to lords and gentlemen of quality the notorious sharpers dare

[1] Sancho was in advance of the ideas of the day. The evil of public gambling houses, some of them owned and kept by noblemen of rank, had reached to such a pitch at this time as to call forth frequent petitions even from the languid Cortes, and *pragmaticas* from the *insouciant* Kings, some of whom, as Philip IV., were themselves passionately addicted to gambling, and were believed, directly or indirectly, to share in the profits of these unholy institutions.

not practise their tricks. And seeing that the vice o
gaming has come to be in common use, it is better they
should play in houses of quality than in some low mechanic's
house, where they catch the wretch after midnight hour
and skin him alive.[1]

—I am aware, notary, said Sancho, that there is much t
be said on that point. Here there came up a watchman,
who had hold of a youth, and said:—Sir Governor, thi
young man was coming this way, and when he spied the
watch he turned about and began to run like a stag, a toke
that he must be some evil-doer. I started after him, and
had it not been that he stumbled and fell I should neve
have caught him.

—Why did you run away, man? asked Sancho.

To which the youth replied:—Sir, to get away fro
answering the many questions these watchmen ask.

—What trade are you of?

—A weaver.

—And what do you weave?

—Iron heads for lances, by your honour's good leave.

—Is it a wag you are? Would you play your jokes o
me? 'Tis well! And where were you going just now?

—Sir, to take the air.

—And where do they take the air in this Isle?

—Where it blows.

—Good: you answer much to the point; you are
knowing youth. But pray reckon that I am the air, an
blow astern of you and drive you to gaol. Ho! seize him
and take him away, for I will make him sleep there thi
night without air.

[1] This, doubtless, is said in irony. Among the various kinds of sharpe
enumerated in a book of the time, levelled against the vice of gambling, *Fi
Desengaño contra la Ociosidad y los Juegos*, by one Fajardo, are the class call
moderros ("the drowsy ones"), whose practice it was to take their sleep durin
the first part of the night, waking up at midnight to prey upon the weary an
sleepy gamblers.

—By the Lord, said the youth, your honour can as much make me sleep in gaol as make me King!

—But why, then, shall I not make thee sleep in gaol? said Sancho. Have I not power to arrest thee and discharge thee whenever and as often as I please?

—Whatever power your honour may have, retorted the youth, shall not suffice to make me sleep in prison.

—How not? said Sancho. Carry him off at once, where he shall see his mistake with his own eyes, and lest the gaoler should use his interested liberality in thy behalf, I will have him go bail in two thousand ducats that he does not let thee stir or step from the prison.

—This is ridiculous, answered the youth; the point is, that not all men living shall make me sleep in the gaol.

—Tell me, devil, said Sancho, hast thou any angel to deliver thee, to free thee from the fetters in which I intend to order thee to be clapt?

—Now, Sir Governor, answered the youth with a pleasant air, let us reason together and come to the point. Suppose your honour orders me to be taken to the gaol, and that there they clasp me in fetters and chains and place me in a cell, laying the gaoler under heavy penalties not to let me out, and that he performs all that is ordered him; nevertheless, if I do not please to sleep and remain awake all the night without closing an eyelid, will your honour be able, with all your power, to make me so please if I do not choose to?

—No, certainly, quoth the Secretary; the man has made out his meaning.

—So that, said Sancho, you would refrain from sleeping for nothing else than because it is your will, and not because you would go against mine?

—No, Sir, replied the youth; nor did I think of it.

Away! go, then, in God's name! cried Sancho; go and sleep at home and God send thee good slumber, for I

would not deprive you of it; but let me advise you that for the future you jest not with justice, for you will light on some one who will give you the jest back on your noddle.

The youth went off, and the Governor continued his rounds; and a little while after there came up two watchmen, who had hold of a man, and said:—Sir, this, who looks like a man, is not one but a woman, and no ugly one, who goes clad in man's attire.

They raised two or three lanterns to her face, by whose light was revealed the countenance of a woman, who seemed to be of some sixteen years of age, or a little more, her hair gathered into a net of gold and green silk, beautiful as a thousand pearls. They viewed her from head to foot and saw that she had on stockings of flesh-coloured silk, with garters of white taffeta edged with gold and seed-pearl; her breeches were of green cloth of gold, and her jerkin, or coat, of the same hung loose, beneath which she wore a doublet of finest stuff, gold and white; her shoes were white, and like a man's. She wore no sword in her girdle but only a very rich dagger, and on her fingers many very fine rings. In short, the lass made a fair show before them all, and none of them knew her, the natives of the place saying they could not think who she was; and those who were privy to the tricks which were being played on Sancho were they who wondered the most, for that incident and meeting had not been contrived by them, and so they waited anxiously to see how the affair would end. Sancho was struck by the girl's loveliness, and asked her who she was, where she was going, and what had caused her to put on that garb. She, with her eyes fixed on the ground, replied with a modest bashfulness:

—Sir, I cannot tell thus publicly that which it so much concerns me to keep secret. One thing I want you to understand, that I am no thief nor wicked person but an

unhappy maiden whom the power of jealousy has compelled to break through the respect due to modesty.

Hearing this the Steward said to Sancho :—Sir Governor, make the people retire so that this lady may say what she wishes with less embarrassment.

The Governor so commanded, and they all went aside, except the Steward, the Seneschal, and the Secretary. Seeing themselves alone, the damsel proceeded, saying :—I, gentlemen, am the daughter of Pedro Perez Mazorca, who farms the wool in this village and comes often to my father's house.

—That won't pass, mistress, said the Steward, for I know Pedro Perez very well, and know that he has no child, male or female ; and more by token you say he is your father, and then add he comes very often to your father's house.

—I had noted that, said Sancho.

—Indeed, gentlemen, I am confused and know not what I am saying, answered the damsel ; but the truth is that I am the daughter of Diego de la Llana, whom all your worships must know.

—Nay, that passes, said the Steward, for I know Diego de la Llana, and know that he is a gentleman of quality and rich, and has a son and daughter, and since he has been left a widower there has been no one in all this place who can say that he has seen his daughter's face, for he keeps her so immured that he does not let the sun see her, and for all this fame reports that she is beautiful in the extreme.

—It is true, answered the damsel, and that daughter am I ; whether fame lies or not as to my beauty, you, gentlemen, will have already discovered, for you have seen me.—And here she began to weep piteously.

The Secretary, on seeing this, went up to the Steward's ear and whispered to him :—Without a doubt something serious must have happened to this poor maiden, since she is

wandering away from her home, in such a garb and such an hour, and one so respectable too!

—There is no doubt of that, answered the Steward, and her tears confirm that suspicion.

Sancho comforted her with his best arguments and besought her to tell them, without fear, what had happened to her, for they would all try to help her in very earnest and in every possible way.

—This is the case, gentlemen, said she, that my father has kept me shut up for ten years, that is, since the earth devoured my mother. Mass is said at home in a rich oratory, and in all this time I have seen but the sun by day and the moon and stars by night; I know not what streets are like, nor market-places, nor churches; nay, nor men, except my father and my brother, and Pedro Perez, the wool-farmer, who, as coming frequently to my house, I took the notion to say was my father so as not to declare my own. This confinement and the denying me leave to go from home even to church, for many days and months, made me very disconsolate. I longed to see the world, or at least the village in which I was born, it seeming to me that this desire was not contrary to the respect which maidens of quality owed to themselves. When I heard them talk of bull-fighting, of cane-throwing,[1] and play-acting, I asked my brother, who is a year younger than I, to tell me what such things were, and many others which I had not seen. He explained them to me by the best means he could; but it all only tended to excite in me the stronger desire to see them. In fine, to shorten the story of my ruin, let me say that I entreated and besought my brother,—oh! that I had

[1] *Corrian toros y jugaban cañas.* To see "the bulls run" is the Spanish phrase, as the whole performance in the bull-ring is called *corrida de toros*. The game of cane-throwing, identical with the Moorish sport of the *djereed*, was played by men on horseback who threw reeds, in imitation of canes, at one another. It must have been a very similar sport to that described in the *Æneid*, v.

never besought or entreated him !—And again she began to weep.

The Steward said to her :—Proceed, lady, and finish telling us what happened to you, for your words and tears keep us all in suspense.

—There remain but few words for me to say, answered the damsel, though indeed many tears to shed, for misplaced desires can entail no other atonement than these.

The maiden's beauty had sunk deep into the soul of the Seneschal, and he held up his lantern again to look at her face, and to him it seemed they were not tears she wept but seed-pearls or dew of the field ; nay, he even raised them a point higher, and made Orient pearls of them ; and he was hoping that her misfortunes were not so great as her tears and sobs indicated. The Governor was in despair at the tardiness of the girl in relating her story, and he told her to make an end of their suspense, for it was late and there was much of the town to go over. She, betwixt broken sobs and half-formed sighs, went on to say :

—My misfortune is naught else nor my sorrow other than that I besought my brother to dress me in the habit of a man with one of his suits, and take me one night to see the whole town while our father was asleep. He, overcome by my entreaties, consented to my desire, and putting on me this attire, and dressing himself in one of mine which became him as though he were born to it, —for he has no down on his chin and looks like nothing so much as a very pretty girl, —this night, it must be an hour ago more or less, we sallied from home and guided by our youthful and foolhardy purpose,[1] we have made a circuit all about the

[1] *Guiados de nuestro mozo y desbaratado discurso.* *Mozo* here, as is sufficiently obvious from the context, is used as an adjective, not as a substantive. Yet all the translators have made it as though *mozo* meant "a lad." Shelton, for once, shirks the difficulty by not translating the passage. Motteux makes it, "guided by our foot-boy and our own unruly desires." Jarvis has the same, substituting

town, and when we were about to return home we saw a great troop of people coming, and my brother said to me:— Sister, this must be the round; lighten your feet and put wings to them, and come on behind me, that they may not recognise us, for it will be the worse for us. And so saying, he turned back and began, I will not say to run but to fly. I, in less than six steps, fell down from fright, and then the officers of justice came up, who brought me before your worship, where as a wicked and whimsical one I see myself brought to shame before so many people.

—So then, lady, said Sancho, no other mischief hath befallen you, nor did jealousy, as you told us at the beginning of your story, take you from home?

—Nothing has befallen me, nor did jealousy take me out, but only the wish to see the world, which extended no farther than the seeing of the streets of this town.

The truth of what the damsel said was confirmed by two watchmen coming up with her brother, a prisoner, whom one of them had caught when he fled from his sister. He wore nothing but a rich petticoat and a mantle of blue damask with fine gold lacing, his head without any covering, unadorned with anything save the hair alone, which, red and curly, looked like rings of gold. The Governor, the Steward, and the Seneschal took him on one side, and out of his sister's hearing asked him how he came to be in that attire, and he with no less shame and bashfulness told the same story as his sister had told, at which the enamoured Seneschal was much delighted. But the Governor said to them:

—Of a surety, gentlefolks, but this has been a very

"fancies" for "desires." Smollett follows Motteux literally. One English translator turns it, with greater embellishment, into "guided by our serving-man and our own extravagant discourse." There is no question, however, of any foot-boy or serving-man in the story, and the conclusion shows that there could have been none.

childish freak, and to tell of this folly and rashness not so many nor such long tears and sighings were wanted, for with saying we are such-and-such and we went out of our father's house to amuse ourselves in this fashion only from curiosity with no other design, the tale were ended, without all this weeping and wailing and the rest of it.

—That is true, answered the damsel, but your worships should know that the confusion I was in was so great that I was not able to decide how to act.

—Nothing has been spoilt, answered Sancho; let us go and deposit you in your father's house; perhaps he will not have missed you, and henceforth don't show yourselves such children nor so anxious to see the world; for the honest maid and the broken leg are best at home; and the woman and the hen by gadding are lost; and she who is eager to see also longs to be seen:[1] I say no more.

The youth thanked the Governor for the favour he proposed to do them by taking them home, and so they set out towards it, which was not very far thence. Arrived there, the lad threw a pebble at the casement and there came down on the instant a maid-servant who was waiting for them and opened the door, and they went in, leaving all in wonder not more at their beauty and genteel bearing than at their desire to see the world by night without leaving their village; but they set down everything to their tender years.

The Seneschal remained transfixed through the heart; and he at once resolved to go next day and ask the girl of her father in marriage, being assured that she would not be refused him, a servant of the Duke. Even to Sancho there came an idea and wish to marry the young man to Sanchica, his daughter, and he resolved to put the matter in train in

[1] These are three proverbs, of which the first has been used twice before. The two others are, *la muger y la gallina por andar se pierden aina*, and *la que es deseosa de ver, también tiene deseo de ser vista.*

good season, believing that to the daughter of a Governor no husband would be denied. With this the round was ended for that night, and within two days after the Government, by which all Sancho's designs were cut short and annihilated, as shall be seen hereafter.

CHAPTER L

Wherein is declared who were the enchanters and executioners who whipped the duenna and pinched and scratched Don Quixote; with what befell the page who carried the letter to Theresa Panza, Sancho Panza's wife

CID HAMET, that most punctilious investigator of the details of this veracious history, says that at the time when Doña Rodriguez went out of her room to go into Don Quixote's chamber, another duenna, who lay with her, was aware of it; and as all duennas are fond of prying, peering, and sniffing, she went after her so softly that the good Rodriguez did not see her; and as soon as the duenna perceived the other one enter Don Quixote's chamber, that she might not fall short of the general custom of all duennas, which is to be tale-bearers, she went instantly to inform the Duchess how that Doña Rodriguez was in Don Quixote's bedroom. The Duchess told the Duke, and asked his permission for her and Altisidora to go and see what that duenna wanted with Don Quixote. The Duke gave it, and the two, very cautiously and silently, crept up step by step and posted themselves by the door of the room, so close that they could hear every word spoken within. And when the Duchess heard the Rodriguez expose the secret of her garden of fountains,[1] she could not bear it, nor Altisidora

[1] *El Aranjuez de sus fuentes*; an euphemistic reference to the Duchess' issues, spoken of in ch. xlviii. Aranjuez, an oasis in a desert, is a famous garden and Royal pleasance, thirty miles from Madrid, originally founded and laid out by Philip II. It is celebrated for the number and volume of its fountains,—some

either, and so, filled with rage and eager for vengeance, they bounced into the room and pinched Don Quixote and slapped the duenna, in the manner as has been related; for affronts directed at the beauty and self-esteem of women waken their ire exceedingly and inflame their hearts to revenge. The Duchess told the Duke of what had passed, at which he was much entertained.

In pursuance of her design to amuse herself and get pastime out of Don Quixote, the page who had taken the part of Dulcinea in the device of her disenchantment (which Sancho in his occupation of governing had clean forgotten) was despatched by the Duchess to Theresa Panza, his wife, with her husband's letter, and one from herself, and a great string of rich corals as a present.[1] Now the history says that the page was very sharp and clever, and being eager to serve his lord and lady set off, with a very good will, to Sancho's village. Before entering it he saw a number of women washing in a brook,[2] of whom he enquired if they could tell him whether in that village there lived a woman named Theresa Panza, wife of a certain Sancho Panza,

—Come then, damsel, said the page, and show me your mother, for I bear her a letter and a present from that father of yours.

—That will I do with all my heart, dear Sir, answered the lass, who seemed to be of the age of fourteen years, a little more or less.—And leaving the clothes which she was washing to one of her companions, without covering her head or her feet,—for she was bare-legged,—and with her hair hanging about her ears, she skipped off in front of the page's horse, crying:—Come, your worship, for our house is at the entrance of the town,[1] and my mother is there inside, worried enough at not having heard from my father these many days.

—Well, I bring her news so good, said the page, that she might well thank God for it.

Jumping, running, and skipping, the girl came at last to the village, and before she got into the house cried aloud at the door.—Come out, mother Theresa, come out, come out,—for here comes a gentleman who brings letters and other things from my good father!

At these words Theresa Panza came forth, spinning a bunch of flax, in a grey petticoat, which was so short that it looked as though it had been cut for some shameful office,[2] with a bodice also of grey, and a chemise. She was not very old, though she looked over forty, but strong and hale, robust and sun-dried. Seeing her daughter, and the page on horseback, she cried: What is this, child? What gentleman is this?

[1] The house where Sancho Panza lived is still shown to the curious; and Sanchos, Theresas, and Sanchicas are in plenty hereabouts.

[2] *Cortada por vergonzoso lugar.* Short skirts were a punishment imposed on loose women, and a mark of immodest life. The custom is very old, and of frequent reference in the ballads. Probably it was of Eastern origin. In the Old Testament we read of a King of the Ammonites who, to disgrace the envoys of David, shaved half of their beards and cut their garments short, *usque ad nates* (2 Sam. x. 4).

—He is a servant of my Lady Theresa Panza, answere the page.—And so saying, he leapt from his horse, and wen up with much humility and threw himself on his knee before the Lady Theresa, crying:—Bestow your hands o me, my Lady Doña Theresa, as the lawful and particula wife of my Lord Don Sancho Panza, own Governor of th Isle Barataria.

—Ah, dear Sir, get up from there, don't do that! exclaime Theresa; for I am none of your palace ones, but a poo peasant woman, daughter of a day-labourer, and wife of a esquire errant, and not of any Governor.

—Your ladyship, said the page, is the most worthy wi of a most arch-worthy Governor, and in testimony that th is true accept this letter and this present. And he drew o of his pocket a string of coral beads with gold points, an threw it over her neck, saying:—This letter is from th Lord Governor, and another which I bring and these cora are from my lady the Duchess, who sends me to yo worship.

Theresa stood wonderstruck, and her daughter no les the girl saying:—May I die if our master Don Quixote i not in this, who must have given father the governorship o countship which he promised him so often!

—That is the truth, replied the page, for it is on accoun of Don Quixote that the lord Sancho is now Governor o the Isle Barataria, as will be seen by this letter.

—Let your worship read it to me, gentleman Sir, sai Theresa, for though I can spin I cannot read a bit.

—Nor I either, added Sanchica; but wait for me he and I will go and fetch one who will read it, either th Priest himself or the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, who wi come right gladly to hear news of my father.

—There is no need to fetch any one, said the page, fo though I cannot spin I can read, and I will read it.—An so he read it all, which is not given here for it has bee

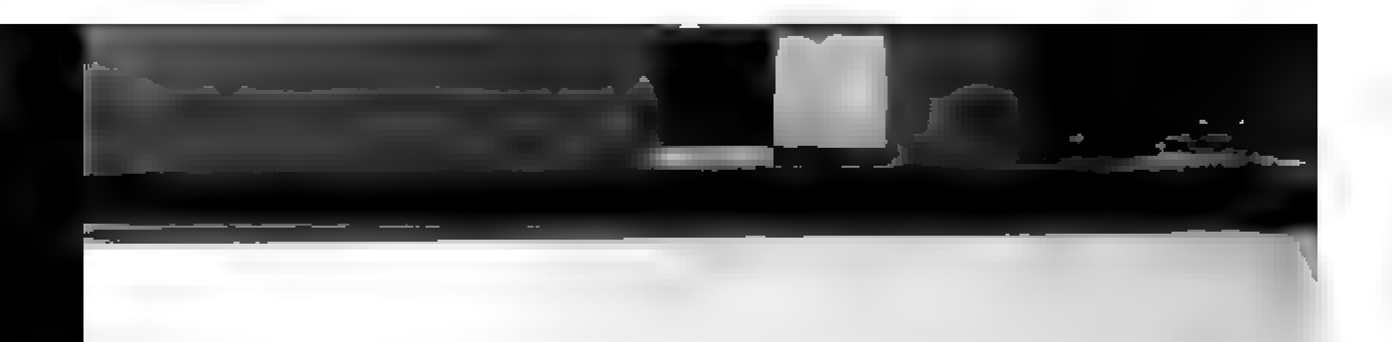
quoted already; and then he took out another letter from the Duchess, which ran in this manner:—

Friend Theresa—The excellent qualities of goodness and wit in your husband Sancho have moved and compelled me to beg of my husband the Duke to bestow on him an Isle, one of many which the Duke has. I am informed that he governs it like a jerfalcon,[1] *whereby I am much pleased, and so of course is the Duke, my lord; therefore I give thanks to Heaven for not having been deceived in choosing him for the said Governorship, for I would have the Lady Theresa to know that it is with difficulty one finds a good Governor in the world, and may God do for me as well as Sancho governs. I send you herewith, my dear, a string of corals with gold points. I would have been glad had it been one of Oriental pearls, but who gives thee a bone does not wish thee dead.*[2] *The time will come when we shall know each other and converse with each other; and God knows what shall be. I commend me to Sanchica your daughter; and tell her on my behalf to hold herself ready, for I mean to marry her highly when she least expects it. They tell me there are in your village some fine fat acorns.*[3] *Send me a couple of dozen, and I will value them greatly as coming from your hand. And write me a long letter, advising me of your health and well-being, and if you need anything, it is but*

[1] A touch which even Clemencin appreciates, observing that a jerfalcon is a bird of prey, and that the Duchess in this and other passages of her letter is clearly joking. See note to ch. xxxii.

[2] *Quien te da el hueso no te querria ver muerto*—a proverb.

[3] The Duchess' taste for acorns is not so singular as might appear to English readers. The *bellotas*, the fruit of the *encina* (*ilex*), are much larger and sweeter, with a thinner skin, than is the produce of the English common oak (*quercus*). They have been food for men in Spain since the days of the Iberians, and according to Pliny were served at Roman dinners in the second course. It is on bellotas—not, as popularly believed, on snakes,—that the hogs are fattened in Estremadura which make the famous Montanches hams. According to Navarrete the acorns about Argamasilla are still celebrated for their fatness and sweetness; but the oaks are now few and far between in La Mancha.



to open your mouth and it shall be filled; and may God keep you. From this place, your friend who loves you well,

THE DUCHESS.

—Ah! cried Theresa, on hearing the letter read,—what a good, what a simple, what a lowly lady! Bury me with such ladies, say I, and not the madams one is used to in our town, who think because they are gentlefolk the wind must not touch them, and go to church as fantastical as though they were very Queens, that seem to think it a dishonour to look at a peasant woman; and see here where this good lady, though she is a Duchess, calls me friend, and treats me as if I were her equal, and equal may I see her to the highest steeple there is in La Mancha;[1] and as to the acorns, dear Sir, I will send her ladyship a peck, which shall be so fat that they will come to see them for a show and a wonder; and now, Sanchica, see you make much of this gentleman; look after his horse, and get some eggs out of the stable and cut plenty of bacon, and let us give him a

wear it on my neck for a few days, for truly it seems to gladden my heart.

—You will be glad also, quoth the page, when you see the packet I bring in this portmanteau, which is a suit of the finest cloth which the Governor wore but one day out hunting, all of which he sends to the lady Sanchica.

—May he live a thousand years for me! cried Sanchica, and the bringer no less,—two thousand if need be.

Hereupon Theresa ran out of the house with the letters and the string of corals about her neck, beating the letters as she went along as if they had been a tambourine, and meeting by chance with the Priest and Samson Carrasco, she began to dance and to say:

—I' faith, but there's no poor relation now! We've got a little Government! Nay, but let your gayest gentledame have with me now, and I'll give her a setting down as an upstart!

—What is this, Theresa Panza? What mad freak is this? What papers are these?

—There is no other mad freak only that these are letters from Duchesses and Governors, and these which I wear on my neck are fine corals, the Ave Marias and Paternosters are of beaten gold,[1] and I am a Governor's lady!

—By Heaven! we do not understand you, Theresa, nor know what you are saying.

—There you see it, answered Theresa.—And she gave them the letters. The Priest read them out so that Samson Carrasco could hear, and Samson and the Priest looked at one another with astonishment at what they had read. The Bachelor asked who had brought the letters. Theresa, for reply, bade them come home with her and see the messenger, who was a youth as fine as a gold brooch, who had brought

[1] From this it appears, Clemencin observes, that the necklet of coral beads was a rosary, and therefore Sanchica's greedy wish to halve it was doubly improper.

her another present worth twice as much. The Priest took the corals off her neck and looked at them, and looked again, and being convinced they were good, his wonder grew afresh and he said :

—By the habit I wear, but I know not what to say or to think about these letters and these presents. On one hand I see and feel the fineness of these corals, and on the other I read that a Duchess sends to beg for two dozen of acorns.

—Trim me the balance between the two, said Carrasco ; let us go now and see the bearer of this packet, and from him we may learn something of the mystery here presented.

They did so, and Theresa went back with them. They found the page sifting some barley for his horse, and Sanchica cutting a rasher to pave it with eggs for the page's dinner. His looks and fine appearance pleased them both greatly, and after they had saluted him courteously and he them, Samson asked him to give them news both of Don Quixote and of Sancho Panza, for though they had read the letters of Sancho

haughty as the Castilian ladies; they treat people with more affability.

While they were in the midst of this conversation, Sanchica came out with her lap full of eggs and asked the page: —Tell me, Sir, does my father, mayhap, wear laced breeches[1] since he is Governor?

—I have not taken note of it, answered the page; but doubtless he should wear them.

—Ah, dear life! cried Sanchica, and what a sight it must be to see father in tights! Is it not strange that ever since I was born I had a longing to see my father in trunk-hose?

—Your grace shall see things like these if you live, answered the page. By the Lord he is in a fair way to be travelling in a close bonnet,[2] should his government last but two months.

The Priest and the Bachelor easily perceived that the page spoke waggishly, but the fineness of the corals and the hunting suit which Sancho had sent (for Theresa had shown them the clothes) undid all; nor could they refrain

[1] *Calzas atacadas*, vulgarly *pedorreras*, were trunk-hose, stuffed with straw or wool and tied to the waistband by strings, which came into fashion in Spain at the beginning of Philip II.'s reign. They reached a ridiculous amplitude and shape, as may be seen in the pictures of the period, and were the subject of frequent satire on the stage. A passage is quoted by Ticknor from Lope de Rueda, the father of Spanish comedy, in ridicule of what was then a new fashion [illegible]). Pellicer tells in a note an amusing story of a poor gentleman who excused himself for wearing them, against the statute, on the plea that they served him for a chest and a cupboard, drawing forth from his breeches a hair-brush and comb, a shirt, a couple of table-cloths, two napkins, and a bed-sheet. One of the complaints against Don Carlos by his father was that the young prince used to carry pistols hidden in his trunk-hose. This kind of breeches was several times prohibited by statute, but the fashion survived for many years after the time of Cervantes.

[2] *[illegible] papahigo*, a close cap, or hood, covering all the face and neck except the eyes, used by travellers to protect them against the air and cold,—says the Academy's Dictionary. Covarrubias speaks of it as a kind of mask, for which purpose it was used by persons of distinction.

from laughter at Sanchica's wish, and especially when Theresa said:

—Sir Priest, make enquiry about here if there is anybody going to Madrid or Toledo, that he may bring me a round farthingale,[1] all proper and complete, and let it be o' the fashion, and of the best there are; for indeed and indeed, I have to do honour to the government of my husband as much as I can; aye, and if they vex me I'll go to that Court and set up a coach like the rest of them, for she who has a Governor for a husband can very well have and keep one.

—And why not, mother? quoth Sanchica: please God, it be rather to-day than to-morrow, though they should say who saw me going seated with my mother in the coach—*Look at that good-for-nothing, daughter of the garlic-stuffed, how she goes seated and stretched in a coach as if she were a she-Pope!*—But let them tramp through the clods, and let me go in my coach, with my feet off the ground. A bad year and a bad month, for all the backbiters there are in the

government, hold it tight; when they give a countship, claw it; and when they whistle to thee with something good, gulp it down. Nay, never lie sleeping but answer to the good chances and things which come knocking at your house-door.

And, what matters to me, added Sanchica, that they should say who see me puffed up and high-flown—*the dog saw himself in linen breeches*,[1] and the rest of it?

On hearing this the Priest said: I cannot but think that all of this family of the Panzas are born each one with a bundle of proverbs in his body. None of them have I seen who did not pour them out at all times and in every talk they had.

—That is true, said the page, for the Lord Governor Sancho utters them at every turn, and, though many do not come pat, still they give pleasure, and my lady the Duchess and the Duke delight in them greatly.

—But, do you still affirm it to be true, Sir, said the Bachelor, this about Sancho's government, and that there is a Duchess in the world who sends him presents and writes to him? For we, though we have handled the presents and read the letters, do not believe it; and reckon this to be one of Don Quixote's affairs, our compatriot, who imagines everything to be done by enchantment; and therefore I am for saying that I should like to touch and feel you, to see whether you are an ambassador of the imagination or a man of flesh and bones.

—Gentlemen, answered the page, I can say no more of myself than that I am a real ambassador, and that Sir Sancho Panza is a Governor in fact, and that my master and mistress, the Duke and Duchess, can bestow and have bestowed such government, and that I have heard say that the said Sancho

[1] *Viose el perro en bragas de cerro y no conoció á su compañero*, "the dog saw himself in linen breeches and did not know his companion"—an old proverb, among those collected by the Marques de Santilana.



CHAPTER LI

Of the progress of Sancho Panza's Government, with other matters such as they are

The day dawned, succeeding the night of the Governor's round, which the Seneschal had passed without sleep, his mind occupied by the face, the bearing, and the beauty of the disguised damsel, while the Steward spent what remained of it in writing to his master and mistress of what Sancho Panza did and said, as much amazed at his sayings as at his doings, —his words and his acts were so mingled with streaks of shrewdness and of simplicity.

The Lord Governor rose at length, and by order of the Doctor Pedro Recio they made him break his fast upon a little conserve and four draughts of cold water, which Sancho would have exchanged for a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes. But finding it was a matter rather of compulsion than of choice, he submitted to it with sufficient grief of heart and pain of stomach; Pedro Recio making him believe that light and delicate viands quickened the intellect, which was most essential to persons appointed to commands and grave offices, wherein was occasion not so much for strength of body as for that of mind. By this sophistry Sancho was made to suffer hunger, and that so keen that in secret he cursed his Government, and even him who had given it. However, with his hunger and his conserve he sat in judgment that day; and the first thing which came before him

was a question which a stranger submitted, the Steward and the rest of the attendants being present, which was this:

—Sir, there is a deep river which divided a certain lord's estate into two parts (and pray, your worship, attend, for the case is of importance and some difficulty); I say, then, that upon this river was a bridge, and at the end of it a gallows and a kind of court-house, in which there usually sat four judges, who administered the law imposed by the owner of the river, the bridge, and the domain, which ran thus:—If any one passes by this bridge from one side to the other, he must first swear whither and for what he is going; and if he shall swear truly, they may let him pass, and if he shall tell a lie, let him die for it,—hung on the gallows there put up, without any remission. With the knowledge of this law and the rigorous conditions imposed, many passed, and as it appeared that they swore truly, the judges let them pass freely. Now, it fell out that on putting the oath to a certain man, he swore and said that by the oath he had taken, he was going to die on that gallows which stood there, and nothing else. The judges deliberated upon the oath, and said:—If we let this man pass free, he lied in what he swore, and, according to the law, he should die; and if we hang him, he swore that he went to die on that gallows, and having sworn truly, by the same law he ought to go free. We ask your worship, Lord Governor, what shall the judges do with this man, for they are still in doubt and perplexity; and having been informed of your worship's acute and exalted intellect they have sent me to pray your worship, on their part, to give your opinion on this intricate and doubtful case.

To this Sancho made response:—Of a surety, those gentlemen, the judges, who send you to me might have spared themselves the trouble, for I am a man who am more dull than acute. But, nevertheless, repeat to me the matter

once more, so that I may understand it, and maybe I shall hit the nail upon the head.

The questioner repeated what he said once and again, when Sancho said:

—Methinks I can make this business plain in a twinkling; and it is thus:—The said man swears that he goes to die on the gallows, and if he dies on it, he spoke the truth, and by the law as it stands he deserves to be free and to pass the bridge; and if they did not hang him, he swore a lie, and by the same law deserves to be hanged.

—It is as the Lord Governor says, said the messenger; and so far as regards the right stating and understanding of the case there is no more question or doubt.

—Then I say now, replied Sancho, that of this man that part which swore the truth let them pass, and that which told a lie let them hang; and in this manner shall the conditions of the passage be complied with to the letter.

—But, Sir Governor, said the querist, it will be necessary to divide such man into two parts, into the lying and the

was that when justice was in doubt I should bend and lean to mercy, and God hath pleased that I should now remember it to come to this case as if made for it pat.

—It is true, said the Steward, and, for my part, I opine that Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedæmonians, could not give a better decision than that which the great Panza has given; and with this, let the hearing be ended for this morning, and I will give orders that the Governor shall dine very much to his content.

That's all I ask, and fair play, quoth Sancho; let them give me to eat, and let it rain cases and questions upon me, for I will snuff 'em into the air.

The Steward kept his word, thinking it to be a load on his conscience to kill so wise a Governor with hunger, especially as he intended to finish with him that night, playing him the last trick he was commissioned to play. And it happened that the Governor, having dined that day, against all the rules and aphorisms of the Doctor Tirteafuera, on the cloth being removed there arrived a courier with a letter for him from Don Quixote. Sancho ordered the Secretary to read it to himself, and if he found nothing in it to make a secret of, to recite it aloud. The Secretary obeyed him and after glancing over it, said:—It may well be read out aloud, for that which Sir Don Quixote writes to your worship is worthy of being inscribed and engraved in letters of gold, and thus doth he say:—

LETTER OF DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA TO SANCHO PANZA, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLE BARATARIA

When I looked to hear news of thy blunders and impertinences, friend Sancho, I heard tidings of thy wise doings, for which I gave special thanks to Heaven, which from the dunghill can raise up the poor, and of fools make wise men. They



tell me thou governest as though thou wert a man, and art a man as though thou wert a dumb beast, such is the humbleness with which thou bearest thyself. And I would thou shouldst take heed, Sancho, that oft-times it is fitting and necessary for authority in office to go counter to the heart's humility. For the right carriage of the person who is appointed to weighty charges has to be conformable with what these demand, and not with the measure of that to which his own humble disposition inclines him. Clothe thyself well, for a stick well dressed looks not like a stick. I do not say that thou shouldst wear gew-gaws or trinkets, or that, being a judge, thou shouldst clothe thyself like a soldier, but that thou shouldst be attired in the garb such as thy office requires, so that it be neat and well made. To gain the good-will of the people thou governest two things among others thou hast to do;—the one is, to be civil with all (though this I have told thee once already); and the other, to provide an abundance of the necessaries of life, for there is nothing which more vexes the hearts of the poor than hunger and want.

Make not many statutes, and if thou dost, endeavour to make

so, which I do not believe), inclined to women, nor gluttonous, for the people and those who deal with thee, learning of thy ruling inclination, will on that side open their batteries till they have brought thee down to the depths of perdition.

Consider and reconsider, view and review, the counsels and instructions which I gave thee in writing before thou wentest away hence to thy government; and thou shalt see how that in them thou wilt find, if thou observest them, an additional help to ease thee over the troubles and difficulties which at every step are presented to Governors.

Write to thy Lord and Lady, and show thyself grateful to them, for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest sins which is known; and the person who is grateful to those who have done him a benefit, gives token that he will be so to God also, who has bestowed, and continues to bestow, so many blessings on him.

The Duchess has despatched a messenger with thy clothes and another present to thy wife, Theresa Panza. Every moment we expect an answer. I have been a little indisposed from a certain cat-clawing which befell me, not much to the advantage of my nose, but it was nothing, for if there are enchanters who maltreat me, there are also those who defend me. Let me know whether the Steward who is with thee had to do with the business of the Trifaldi[1] *as thou didst suspect; and of anything which may happen to thee thou shouldst keep me advised, for the distance is short; the more especially since I intend soon to quit this idle life in which I am, for I was not born for it, and certain business is offered to me, which I think will involve me in disgrace with the Duke and Duchess;*[2] *but though it concerns me much it affects me nothing, for after all, and in fine, I have to comply rather with my profession than with their liking, according to the saying:* Amicus Plato sed magis amica

[1] Referring to Sancho's suspicions confided to his master in ch. xliv.

[2] Meaning, not the nocturnal visit of the duenna with its consequences, but the championship of the duenna's daughter, which is told of hereafter.

Veritas.[1] *I repeat this Latin to thee, for I suppose that since thou art become a Governor thou hast learnt it. And I commend thee to God, that He may guard thee so that none shall do thee harm.*

Thy Friend

DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA.

Sancho listened to the letter with great attention, and it was commended and held to be judicious by those who heard it. He then rose from the table, and, calling the Secretary, shut himself up with him in his chamber, and at once, without more delay, wished to reply to his master Don Quixote. He told the Secretary to write what he dictated, without adding or subtracting anything, and so it was done; and the letter in answer was of the following tenour:—

LETTER OF SANCHO PANZA TO DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

fear of dying at his hands.[1] *This said doctor says about himself that he cures no infirmities which are but only prevents them from coming, and the medicines he uses are diet and again diet, so as to put the person into clean bones, as if leanness were not a worse malady than fever. In short, he is killing me with hunger, and I find myself dying of spite; when I thought to come to this Government to eat hot and to drink cold, and to refresh my body between holland sheets and upon feather pillows, I have come to do penance as if I were a hermit, and as I do it not willingly, I fear that in the end,—in the end, the Devil will take me.*

Until now I have touched no perquisite nor taken bribe, and I cannot think where this is to end, for they have told me here that the Governors who are wont to come to this Isle, before entering either have given them or those of the town have lent them, much money, and that this is the usual custom among those who go to Governments; nor only in them.

Going the rounds the other night I came upon a very beautiful damsel in the dress of a man, and a brother of hers in the habit of a woman. With the girl my master-sewer is in love, and has chosen her in his mind for a wife, he says, and I have chosen the boy for my son-in-law. To-day we two will make known our intentions to the father of them both, who is one Diego de la Llana, a gentleman and an old Christian, as one may desire.

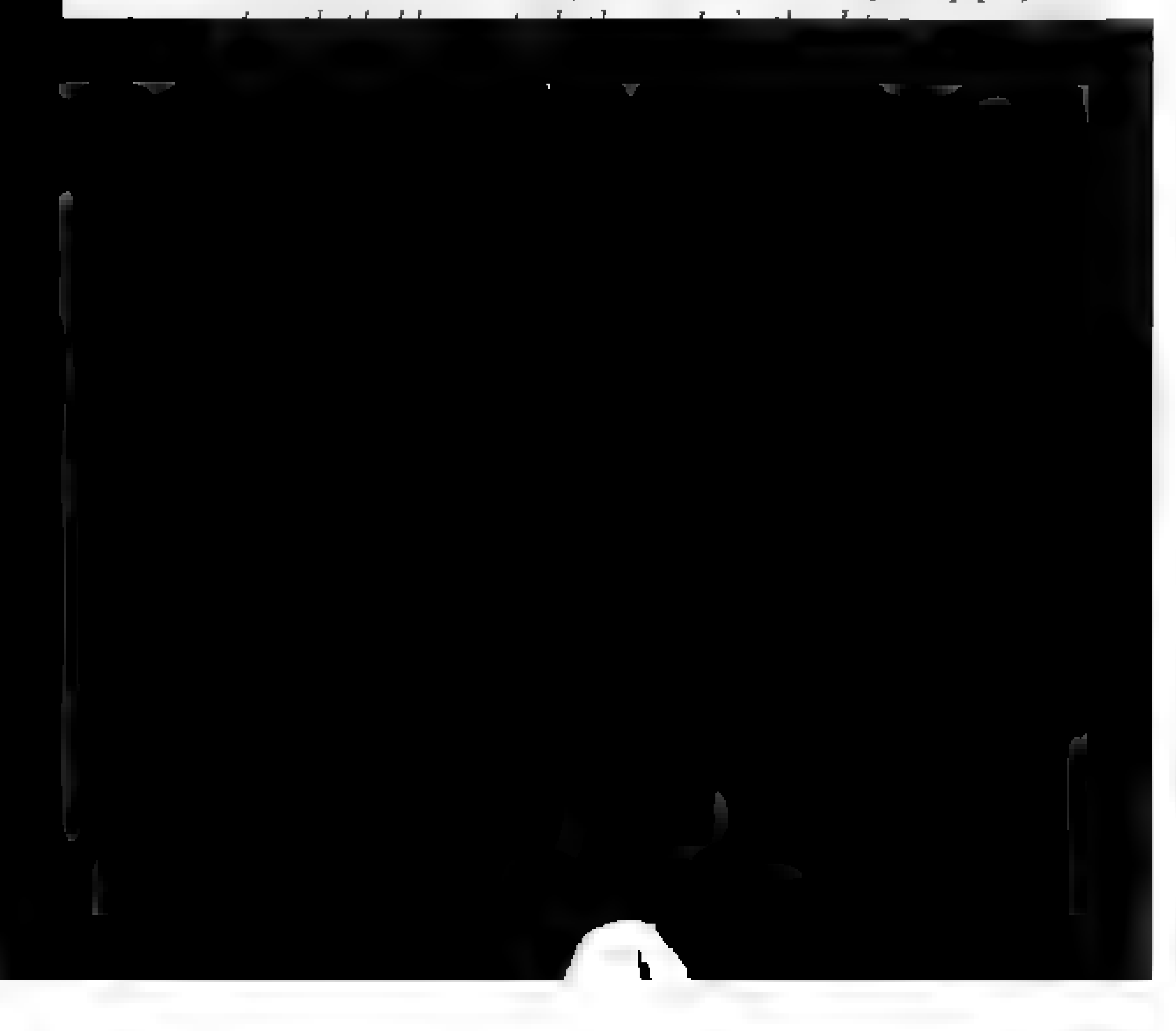
I visit the markets, as your worship counsels me; and yesterday I found a shop-woman who was selling new hazel-nuts, and I discovered that she had mixed with one bushel of new nuts another of old, worthless and rotten. I seized them all for the charity boys, who will well know how to distinguish them, and I sentenced her not to enter the market for a fortnight. They have told me I did bravely. What I can say to your worship is that it is the report in this town that there are no worse people than the market-women, for they are all shameless,

[1] In allusion to the ill-omened significance of *Tirteafuera*. See note to ch. xlvii.

profligate, and ill-bred; and I believe so from what I have seen of those in other towns.

About my lady the Duchess writing to my wife Theresa Panza and sending her the present your worship speaks of, I am very well satisfied, and will try to show myself grateful in the proper time. Kiss her hands for me, and tell her that I say that she has not thrown her favours into a torn sack, as shall be seen by the end. I would not like your worship to have disputes of unpleasantness with my Lord and Lady, for if your worship falls out with them, it is clear that it must redound to my mischief; and it will not be well, since you give me advice to be grateful, that your worship should not be so for all the favours they have done you, and for the good cheer with which they have treated you in their castle.

That about the cat-clawing I do not understand, but imagine it must be some of the ill tricks which the wicked enchanters are wont to play your worship. I will learn about it when we see one another. I would like to send your worship something, but know not what to send, unless it be some clyster-pipes, to be



Sancho met and arranged among themselves how to make an end of his Government. That evening Sancho passed in framing some ordinances concerning the well-governing of what he supposed to be an Isle. He decreed that there should be no regraters of provisions[1] in the State, and that they might bring in wine from anywhere they pleased, on condition that they declared the place from which it came, in order to fix the price, according to its value, goodness, and reputation; and that he who watered it or changed the name should lose his life for it. He lowered the price of all foot-furniture, especially of shoes, the current price of which he deemed exorbitant. He fixed the rate of servants' wages, which were increasing at a headlong pace. He imposed the heaviest penalties on those who sang lewd and disorderly songs, whether by night or by day. He decreed that no blind man should chant of a miracle,[2] if he did not bear authentic testimony of its being true, believing that most of those of which the blind sing are feigned, to the prejudice of those that are real. He created and appointed an inspector of the poor,—not to molest them but to examine them, whether they were so, for under the mask of feigned poverty and of counterfeit sores go sturdy thieves and hale drunkards. In short, he ordained so many good things that to this day they are preserved in that place and called *The Constitutions of the great Governor Sancho Panza.*[3]

[1] *Regatones.* The laws of that age, in Spain as in England and elsewhere, were very severe in the interests of the sacred consumer against those who sought to undersell or to forestall their neighbours. In other respects Sancho's dealings with the matter of buying and selling are characterised by much shrewdness, and may be taken to reflect, if not the most enlightened political economy, at least the popular opinion of the time.

[2] The chanting of miracles by blind beggars was a common practice in that age, which naturally aroused the jealousy of the regular clergy, as an invasion of their privileges. We may fairly suspect the author of irony in this passage.

[3] That Sancho Panza should have earned this distinction, and should have on the whole maintained with perfect gravity and success the position of Governor, though marking a distinct development of character and a certain

depth of art such as his author perhaps had scarcely intended him to have in the First Part, is not inconsistent with probability. There is nothing extravagant in his behaviour from first to last, having regard to his breeding and nationality and his association with Don Quixote, which in itself was a liberal education. To be called upon suddenly to govern an island or a province would be less startling to a Spanish peasant, retaining as he does so much of the Eastern spirit and character, than to a man of similar condition from any other European country. In the East, throughout the realm of Islam, which is the true land of equality, there is nothing remarkable in the water-carrier of one day being the pasha of another. The man so elevated is not only less of a phenomenon than in Europe, but he will generally know how to comport himself with the dignity belonging to his office. Moreover, that was an age in which the elevation of a pig-driver to be Governor of an empire was still a fresh tradition. Doubtless, Cervantes had in his eye, throughout this sketch of Barataria and its government, some of those who had been so suddenly raised to high rule in America; yet never was satire conveyed in a form so delicate or wrapt up in humour so subtle.



CHAPTER LII

Wherein is recounted the adventure of the second dolorous or distressed duenna, otherwise called Doña Rodriguez[1]

CID HAMET relates how that Don Quixote, being now cured of his scratches, bethought him that the life he led in that castle was against all the rule of the Knighthood which he professed, and therefore he resolved to beg leave of the Duke and Duchess to let him depart for Zaragoza, as the festival drew near[2] at which he hoped to win the armour which in such jousts is contended for. And being one day at table with the Duke and Duchess, and on the point of carrying out his intention and asking for leave, behold on a sudden there entered by the door of the great hall two women, as afterwards they appeared, covered with black

[1] The adventure here so appropriately introduced forms an agreeable interlude in the story, tending to divert the reader's attention from the prepared entertainments of the Duke and Duchess, now beginning to be just a little tedious, while it recalls Don Quixote in a very natural manner to the duties of his profession. Hitherto all the scenes in the castle have been of the Duke's contriving—intended, under the show of treating Don Quixote with all the knightly ceremonies, to make him ridiculous. Now we have a real grievance for Don Quixote to redress, such as comes as a surprise to those who have made a mockery of him, in which, for the first time, the Knight is enabled to assert himself practically in one prominent branch of his calling—namely, the redressing of a wrong inflicted on a maiden.

[2] According to the reckoning of Vicente de los Rios we are now arrived at the beginning of November, whereas the festival of St George, at which the jousts were held at Zaragoza, was held on the 23rd of April.

from head to foot,[1] one of whom, going up to Don Quixote, threw herself on the ground at his feet at full length, glueing her mouth to them, and giving forth moans so sad, so deep and doleful, that all who saw and heard her were thrown into confusion; and though the Duke and Duchess believed it to be some jest which their servants wished to play upon Don Quixote, still, seeing with what earnestness the woman sighed, moaned, and wept, they were in doubt and perplexed until Don Quixote, moved by pity, raised her from the ground and made her reveal herself and take the cloak off her tearful face. Having done so, it proved to be what they never could have imagined, for she disclosed the face of Doña Rodriguez, the duenna of the house; and the other in mourning was her daughter, whom the rich farmer's son had deluded. All those who knew her wondered, and the Duke and Duchess more than any; for though they knew her for a booby and a soft one,[2] yet not to such a degree as to do these mad things. Doña Rodriguez, at last, turning to her master and mistress, said:

—I pray your Excellencies that ye be so good as to give me leave to go a little apart with this Knight, for so it behoves me to do in order to come well out of a business into which the impudence of an ill-conditioned villain has brought me.

The Duke said he gave his leave and that she might go aside with Don Quixote as much as she pleased. She, turning her face and voice to Don Quixote, said:—Some days ago, valiant Knight, I gave you an account of how injuriously and perfidiously a wicked farmer had used my dear

[1] The examples of ladies who came to beseech the aid and favour of knights clothed in black are frequent in the books of chivalries. When the lady Ximena in the ballad comes to make her complaint before the king of the Cid for having killed her father and spoilt her dove-cote, she is "covered all over with mourning, with head-gear of black cendal."

[2] *De buena pasta*—literally, "of good paste,"—a familiar phrase, applied to one of meek and soft disposition.

beloved daughter, who is this unfortunate here present, and you promised me to stand out for her, redressing the wrong they have done her, and now I am informed that you wish to depart from the castle in quest of good ventures which God may send you; and therefore I want you, before you slip away to those highways, to challenge this stubborn rustic, and make him marry my daughter in fulfilment of the vow he made her that he would be her husband, before and previous to yoking with her; for to think of the Duke, my master, doing me justice is to ask for pears of the elm-tree,[1] for the reason which I have declared to your worship in private, and so may Our Lord grant you much health and leave us not without succour.

To these words Don Quixote made reply, with much gravity and solemnity:

Good duenna, moderate your tears, or rather dry them, and be sparing of your sighs, for I take on my charge the relief of your daughter, for whom it had been better had she not been so facile in crediting the vows of men in love, who for the most part are quick to promise but slow to perform; and, therefore, by leave of my lord the Duke I will depart immediately in search of this profligate youth, and I will find, and will challenge, and will slay him, in case he should refuse to comply with his plighted word, for the chief business of my order is to spare the humble and chastise the proud;—I mean, to succour the wretched and to destroy their oppressors.

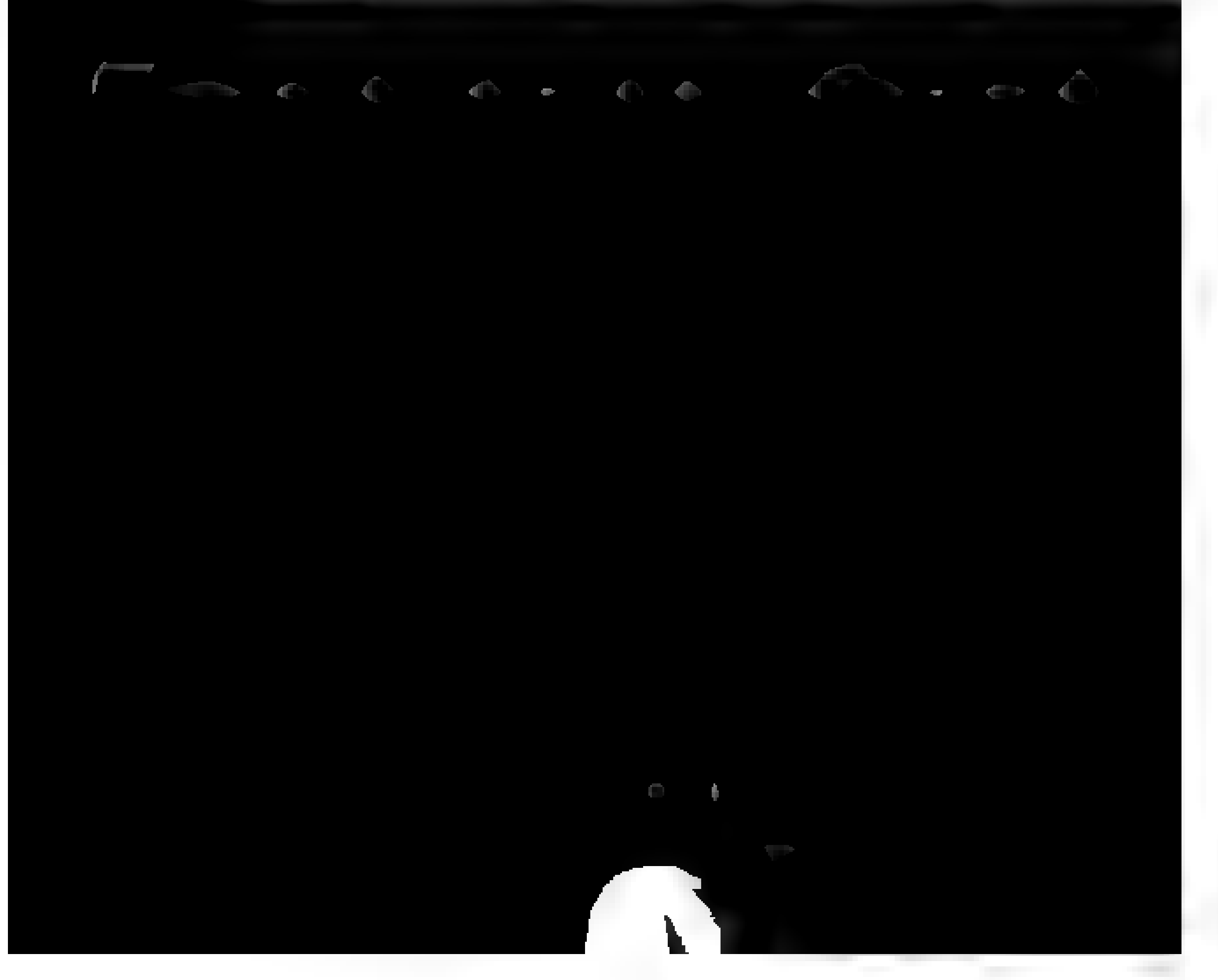
—There is no need, answered the Duke, for your worship to put yourself to any trouble in seeking the rustic of whom this good duenna complains, neither is it necessary for you to ask my leave to challenge him, for I grant him duly challenged and engage to make him know of this challenge and accept it, and that he will come to answer for himself to this my castle, where I will provide

[1] *Pedir peras al olmo*—a proverbial phrase, used twice before.

you both a fair field, observing all the conditions which in such affairs are wont and ought to be observed,—securing justice equally to each, as all princes are under obligation to do who offer free field to those who do battle within the bounds of their domains.[1]

—With that assurance then, and by your Highness' good leave, replied Don Quixote, I say that I hereby for this once waive my rank of gentleman,[2] and lower and level myself to the lowliness of the offender, and make myself equal with him, to qualify him for the right of combat with me; and thus, though absent, I defy and challenge him that he did evil in defrauding this poor girl, who was a maid and now by his fault is not one, and that he shall fulfil the pledge he gave her of becoming his lawful spouse or die in the ordeal.

Then taking off a glove he flung it into the middle of the hall, and the Duke took it up, repeating what he had already said that he accepted such challenge in the name of his vassal, fixing the date at six days hence, and the place



but before all things it is requisite, said the Duke, that this good duenna and this bad maiden should place the avenging of their right in the hands of Sir Don Quixote, for no otherwise could anything be done nor such challenge be brought to the due issue.

—Yea, I do place it, responded the duenna.

And I also, added the daughter,—all tearfully, all ashamed, and with a sorry grace.

This formality being settled, and the Duke having arranged what was to be done in the business, the mourners went away, the Duchess giving orders that henceforth they were to be treated not as her servants, but as lady adventurers who had come to her home to demand justice. So they gave them a room to themselves and waited on them as strangers, to the wonderment of the other servants, who knew not where the folly and presumption of Doña Rodriguez and her ill-faring daughter were to stop.

At this point, to crown the feast and give a good end to the dinner, there entered into the hall the page who had taken the letters and presents to Theresa Panza, wife of the governor Sancho Panza, at whose coming the Duke and Duchess were much gladdened, longing to know how he had sped on his journey. Enquiring of him about it, the page replied that he could not speak thus publicly nor in a few words, praying their Excellencies would be pleased to let it be till they were alone, and meanwhile they might be entertained with the letters, and taking out two he put them into the Duchess' hands. One bore for its superscription:— *Letter for my Lady the Duchess of I know not where*; and

[illegible] word in Cervantes' times, is used here in a sense almost identical with *[illegible]*—meaning any magical charm, or talisman, or device. In the duel between Don Pedro de Torrellas and Don Gerónimo de Ansa, before referred to as the last in Spain, the combatants took oath that they would not do wicked war, fighting with fraud, nor avail themselves of witchcraft, or other black art, nor of "herbs or of stones," but would fight simply and plainly. See note to ch. vi.

the other: *To my husband, Sancho Panza, Governor of the Isle of Barataria, whom may God prosper more years than me.*

The loaf did not bake for the Duchess, as the saying is,[1] till she read her letter. Having opened and read it to herself, and finding she could read it aloud she did so, that the Duke and the bystanders might hear, and thus it ran:—

LETTER OF THERESA PANZA TO THE DUCHESS

The letter which your Highness wrote to me, dear Lady, gave me much pleasure, and in truth I had mightily longed for it. The string of corals is very fine, and my husband's hunting suit goes not behind it. That your Ladyship should have made my consort Sancho a Governor, gives great pleasure to all this village, though there is no one who believes it, more particularly the Priest, and Master Nicholas the Barber, and Samson Carrasco the Bachelor; but that gives me no concern, for since it is indeed so, let every one say what he will; though if I were to speak the truth, were it not for the coming of the corals and the dress, neither should I have believed it; for in this village they all take my husband for a blockhead, and except for the government of a flock of goats they cannot imagine for what governing he can be good. May God contrive it, and put him in the way he should go according to his children's needs. I, lady of my heart, am determined, by your worship's leave, to take this good day home, and go to Court to loll in a coach, to burst the eyes[2] *of a thousand enviers I have already; and therefore I beseech your Excellency to bid my husband send me some coin, and let it be plenty,*[3] *for at Court the expenses are great, for the loaf goes to a* real *and meat to thirty* maravedis

[1] *No se le cocia el pan*—a proverbial phrase, used before in ch. xxv.

[2] *Quebrar los ojos*—a phrase explained in the Academy's Dictionary to mean, to thwart any one in his particular fancy.

[3] *Algun dinerillo, y que sea algo que*—lit. "some little silver, and that it be somewhat"—meaning something considerable.

a pound, that it is wonderful;[1] *and if he wishes me not to come, let him advise me in time, for my feet are dancing to get on the road. And my friends and neighbours tell me that if I and my daughter make a show and dash about the Court, my husband shall come to honour by me rather than I by him, for many will be found to ask, Who are these ladies in this coach? Our servant will answer: The wife and the daughter of Sancho Panza, Governor of the Isle Barataria; and in this answer Sancho will be known, and I made much of; and to Rome for everything.*[2] *It vexes me as much as it can vex me that this year they have not gathered acorns in this village; however, I send your Highness about half a peck, which I went to the forest myself to pick and choose, one by one; and I found no more bigger. I could wish they were like ostrich eggs.*

Let not your Pomposity[3] *forget to write to me, and I will take care to answer, advising you of my health and of all there may be to tell you from this place, where I remain, beseeching Our Lord to preserve your Greatness, and that you may not forget me. Sancha, my daughter, and my son kiss your Grace's hands.*

She who desires more to see your ladyship than to write,

Your servant,

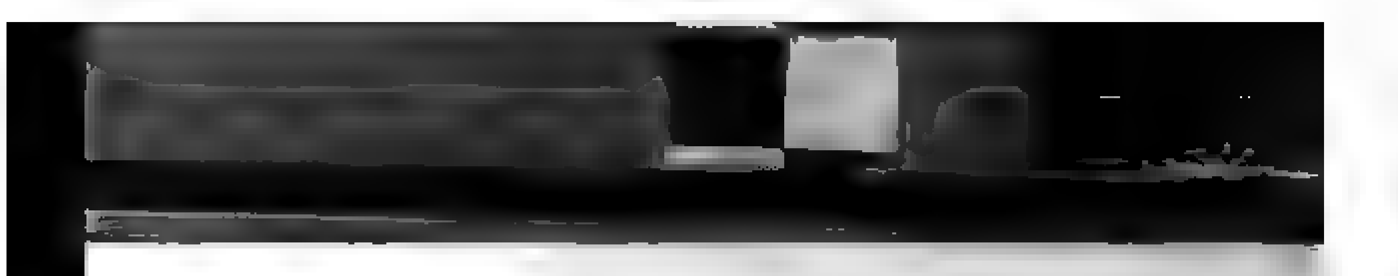
THERESA PANZA.

Great was the pleasure all received at listening to Theresa Panza's letter, especially the Duke and Duchess; and she asked Don Quixote's opinion whether it would be right to open the letter which had come for the Governor, for she

[1] *Que es un juicio*—literally, "which is a judgment,"—a familiar phrase, expressive of surprise.

[2] *A Roma por todo*—a proverb, meaning that every indulgence is to be had at Rome,—of obvious origin. Shelton has here one of his pithy marginal notes saying that "'tis a usual thing in Spain among ill livers to cry *á Roma por todo*, there to get absolution for their villainies.

[3] *Vuestra Pomposidad.* Theresa uses the finest words to express the Duchess' dignity.



conceived it would be an excellent one. Don Quixote said that he would open it to please them; and he did so and saw that it ran in this fashion:—

LETTER OF THERESA PANZA TO SANCHO PANZA HER HUSBAND

Thy letter I received, Sancho of my heart, and I protest and vow as a Christian Catholic that I was not two fingers short of turning mad for happiness. See, friend, when I came to hear thou art Governor, I thought to fall down dead there of pure joy, for thou knowest it is said that sudden gladness kills like a great grief. Sanchica, thy daughter, wetted herself without feeling it, out of pure joy. The dress thou sentest me I had before me, and the corals which my lady the Duchess sent me round my neck, and the letters in my hands, and the bearer of them there present, and with all that I thought and believed it was all a dream what I saw and what I touched; for who could have thought that a tender of goats could come to be a Governor of Isles? But thou knowest, friend, what

Sacristan, cannot believe that thou art a Governor, and say it is all juggling or an affair of enchantment, as are all those of Don Quixote, thy master, and Samson says he shall go to seek thee and drag the Government out of thy head and Don Quixote his madness out of his noddle; I do nothing but laugh and look at my necklace, and plan how to make up the suit I have of thine for our daughter. I sent some acorns to my lady Duchess, and wish they had been of gold. Send me some strings of pearls, if they are in fashion in that Isle. The news of this place is that Berrueca has married her daughter to a painter of a scurvy sort, who has come to this town to paint what may turn up. The town council gave him an order to paint His Majesty's arms over the doors of the council house, for which he wanted two ducats. They gave them to him in advance; he worked for eight days, and at the end of those he had painted nothing, and said he had no turn for painting such trumpery. He returned the money, and for all that he is married under the name of a good workman. True it is he has thrown away the pencil and taken up the spade, and goes to the field like a gentleman. The son of Pedro de Lobo has taken orders and shaven his crown, meaning to be a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Silvato's grand-daughter, heard of it, and is sueing him for having given her a promise of marriage. Evil tongues are pleased to say that she is with child by him, but he denies it stoutly. This year there are no olives, nor is a drop of vinegar to be found in the whole village. A company of soldiers passed through here, taking on their road three girls of this town; I will not tell thee who they are; perhaps they will come back, and they will be sure to find some to take them for wives, with all their blemishes, good or bad.

Sanchica makes bone-lace; she gains eight maravedis *a day clear, which she puts by in a money-box to help her dower; but now she is a Governor's daughter thou wilt give her a portion without her working for it. The spring in the market-place is dried up. A thunderbolt fell upon the pillory, and there may*

they all fall. I wait for an answer to this, and how it is settled about my going to Court; and with this may God preserve thee for me more years than myself, or as many, for I could not leave thee without me in this world.

Thy wife,

THERESA PANZA.

The letters called forth applause, laughter, approbation, and wonder; and for a finishing stroke there arrived the courier who bore the letter which Sancho had sent to Don Quixote, which also was publicly read, and raised some doubts as to the Governor's simplicity. The Duchess retired in order to learn from the page what had happened to him in Sancho's village. He told her of everything at length, without omitting any particular, and gave her the acorns and also a cheese with which Theresa had presented him as being very good and better than those of Tronchon.[1] The Duchess received it with very great pleasure; and

CHAPTER LIII

Of the troublous end and conclusion of Sancho Panza's Government

To think that in this life the affairs thereof have always to remain in one state is a vain imagination. Rather doth it seem that it all goes in a round, I would say, roundabout. Summer follows spring, harvest summer, autumn the harvest, winter autumn, and spring winter;[1] and so time revolves with ceaseless wheel. Only human life speeds to its end swifter than time, without hope of renewal, unless it be in another life, which has no term or limit. So says Cid Hamet, the Mahomedan philosopher; for many by the light of nature, without the illumination of faith, have come

[1] So runs the text as corrected, and I cannot doubt rightly corrected, by the Spanish Academy. In the original editions the spring is made to succeed the summer, the summer the autumn, and the autumn the winter; a conceit with which Clemencin is highly pleased, averring it to be one of the means by which Cervantes sought to heighten the ridiculousness of the homily with which the chapter opens. Clemencin's sense of the humorous is to be greatly mistrusted, and though Hartzenbusch, the corrector-general, leaves this passage uncorrected, and a modern translator affirms that "so Cervantes wrote it," I prefer to follow the Academy's edition. There seems to me to be no fun or point whatever in the conceit with which Clemencin is so greatly tickled, especially as it is the author himself who is speaking, and not any of his personages. However farcical may be the general character of this chapter, it is impossible to believe that Cervantes could have been guilty of so poor a joke in the preamble, being provided with such substantial matter for merriment in what follows.

to understand the swiftness and instability of life present, and the endurance of that life eternal which is hoped for.—Here our author says so, because of the speed with which Sancho's Government was ended, was consumed, was undone,—vanished into shadow and smoke. He, on the seventh night of the days of his Governorship, lying in bed, sated neither with bread nor with wine but with judging and giving sentences, with making laws and statutes,—just when sleep, in spite of hunger, was beginning to close his eyelids,—heard so loud a clamour of bells and of voices as seemed as if the whole island was going to the bottom.[1] He sat up in his bed, and listened with great attention to see if he might make out what could be the cause of so great an uproar. But not only was he unable to learn what it was, but to the noise of the voices and the bells being added that of an infinite number of trumpets and drums, he was left more confused, and full of fear and alarm. Leaping out of bed he put on his slippers, on account of the dampness of the floor, and without a dressing-gown or any-

With this noise, fury, and tumult they came up to where Sancho stood,—dazed and stupefied at what he heard and saw, and when they were near him, one of them cried:—Arm immediately, your Lordship, if you would not be lost and all this Isle be lost!

—What have I to do with arming? replied Sancho, and what do I know of arms or of succours? These things had better be left for my master, Don Quixote, who will despatch them and set them right in a twinkling; for I, sinner that I am to God, understand naught of these tumults.

—Alack! Sir Governor, cried another, what faint-heartedness is this? Arm, your worship, for here we have arms of offence and defence, and come out to the market square and be our guide and our captain, for that by right pertains to you as our Governor.

—Let them arm me then, and welcome, replied Sancho. —And instantly they brought a couple of large shields,[1] with which they had come provided, and fixed them over his shirt, not letting him put on any other clothing, one shield in front and another behind, thrusting his arms through some holes they had made in them and tying him up very tightly with cords, so that he was left walled and boarded, straight as a spindle, without being able to bend his knees or stir a step. They put a spear into his hands, on which he had to lean to keep himself on his feet. When they had got him thus they told him to march, and lead them on and put life into them all, for with him as

Sancho's Governorship which could not have been conceived and carried out even in countries more civilised and in ages more advanced than Spain was at that period, it being always understood that the affair was managed with the privity and the connivance of the townspeople.

[1] *Paveses*—a kind of antique shield used in the ages before artillery, which covered the soldier's entire body. Covarrubias speaks of them as having been used up to the time of his forefathers, and in his time (which was Cervantes') as being still to be seen in gentlemen's houses.

their pole-star, their lantern, and light, their affairs would have a happy issue.

-How am I to march, unhappy me, retorted Sancho, when I cannot bring my knee-pans into play, through these boards hindering me which I have sewn to my flesh? What you must do is to take me up in your arms and lay me across or standing at some postern, which I will keep, either with this lance or with my carcase.

Go to, Sir Governor, said another, -it is more fear than the boards which prevents your walking. Have done, and bestir yourself, for it is late, and the enemies increase, and the cries are louder, and the danger presses.

Thus urged and upbraided, the poor Governor tried to move, and down he went to the ground with such a clatter that he thought he must be broken in pieces. He lay like a tortoise enclosed and covered in its shell, or like half a pig for salting between two boards, or as though he were a boat bottom up on the strand. And though they saw him fall, no compassion had that playful crew for him, but rather,

frenzy all the terms of war, all the implements and engines which are used for the defence of a city against assault. The battered Sancho, who heard and suffered it all, said to himself:

—O that it would please the Lord to make an end of this losing of the Isle, and that I found myself either dead or out of this great anguish!

Heaven heard his petition, and when he least expected it, he heard voices crying: —Victory! Victory! The enemy begins to fly! Ho, Sir Governor, rise and come and enjoy your conquest, and divide the spoils which have been taken from the enemy by the valour of that invincible arm!

—Lift me up, said the dolorous Sancho, in a woebegone voice. They helped him to rise, and as soon as he was on his feet, he said:

—The enemy which I have conquered, I would you nailed him to my forehead. I want to divide no spoils of enemies,—only I beg and beseech some friend, if I have one, to give me a drink of wine, for I am dry, and wipe off me this sweat, for I am turning to water.

They wiped him down; they brought him wine; they untied the shields; and he sat upon his bed, and from the fear, the sudden assault, and the fatigue he fainted away.

Those who were in the jest began now to repent that they had carried it so far, but Sancho coming to himself moderated their pain at his fainting. He asked what o'clock it was; they replied it was now daybreak. He was silent, and, without uttering another word, began to dress himself, buried in silence; all gazing at him, and waiting to see what would be the end of his dressing himself so hastily. At last, having put on his clothes slowly and painfully, for he was so bruised he could not do much, he took his way to the stable, all following him who were there. Going up to Dapple he embraced him, and gave him the kiss of peace on the fore-

head, and not without tears in his eyes thus addressed him :

—Come hither, dear companion and friend of mine, partaker of my trials and sorrows ! When I went along with you, and had no other thoughts than to care for the mending of your gear and the feeding of your little carcase, happy were my hours, my days, and my years ! But since I have left you, and mounted the towers of ambition and pride, there have entered into my heart a thousand miseries, a thousand troubles, four thousand tribulations.

And all the while he was uttering these words, he went on pannelling his ass, without anybody saying anything to him. Dapple being empannelled, with great pain and difficulty he mounted on his back, and addressing himself to the Steward, the Secretary, the Seneschal, and Pedro Recio the Doctor, and as many others as were there present, he said :

—Make way, gentlemen, and let me return to my old liberty ; leave me to seek my past life, that I may rise again

shade of an oak-tree in summer, and wrap myself in a shepherd's cloak of two skins in winter, with my liberty, than to sleep between Holland sheets and be clothed in chibbal skins,[1] with the restraint of government. God be with your worships, and say to the Duke my lord that naked I was born, naked I find me; I neither lose nor win;[2] I would say that without a doit I came into this Government and without a doit I go out,—much the contrary of how Governors are wont to leave other Isles. Make way for me and let me go; I go to plaster myself, for I believe I have all my ribs crushed,—thanks to the enemies who this night have been walking over me.

—It must not be so, Sir Governor, said Doctor Recio, for I will give your worship a draught against falls and bruises, which will immediately restore you to your pristine health and vigour, and, in the matter of dining, I promise I will mend,—letting you eat plentifully of all that you wish.

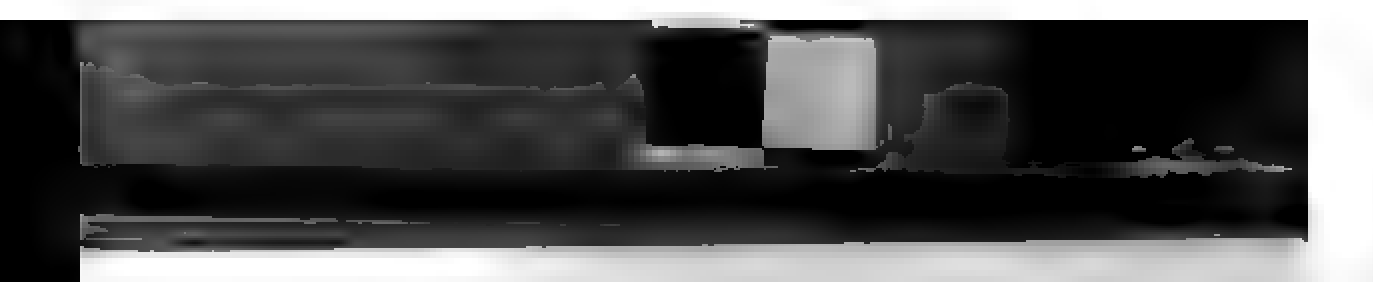
—It is too late,[3] answered Sancho; I would as soon turn Turk as stay from going. These jokes are not to be played twice. 'Fore God, I would as soon remain in this or accept any other Government, though they gave it to me between two plates, as fly to heaven without wings. I am of the family of the Panzas, who are all stubborn, and if once they cry odds, odds they shall be, though they may be even,—in spite of all the world. Here in this stable let the ant's wings[4] remain which carried me up in the air for martins to eat me and other birds, and let us come back to tread ground with

[1] *Martas cebollinas*, says Sancho, instead of *cebellinas*; as he had done before in ch. xlv.

[2] *Desnudo nací, desnudo me hallo, ni pierdo ni gano*—a proverb twice before used, and twice to be used again. See Part I. ch. xxv., and Part II. ch. viii.

[3] *Tarde piache*—part of a proverb, of which the whole is, *tarde piache el que no habló a tiempo*.

[4] In allusion to the proverb, *por su mal se naciéron alas á la hormiga*, used in ch. xxxiii.



plain feet; and if slashed Cordovan shoes shall not adorn me, there will not be wanting rough hempen sandals. Every ewe to her mate and let no one stretch his leg more than his sheet is long;[1] and now let me pass, for it grows late.

To which said the Steward:—Sir Governor, right willingly will we let your worship go, though it will grieve us much to lose you, for your wit and your Christian behaviour constrain us to covet your presence; but it is well known that every Governor is obliged, before he absents himself from the place where he has governed, first to go into residence.[2] Let your worship do so for the ten days[3] you have held the Government, and then go with God's peace.

—No one can ask it of me, answered Sancho, unless it be some one appointed by the Duke my Lord. I go to see him, and to him shall be given an exact account. Moreover, coming out as I do bare, there is no other token needed to show that I have governed like an angel.

—By Heaven, but the great Sancho is right, quoth Doctor

admiration, as much of his words as of his determination, so resolute and sensible.[1]

[1] Apart from the essential and inborn pathos which is the very stuff out of which *Don Quixote* is woven, it is not often that Cervantes indulges in the pathetic. The leave-taking of Sancho in this chapter, however, in which broad farce leads up to a comic situation, which becomes almost too painful even for his tormentors, may be cited as a signal evidence, not only of Cervantes' power of narrative but of his mastery over the tender emotions. Nothing can be more simply touching and purely pathetic than Sancho's quitting of his Government, in which by his behaviour he has never lost touch of his dignity while subject to experiments upon his simplicity which sometimes verge upon brutality. Surely, we must recognise the exquisite art with which the episode of Barataria, itself a daring flight into the wildest comedy, is brought to a natural end, amidst the tears even of those who had been the instruments of the Duke's humour.

CHAPTER LIV

Which treats of matters relating to this history, and not to any others

The Duke and the Duchess resolved that the challenge which Don Quixote had given to their vassal for the cause already mentioned should go forward, and as the youth was in Flanders,—whither he had fled rather than have Doña Rodriguez for his mother-in-law,—they arranged to put in his stead a Gascon lacquey, called Tosilos, instructing him first very carefully in all that he had to do. Two days after-

go to bear Sancho company, who between joyful and sad went journeying upon Dapple to seek his master, whose companionship pleased him more than to be Governor of all the Isles in the world. Now it happened that having gone not far from the Isle of his Governorship (he never troubled to enquire whether it was Isle, city, town, or village which he had governed), he saw on the road by which he was travelling six pilgrims approaching, with their staves,—foreigners such as those that beg for alms by singing.[1] On coming up to him they placed themselves in a row, and, lifting their voices all together, began to sing in their language, something which Sancho could not understand; but there was one word which clearly signified alms, whence he gathered that it was alms they asked for in their song. And since he, as Cid Hamet says, was very charitable, he drew out of his wallet the half loaf and half cheese with which he had come provided, and gave it to them, making signs that he had nothing else to give them. They accepted them very gladly, but cried, *Geld! Geld!*[2]

I don't understand what it is you want of me, good folk, said Sancho.

Then one of them drew a purse from his bosom and showed it to Sancho, who by that perceived that it was money they wanted. Putting his thumb to his throat and extending his hand upwards, Sancho gave them to understand

[1] This was a common spectacle in Spain in those days, the highways being thronged by crowds of beggars, under the garb of pilgrims bound for the holy shrine of Santiago de Compostella. One writer, Cristobal de Herrera, testifies that there passed every year by Burgos from eight to ten thousand Frenchmen and Germans dressed as pilgrims, saying that in France the proceeds of a journey to and from Spain used to be promised to young girls as dowries,—the pilgrimage to Santiago being regarded by Frenchmen of the south as their Indies. To-day, the beggars—*[illegible]*, as they are facetiously called, from the invariable commencement of their petition, *Por Dios*,—are entirely of native growth, and the pilgrims are but few.

[2] [illegible], [illegible], in the original, which had come to mean money in thieves' slang, according to the Academy's Dictionary.

that he had no vestige of money,[1] and pressing Dapple forward he broke through them. On passing, one of them, who had been looking at him very intently, rushed up to him and flinging his arms around his waist cried out in a loud voice and in good Castilian:

—God bless me! what is it I see? Is it possible I hold in my arms my dear friend, my good townsman, Sancho Panza? Yes, without doubt I do, for I am neither dreaming nor drunk, as yet.

Sancho was astonished at finding himself called by his name, and seeing himself embraced by the foreign pilgrim, and after having looked at him, without speaking a word, very attentively, was unable to recognise him. Seeing his perplexity the pilgrim said:

What! Is it possible, brother Sancho Panza, that thou dost not know thy neighbour Ricote,[2] the Morisco, the shopkeeper of thy village?[3]

Sancho then looked with more attention, and began to recall his features, and at last knew him perfectly, and

Frenchified[1] thee? And how hast thou the boldness to return to Spain, where if they catch and recognise thee thou wilt fare hardly enough?

—If thou didst not betray me, Sancho, answered the pilgrim, certain am I that in this disguise there will be no one to know me. Let us go off the road into that grove of poplars which is yonder in sight, where my comrades wish to eat and to rest, and thou shalt eat with them, for they are very pleasant fellows; I will have leisure to tell thee of what has happened to me since I left our village, in obedience to His Majesty's proclamation which threatened the unhappy people of my nation with so much rigour, as thou hast heard.

Sancho did so, and, Ricote speaking to the other pilgrims, they withdrew into the poplar grove, a good way off from the high road. They flung aside their staves, and took off their hoods or pilgrims' weeds, remaining in their jackets. They were all young and very well made men, except Ricote, who was advanced in years. They all bore wallets, which were all, as it seemed, well stored with provocatives, such at least as call to thirst at two leagues' distance. They lay down on the ground, and, making a table-cloth of the turf, placed upon it bread, salt, knives,[2] walnuts, pieces of cheese, clean ham-bones, which, if they did not bear being gnawed, were not past sucking. They produced also a black condiment which they say is called *caviar*,[3] made of the roes of fish, a great awakener of thirst. Olives were not wanting, though dry and without any pickle, but tasty

[1] *Quién te ha hecho franchote?*—*Franchote* is a nickname of depreciation familiarly applied to a Frenchman, now exchanged for the coarser *gabacho*.

[2] I am inclined to hold with Hartzenbusch for once, and think the word here, *cuchillos*, must be a misprint for *cebollas*. Knives would hardly be included in the list of the provisions, nor onions omitted.

[3] *Cavial*, obviously a corruption of *caviar*, which was probably first known to the Spaniards through their German monarch, Charles V.

and pleasant.[1] But that which made the bravest show in that banquet-field were six bottles of wine, each of the men providing his own from his wallets. Even the worthy Ricote, who had transformed himself from a Morisco into a German or Dutchman, brought out his own, which in bigness vied with the other five.[2] They fell to eating with great zest and much at leisure, dwelling upon each mouthful, which they took at the point of the knife,—a very little of everything,—and then all together at the instant raised their elbows and their bottles into the air, mouth pressed to mouth, their eyes nailed to the sky, so that they seemed to be taking aim at it, and so wagging their heads from side to side in token of the pleasure they received, they remained a good while transferring into their stomachs the bowels of those vessels. All this Sancho beheld and at nothing was he grieved;[3] rather, in order to fulfil the proverb which he knew very well, of *when at Rome do what you see them do*,[4] asked Ricote for the bottle, and took his aim with the rest, and with no less relish than they. Four times did the

they were now as sapless and dry as a rush, which parched the mirth they had till then exhibited. Every now and then one of them would thrust his right hand into Sancho's and say: *Spaniard and Dutchman all one goot fellow*, and Sancho would answer, *Goot fellow, I vow by gad!* [1] and would burst out into a laugh which would last an hour without a thought for the time of anything that had happened to him in his Government; for over the time of eating and drinking cares hold but little sway. In the end, the finishing of the wine was the beginning of a drowsiness which seized upon them all, they falling asleep on the very tables and tablecloth. Ricote and Sancho only kept awake, for they had eaten more and drank less, and Ricote taking Sancho apart, they sat down at the foot of a beech-tree, leaving the pilgrims buried in sweet sleep, and without once stumbling into his Moorish tongue Ricote spoke to him as follows, in pure Castilian:—

Well knowest thou, O Sancho Panza, my neighbour and friend, how that the mandate and proclamation which His Majesty ordered to be issued against those of my nation [2] filled us all with terror and dismay, at least me they did, in such a sort that even before the time had expired which was

[1] They speak a gibberish, *español y tudesqui tuto uno bon compaño*,—in which Sancho, under the influence of the common idea that to be quite clear to a foreigner one must speak in a broken language, replies—*bon compano jura Di.*

[2] The edict expelling the Moriscoes from the kingdom of Valencia was issued in September, 1609. A second edict expelling them from the kingdoms of Granada, Murcia, Andalucia, and the city of Hornachos in Estremadura (which was entirely possessed by them) was dated the 9th of December, 1609. A third edict expelling them from Castile, Estremadura, and La Mancha was issued on the 10th of July, 1610. The last edict, which included the rest of Spain, was issued a year after. In the original proclamations, according to an authority cited by Pellicer, the population of the valley of Ricote was exempted, on the ground of their close alliance with old Christians; but even these were finally included in the decree of banishment in October, 1613. It must be remembered that Cervantes was writing this chapter in the autumn of 1614, when the impression left by this most cruel and barbarous measure was still fresh in the minds of Spaniards.



allowed us for our departure from Spain,[1] methought the rigour of the law was already executed on my person and on my children. Accordingly I arranged, prudently as I think (as a man does who knows that by such a time they will deprive him of the house where he lives and who secures another to which to remove)—I arranged, I say, to go out alone, and without my family, from the village, and seek for a place to which I could transport them conveniently and without the hurry in which the rest took their departure; for I saw well, as did all our elders, that those proclamations were not merely threats, as some said, but positive laws which would have to be enforced at their appointed time; and the knowledge I had of the dangerous and wild intentions of our people[2] compelled me to believe this true; so that methought it was a divine inspiration which moved His Majesty to put into effect so gallant a resolution,[3] not because all of us were guilty,—for some were true and steadfast Christians,—but they were so few that they could not make head against those who were not so, and it was

not well to nourish the snake in your bosom and have enemies within your own home. In fine, with good reason were we punished with the sentence of banishment,—light and soft as it was in the opinion of some,[1] but in ours the most terrible which could be inflicted. Wherever we are we weep for Spain, for, after all, there we were born, and that is our native country. Nowhere do we find the reception our misfortune demands. In Barbary and in all the parts of Africa, where we most counted upon being received, cherished, and welcomed, there is where they abuse and ill-treat us the worst.[2] We knew not our happiness till we had lost it, and such is the longing that all of us have to return to Spain, that the most of those, and they are many, who know the language as I do, return to her, and leave their wives and children yonder unprotected, so great is the love they bear her; and now do I know and experience, what they are wont to say, that sweet is the love for one's country.

I departed, as I am saying, from our town, and went

[1] Some, indeed, there were, zealous Churchmen, such as Bleda, a famous Dominican preacher, who held that they should cut all the Moriscoes' throats, leaving it to God to know His own. As it was, many thousands were slain in the execution of the decree, besides many more who were beaten and plundered by the populace, incited to violence by their priests. On the other hand, it must be said that there were a few among the nobles who had the courage to express their opinion of the impolicy of the decrees,—the most conspicuous of whom was the celebrated Don Pedro Giron, Duke of Osuna, who, when Viceroy of Naples, stoutly opposed the establishment of the Inquisition in that kingdom, even though ordered by the King. The father of this able and enlightened nobleman was the particular friend of Cervantes' grandfather, and more than one complimentary allusion to him is to be found in Cervantes' works.

[2] The treatment of the banished Moriscoes by the people of Barbary was not the least part of the cruelties imposed upon them by their sudden expulsion. Hastily put on board vessels bound for the African coast, they were plundered by the crews, their women abused, their children butchered. On landing they were made subject to every kind of hardship and oppression, and being moneyless were reduced to the most miserable straits,—driven to beggary, starved, and beaten by those they regarded as their countrymen, but to whom they were objects of envy and suspicion.—See Janer, *Condicion de los Moriscos*, pp. 83-90.

into France, and though there they made us welcome I had a mind to see everything. I passed into Italy; I came to Germany, and there methought I could live with more freedom, for its inhabitants do not look into niceties: each lives as he pleases, for over the greater part of the country they enjoy liberty of conscience. I took a house in a town near Augsburg, and, leaving it, I joined with these pilgrims, who have a custom, many of them, to come to Spain every year to visit her sanctuaries, which they regard as their Indies and their surest harvest and certain gain. They wander over almost the whole of it, nor is there a village where they do not take their meat and drink, as they say, and a *real* at least in money. And at the end of the journey they go off with more than a hundred crowns clear, which, changed into gold, either in the hollow of their staves, or in the patches of their cloaks, or by such device as they can, they carry out of the kingdom and pass into their own country, in spite of the guards at the posts and ports where they are searched. Now, it is my intention, Sancho, to

brother, took them away; and as he must be a rank Moor he would go to the safest place; and I can tell thee another thing, that I believe thou goest in vain to look for what thou leftest buried, for we had news that they stripped thy brother-in-law and thy wife of many pearls and much money in gold, which they carried with them to be passed.[1]

-That can well be, replied Ricote; but I know, Sancho, that they did not touch my hoard, for I did not reveal where it was, fearing some mischance; and therefore, Sancho, if thou wilt come with me and help me to take it up and conceal it I will give thee two hundred crowns, with which thou mayst relieve thy necessities, for thou knowest I know thou hast many.

I would do it, answered Sancho, but I am not at all covetous; and were I so, I quitted a place this very morning out of which I could have made the walls of my house of gold, and, before six months came over, eaten off silver plates; therefore, for this reason, as well as because methinks I would be acting treason to my King in favouring his enemies, I would not go with thee if,—as thou hast promised me two hundred crowns, thou gavest me four hundred counted down.[2]

—And what place is it thou hast left, Sancho? enquired Ricote.

[1] The Moriscoes were not permitted to take with them any money in gold or silver, or any jewels, or notes of exchange, though they might turn their wealth into such merchandise as was not prohibited for exportation,—a paltry and dubious grace to those who had but a month in which to make all their preparations. An enormous amount of pillage accrued to the officials, especially of the Inquisition, to whom fell the chief part of the spoil. Some of the richer Moriscoes are said to have purchased their exemption, or their permission to return, for large sums of money,—the commissaries appointed to carry out the expulsion making many millions of ducats, according to a letter of Don Rodrigo Calderon to King Philip IV., 1622, quoted by Pellicer.

[2] Very heavy penalties were imposed by proclamation on those who harboured any Morisco, his wife or child, or took charge of any of his goods, the least penalty being six years in the galleys.

—I have left being Governor of an Isle, answered Sancho, and such a one as, i' faith, I may not find another like it easily.

—And where is this Isle? asked Ricote.

—Where? answered Sancho; two leagues from here, and it is called the Isle Barataria.

—Peace, Sancho, said Ricote; for there are Isles yonder in the sea but no Isles on the mainland.[1]

How no Isles? replied Sancho; I tell thee, Ricote, this morning I came out of it, and yesterday I was governing therein at my ease, like a sagittary;[2] for all that I have left it, for methinks it is a risky office that of Governor.

—And what hast thou gained by the Government? asked Ricote.

I have gained, answered Sancho, the knowledge that I am not good at governing, except it be a herd of cattle; and that the riches which are got in such Governments are at the price of losing one's rest and sleep and even one's

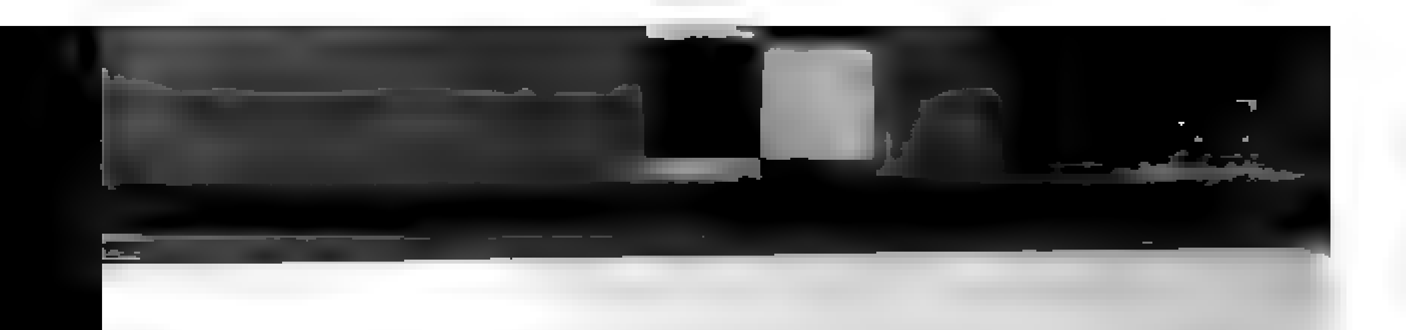
go with me, as I have said, to help me to dig up the treasure I have hidden, for in truth it is so much as it may be called treasure, and I will give thee wherewithal to live, as I have told thee.

And I have told thee already, Ricote, replied Sancho, that I will not; be content that through me thou shalt not be betrayed and go thy way in a good hour and leave me to go mine, for I wot that what is well got may be lost, and what is ill got—both itself and the owner.

—I do not wish to wrangle, Sancho, said Ricote; but tell me, wert thou in our village when my wife, my daughter, and my brother-in-law went away thence?

—Yes, I was, answered Sancho, and can tell thee that thy daughter went away looking so beautiful that all in the village came out to see her, and all declared she was the prettiest creature in the world. She went away weeping, and embraced all her friends and acquaintances and as many as had come to see her, praying all to commend her to Our Lord and Our Lady His mother. And this with so much feeling that she made me weep; and I am not used to be much of a weeper, and i' faith there were many desired to hide her away, and go and take her off on the road; but the fear of going against the King's decree prevented them. But he that showed himself most affected was Don Pedro Gregorio, that rich young heir thou knowest of, for they said he loved her dearly, and since she is gone away he has never appeared in the village, and we all think he went after her to steal her away, but till now nothing has been learnt of it.

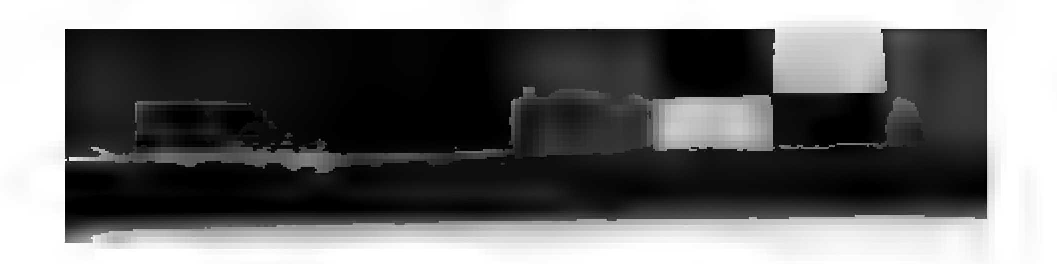
I ever had a shrewd suspicion, said Ricote, that this gentleman loved my daughter; but confiding in my Ricota's virtue, the knowledge that he desired her never troubled me. For thou must have heard say, Sancho, that Mooresses seldom or never mingle in amours with the old Christians; and my daughter, who, as I believe, minded



more her religion than her love, would not regard this young heir's solicitations.

—God grant it, replied Sancho; for else it would be bad for them both. And let me now depart hence, friend Ricote, for I wish to reach this night where my master Don Quixote is.

—God go with thee, brother Sancho, for now my mates are stirring, and it is time for us also to pursue our journey. —Then the two embraced, and Sancho got upon Dapple, and Ricote seized his staff, and they parted.



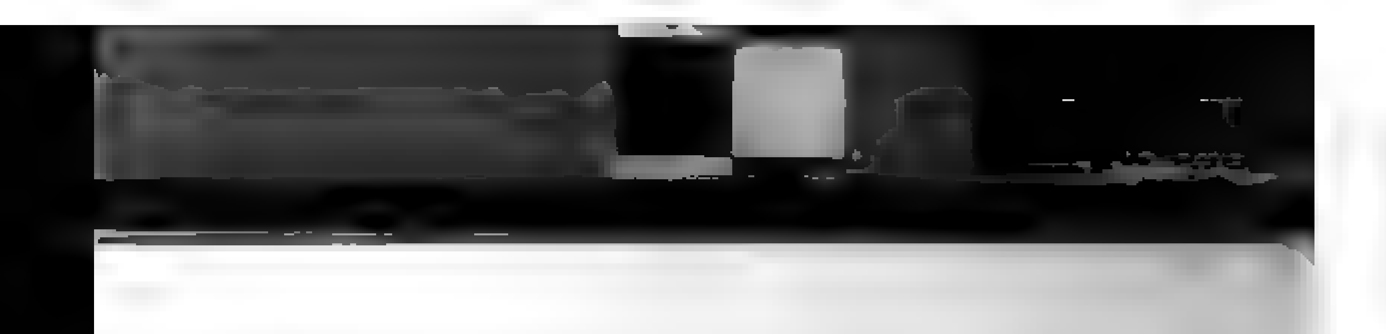
CHAPTER LV

Of the things which happened to Sancho on the road, and others the best that can be

THE stay with Ricote left Sancho no time to reach the Duke's castle that day, though he arrived within half a league when night fell on him, somewhat dark and overclouded. But as it was summer,[1] that did not give him much concern, so he went aside from the road with the intention of waiting till morning. And as his scant and misguided luck would have it, in seeking for a spot where he might best settle himself, he and Dapple fell into a deep and dark pit which there was among some very old buildings. As he fell he commended himself to God with all his heart, imagining that he was not to stop until he reached the bottom of the abyss. But it was not so, for at little over three fathoms Dapple touched ground, and Sancho found himself still on his back, without having received any wound or hurt. He felt his body all over and drew in his breath to see if he were sound, or with a hole made in any part of him, and finding himself well, right and catholic in health,[2] he could not give thanks enough to God Our Lord for the mercy which had been done him, for he thought verily he must be broken into a thousand pieces. He

[1] Once more we have all the chronological schemes thrown into confusion. According to Rios, we should now be in November.

[2] *Católico de salud*—a common idiom. To be "Catholic" is the *ne plus ultra* of soundness with Spaniards. See ch. xiii.



groped also with his hands along the walls of the pit to see if it were possible to come out of it without help, but he found them smooth and without any hold, at which he was sore grieved, especially when he heard Dapple begin to lament piteously and dolefully; and it was no wonder nor did he cry out of wantonness, for in truth he was in a sad plight.

Alack, quoth Sancho then; and what unthought-of accidents do happen at every turn to those who live in this wretched world! Who would have said that he who yesterday saw himself sitting on a throne, Governor of an Isle, giving orders to his servants and to his vassals, to-day should find himself buried in a pit without there being any soul to relieve him, nor servant or vassal to come to his succour? Here we shall have to perish of hunger, I and my ass, if we do not die beforehand, he of being bruised and broken and I of grieving. At the least I shall not be so lucky as was my master Don Quixote of La Mancha, when he went down below into the Cave of that enchanted

comrade and friend! what scurvy return have I made thee for thy good services! Forgive me, and pray to Fortune in the best manner thou canst to deliver us from this miserable strait in which we are cast we two, and I promise to place on thy head a crown of laurels that thou mayst pass for no less than a poet laureate and give thee double feeds.[1]

In this manner did Sancho Panza make lament, and his ass listened to him without answering any word,[2] such was the distress and anguish the poor creature was in. At last, all the night having passed in bitter plaints and lamentations, came day, by whose light and shining Sancho saw that it was beyond all impossibility impossible to get out of that pit without being assisted; and he began to wail and shout, to find whether any one was within hearing, but all his cries were spent on the wilderness, for in all those parts there was no soul to heed them, and then he gave himself over for dead. Dapple was lying on his back, and Sancho so managed as to set him on his feet, which he could hardly keep, and taking from his wallet, which had also shared their fate in the fall, a piece of bread, he gave it to the ass, who misliked it not—Sancho saying to him, as if the beast understood him: With bread all griefs are less.[3]

And now he spied on one side of the pit a hole in which a man, by stooping and shrinking, might be contained. Sancho Panza made for it, and squatting down was able to

[1] Compare this passage with Sancho's lamentation over his lost Dapple, in Part I. ch. xxiii.

[2] So Boiardo says, that to Orlando's question to his horse Bayarte as to where his master Rinaldo was:

—Il destriero
Non potea dar risposta
Orlando Innamorato, lib. 1. c. 19, st. 19.

[3] *Todos los duelos con pan son menos*: a proverb, which stands thus in the old [illegible] of the Marquis de Santillana. The usual form, however, is *[illegible] duelos con pan son menos.*

enter it and to see that it was long and spacious; and seeing was possible, for through by what might be called the roof there fell a ray of the sun which revealed all within. He found likewise that it opened and widened into another spacious cavity; seeing which he went back to where the ass was standing, and with a stone began to break away the earth from the hole, so that in a short time he made a passage into which the ass could easily enter, as he did; and so taking him by the halter he began to travel forward through that grotto to see if he could find a way out by the other side. Sometimes he went in darkness and sometimes without much light, but never without fear.

—God Almighty help me, said he to himself; this which for me is misventure would for my master Don Quixote be rather adventure. He verily would take these depths and dungeons for flowery gardens and palaces of Galiana,[1] and would think to come out of these dark and narrow ways into some blooming meadow. But I, luckless one, without resource and without heart, expect at every step there will



one which will swallow me up: well come evil so thou comest single.

In this manner and with these reflections he seemed to himself to have travelled a little more than half a league, when at the end he observed a confused light which looked like that of day, entering from some side, which gave tokens of opening somewhere into a road which to him seemed to the other world.

Here Cid Hamet Benengeli leaves him, and returns to tell of Don Quixote, who with joy and much contentment was looking forward to the appointed time of the battle which he had to fight with the ravisher of the honour of Doña Rodriguez' daughter, for whom he designed to redress the wrong and injury which had been foully done her. Now it happened, that sallying out one morning to prepare and exercise himself for what he had to do in the affair in which he expected the next day to be engaged, putting Rozinante into a charge or short gallop, he came to pitch his feet so near to a cave that had he not reined him in tightly, it had been impossible for him to avoid falling in. He pulled him up at length, and did not fall in; and drawing a little nearer, looked, without dismounting, into that chasm; and as he was looking he heard loud cries from within, and listening closely he could make out and understand what he who uttered them was saying:

—Ho up there! Is there any Christian who hears me? Or any charitable gentleman that will take pity on a sinner buried alive,—on an unhappy disgoverned Governor?

It seemed to Don Quixote that he heard the voice of Sancho Panza, whereat he was puzzled and astounded, and raising his own voice as high as he could, he exclaimed:

—Who is there below? Who is it that complains?

—Who can be here or who should complain, was the answer, but the forlorn Sancho Panza, Governor, for his sins

and his [illegible] fare, of the Isle Barataria, squire that was of the famous Knight Don Quixote of La Mancha.

Hearing this, Don Quixote's wonder was doubled and his agitation increased, the thought occurring to him that Sancho Panza must be dead and his soul was there in torment. Carried away by this idea he exclaimed:

I conjure thee by all which I can conjure thee by, as a Catholic Christian, to tell me who thou art; and if thou art a soul in torment, tell me what you wish that I should do for thee, for since it is my profession to help and succour those of this world who are in need, it shall be so also to succour and to aid the distressed of the other world, who are unable to help themselves.

At that rate, answered the voice, your worship who speaks to me should be my master Don Quixote of La Mancha, —nay, by the tone of the voice, for certain it is no other.

Don Quixote I am, replied Don Quixote, he who professes to succour and aid in their needs the living and the

And it seemed as if the ass understood what Sancho said, for at that moment he began to bray so strongly that the whole cave resounded.

—A famous witness! Don Quixote cried; I know the bray as well as if I had been its mother. I hear thy voice, my Sancho; wait for me; I will go to the Duke's castle, which is near here, and bring some one who will deliver thee out of this pit into which thy sins must have cast thee.

—Go, your worship, said Sancho, and come back soon for God's sake, for I cannot bear being here buried alone, and I am dying of fear.

Don Quixote left him and went to the castle to tell the Duke and Duchess of Sancho's accident, at which they marvelled not a little, though they well understood how he must have fallen through, knowing of the grotto which from time immemorial had there existed; but they could not think how he had left the Government without their having advice of his coming. At last, as it is said, they brought ropes and fastenings, and by dint of many hands and much labour they dragged Dapple and Sancho Panza from that darkness into the sun's light. A certain student, seeing him, observed:

—In this wise should all bad Governors come out of their Governments as the sinner comes out of the depths of the abyss, perishing of hunger, pale, and, as I suppose, without a farthing.

Sancho heard him and said:—Eight or ten days it is, brother giber, since I went to govern that Isle they gave me, in all which days I never, not for one hour, had my bellyful. During that while doctors have persecuted me and enemies have trampled my bones. I have neither had time to take bribes nor to collect dues, and this being as it is, I did not deserve, to my thinking, to be dragged out in this fashion. But man proposes and God disposes; and God knows best and what is good for every one; and as the time so the

trial; and let some say of this water I will not drink, for where one looks for flitches there are no hooks;[1] and God understands me; let that be enough; I say no more, though I could.

—Be not angry, Sancho, nor vex thyself at what thou mayst hear, said Don Quixote, for that will be never to have done. Come with a clear conscience, and let them say what they will; and to wish to tie the tongues of evil speakers is to wish to put doors to an open field. If the Governor comes out from his Government rich, they say of him that he is a thief; and if he comes out poor, that he is a good-for-nothing and a blockhead.

Of a surety, replied Sancho, this time they have to take me rather for a fool than a thief.

Thus discoursing, surrounded by a crowd of boys and other people, they arrived at the castle, where the Duke and Duchess were waiting in a gallery for Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. But Sancho would not go up to see the Duke till he had first put up Dapple in the stable, for the



off free and victorious by the valour of my arm; and may they have such saving of God as they speak truth!—In short, in this while I have taken the measure of the charges and the duties which Governing brings along with it, and I have found by my reckoning that my shoulders cannot bear them. They are not a load for my ribs nor arrows for my quiver. And therefore, before the Government flung me over, I wanted to fling over the Government; and yesterday morning I left the Isle as I found it, with the same streets, dwellings, and roofs which it had when I entered it. I have borrowed from nobody, nor mixed in any profits; and though I thought to have made some useful laws, never a one did I make, fearing they would not be kept, for so to make them is the same as not to make them. I left the Isle, as I say, without any other company but that of my Dapple. I fell into a pit; I went along it till this morning, by the light of the sun, I spied a way of escape, but not so easy, for if Heaven had not sent me my master Don Quixote, there I would have abided till the end of the world. So my lords, Duke and Duchess, here is your Governor, Sancho Panza, who only in the ten days that he has held the Government, has reaped this knowledge, that he would not give a straw to be a Governor,—I say not of an Isle only but of all the world. And this being the case, kissing your worships' feet and imitating the boys' game, who say, *jump thou and give me one*,[1] I give a jump from the Government and pass into the service of my master Don Quixote, for with him at least, though I eat my bread by starts, I have my bellyful; and for me, so I am full, it is all one to me whether it's with carrots or partridges.

With this, Sancho brought his long speech to an end, Don Quixote ever dreading that he would utter thousands of absurdities; and when he saw him finish with so few he gave thanks to Heaven in his heart; and the Duke embraced

[1] Apparently an allusion to some kind of leap-frog.



Sancho, saying that it grieved him to the soul that he had left his Government so soon, but he would so manage as to give him on his estate a certain office, of less charge and more profit. The Duchess embraced him also and ordered them to entertain him well, for he showed signs of having been badly bruised and worse treated.

CHAPTER LVI

Of the prodigious and unparalleled battle which took place between Don Quixote of La Mancha and the lacquey Tosilos, in the defence of the duenna Doña Rodriguez' daughter

THE Duke and Duchess did not repent of the trick which had been played upon Sancho Panza, in the matter of the Government they had given him; and especially when, the same day, their Steward came, and recounted to them minutely all the words and deeds which Sancho had said and done in those days; and in conclusion he gave them a flowery account of the assault upon the Isle, and of Sancho's terror and of his departure, from which they received no little entertainment. After this the history relates that the appointed day of the combat arrived; and the Duke, having again and again tutored his lacquey Tosilos how he had to deal with Don Quixote so as to overcome him without wounding or slaying him, commanded the steel heads to be taken off the lances, saying to Don Quixote that the Christian feeling, upon which he valued himself, did not allow this battle to be fought with so much risk and peril of lives, and that he was content to give them a fair field in his domain (though it went against the decree of the Holy Council which prohibited such duels[1]), and did not desire to

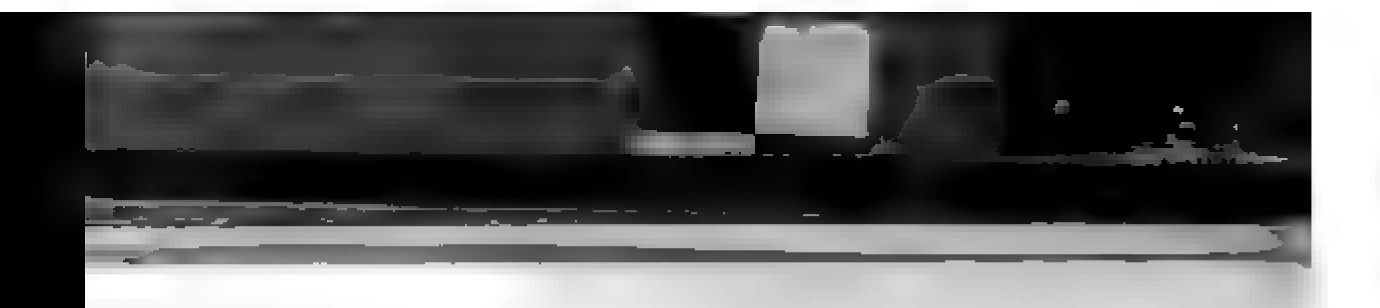
[1] In view of the many deaths by violence which were the result of such encounters, all duels, and even tournaments, were forbidden by the Church, the

carry that affair to extremity. Don Quixote said that his Excellency might arrange the matter as he best pleased; for he would obey him in everything. The dreaded day being now come, and the Duke having ordered a spacious scaffold to be set up in front of the castle square, where the judges of the lists and the duennas, mother and daughter, the appellants, might take their station, an infinite number of people from all the towns and villages thereabout flocked in, attracted by the novel spectacle of that combat; such a one as had never then been seen nor heard of in that country by those of the present or the past generation.

The first who entered the field and the lists was the Marshal of the ceremonies, who surveyed the ground and paced it all over, so that there might be no foul play there, nor anything hidden by which one could be tripped up and fall. Then the duennas entered and took their seats, hooded to the eyes and even to the bosoms, with demonstrations of no small sorrow as Don Quixote presented himself in the lists. A little while after, heralded by many trumpets, there

behave himself towards the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha,—warned that in no case was he to slay him, but to try and avoid the first shock, to prevent the risk of death, which was certain if they met in full career. He paced the square, and coming to where the duennas were seated, he stopped for some while, gazing on her who sought him in marriage. Then the Marshal of the field summoned Don Quixote, who was already present in the square; and side by side with Tosilos he spoke to the duennas, asking them if they consented that Don Quixote of La Mancha should maintain their right. They answered *Yes*; and that they would accept all he did in that cause as well done, final, and valid. By this time the Duke and Duchess were stationed in a gallery which looked upon the lists, which were thronged by an infinite number of people, expecting to witness that stern, unparalleled encounter. A condition was imposed on the combatants that if Don Quixote conquered, his antagonist had to marry Doña Rodriguez' daughter; and if he were vanquished, his opponent was quit of the promise which had been exacted from him, without giving any other satisfaction. The Marshal of the ceremonies parted the sun between them,[1] and placed the two each in the spot where he was to stand. The drums beat, the sound of the trumpets filled the air, the earth trembled under their feet; the hearts of the gazing crowd were in suspense, some fearing, others hoping, the good or the evil issue of that affair. Finally, Don Quixote, commending himself with all his heart to God our Lord and to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, stood waiting for them to give him the preconcerted signal for the onset. Our lacquey, however, had very different thoughts; he was

[1] To "part the sun," that is, to take care that the combatants were so stationed as that the sun was exactly between them, was one of the chief cares of the *Maese del Campo* or *Campidoctor*. The ceremonies here observed are in every point in accordance with the strict law of the *duelium* as laid down in the *Doctrinal de Caballeros*. See also the rules and conditions of the fighting at the *Paso Honroso*, in Appendix D, vol. i.



thinking of nothing but of what I will now tell you. It seems that as he looked upon his fair enemy, she appeared to him to be the most beautiful woman he had seen in all his life; and the little blindling boy, who along these streets is commonly called Love, could not lose the opportunity which presented itself of triumphing over the lacquey's heart and adding it to the list of his trophies; and so, coming up to him softly, without any one seeing him, he ran a six-feet dart into the poor lacquey's left side and pierced his heart through and through; which he could quite well do safely, for Love is invisible and enters and goes out where he will without any one bringing him to account for his actions.

I say then, that when the signal for the onset was given, our lacquey was in a transport, thinking on the beauty of her he had already made the mistress of his free will; and so he paid no heed to the sound of the trumpet, as Don Quixote did, who charged as soon as he heard it, and at the utmost speed Rozinante would allow, at his enemy; Sancho

and, as he was one of those privy to the contriving of that affair, did not know how to answer him a word. Don Quixote stopped in mid-career, seeing that his enemy did not come on. The Duke could not conceive why they did not proceed with the combat; but the Marshal went up and told him what Tosilos had said, at which he was much surprised and extremely angry. While this was passing Tosilos went up to where Doña Rodriguez sat, and said in a loud voice:

—I, lady, am willing to marry your daughter, and I would not obtain by strife and contention that which I am able to get peacefully and without peril of death.

Hearing this, the valiant Don Quixote exclaimed:

—Since this is so, I am free and absolved of my promise. Let them marry, in God's name, and since our Lord hath given her to him may Saint Peter lend his blessing.

The Duke had descended to the castle square, and going up to Tosilos said:—Is it true, Knight, that you yield yourself vanquished, and that, impelled by your timorous conscience, you wish to marry that damsel?

—Yes, Sir, answered Tosilos.

—He does very well, quoth Sancho Panza at this juncture, for what thou hast to give the mouse give to the cat, and you will get out of trouble.[1]

Tosilos went off to unlace his helmet, praying them to assist him promptly for his breath was failing him, and he could not bear to be pent up so long in that straitened lodging. They relieved him of it with all speed, and then there remained exposed and patent the lacquey's face; seeing which Doña Rodriguez and her daughter cried out aloud:

—This is a cheat! this is a cheat! They have put

[1] *Lo que has de dar al mur dalo al gato*—a proverb. The ancient *mur*, from *mus*, in place of *raton*, is here preserved, as a good many old words are in the proverbs.

Tosilos, my master the Duke's lacquey, in place of our true husband! Justice from God and the King for this trickery, —not to say villainy!

—Be ye not concerned, ladies, said Don Quixote, for this is neither trick nor villainy. And if it be, it is not the Duke who has enacted it but the wicked enchanters who persecute me, who, jealous of the glory which I had to gain by this victory, have transformed the face of your husband into that of him who you say is the Duke's lacquey. Take my advice, and, in spite of the malice of my enemies, marry with him, for without doubt he is the very man you desire for a husband.

The Duke hearing this was ready to vent all his anger in laughter, saying:

—The things which befall Sir Don Quixote are so extraordinary that I am inclined to think this is not my lacquey; but let us adopt this device and plan: let us delay the marriage a fortnight if they will, and keep this person, of whom we are doubtful, confined; in the course of which time it may be he will return to his original shape; for the rancour the enchanters entertain towards Don Quixote should not endure so long, and especially as these tricks and transformations are of so little avail to them.

—O, Sir! cried Sancho, these evil-doers are well used and accustomed to change things relating to my master from one to another. A Knight whom he conquered in days gone by, called him of *the Mirrors*, they changed into the figure of the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, a native of our village and a great friend of ours; and my lady Dulcinea del Toboso they have turned into a rustic peasant-woman, and so I imagine this lacquey has to die and live lacquey all the days of his life.

Upon which said Doña Rodriguez' daughter:

—Let him be what he will who asks me for wife, I am grateful to him, and I would rather be the lawful wife of a

lacquey than the cast-off mistress of a gentleman—though he who fooled me is not one.

In short, all these tales and doings ended in Tosilos being shut up to see what his transformation would come to. The victory was adjudged to be Don Quixote's by general acclamation, though most of them were sad and melancholy at finding that the long-looked-for combatants had not hacked one another to pieces, just as the boys are sorry when the man whom they wait for is not brought out to be hanged because he is pardoned either by the injured party or the judge. The crowd dispersed; the Duke and Duchess went back into the castle; they shut up Tosilos; Doña Rodriguez and her daughter were very content at finding that by one way or another that marred affair had to end in marriage;[1] and as for Tosilos, he hoped for no less.

[1] *Aquel caso habia de parar en casamiento*—a play upon the words *caso* and *casamiento*.

CHAPTER LVII

Which tells of how Don Quixote took leave of the Duke, and of what happened to him with the witty and wanton Altisidora, damsel to the Duchess

It now appeared to Don Quixote to be right that he should quit the lazy life he was leading in that castle, for he fancied he was guilty of a great default in permitting himself to be buried idly in the midst of the countless luxuries and delights with which the owners of the castle treated him, in his character of Knight Errant; and he felt that he had to

All thy joys be dreams,
All thy deeds be bubbles!
O cruel Bireno, runaway Æneas!
Go, wicked one, and join thee with Barabbas!

False be still thou known from
Seville to Marchena;
From Granada to Loja,
London unto England.[1]
At *reinado* if you play,
At piquet or *primera*,[2]
Mayst thou ne'er draw king, or
See an ace or seven.
When thy corns thou cuttest,
May the place be blooded;
When they draw thy grinders,
May the stumps remain in!
O cruel Bireno, runaway Æneas!
Go, wicked one, and join thee with Barabbas!

Whilst the woful Altisidora was making her plaint in the manner we have told, Don Quixote stood looking at her and, without answering her a word, he turned to Sancho and said.—By the life of my forefathers, my Sancho, I conjure thee to tell me truth; say, hast thou taken by any chance the three kerchiefs and the garters of which this love-lorn damsel speaks?

To which Sancho replies:—Yes, I have the three kerchiefs, but the garters,—they are over the hills of Ubeda.[3]

[1] "From Seville to Marchena" is but a short distance; and from "London to England" a palpable piece of buffoonery, in imitation of some of the geographical flights in the romances

[2] *Reinado* was a game at cards, as was *primera*, in which the seven counted highest and the ace next.

[3] *Como por los cerros de Ubeda*; as who should say, "over the left shoulder." See note to ch. xxxiii.

The Duchess was surprised at Altisidora's proceedings, for though she knew her to be bold, merry, and wanton, yet not to a degree to venture upon such freedoms; and, as she had not been informed of this jest, her wonder grew the more. The Duke, wishing to carry on the sport, said:

—Sir Knight, it does not look well that you, having received the good entertainment you have had in this my castle, should make bold to carry off at least three kerchiefs, if not a pair of garters besides, belonging to my handmaiden. These are indications of a naughty heart and signs not corresponding with your fame. Return her the garters or I defy you to mortal combat, without being afraid of your good-for-nothing enchanters transforming me or changing my face, as they have done that of Tosilos, my lacquey, who engaged with you in battle.

—God forbid, answered Don Quixote, that I should unsheathe my sword against your most illustrious person, from whom I have received so many favours. The kerchiefs I will return, for Sancho says he has them; as for the garters it is impossible, for I have not taken them nor he either, and if this your maiden would look in her hiding-places I warrant she will find them. I, Sir Duke, have never been a thief, nor think to be one as long as I live, if God lets me not out of His keeping. This damsel speaks, as she confesses, like one love-stricken. Of that I bear not the blame, and so I have no reason to ask pardon, either of her or of your Excellency, whom I beseech to have a better opinion of me, and give me leave once more to pursue my journey.

—May God send thee so good a one, Sir Don Quixote, cried the Duchess, that we may ever hear good news of your exploits; and go ye, in God's name, for the longer you stay the more you kindle a fire in the bosoms of the damsels who look upon you; and as for this one of mine,

acorns to the Duchess, for, had she not sent them, I would have been vexed and she would have shown herself ungrateful. What comforts me is that to this gift they cannot give the name of bribe, for I had got the Government when she sent them; and it is right that they who receive a kindness should prove themselves grateful, even though it be in the way of trifles. After all, naked I went into the Government and naked I came out of it, and so I am easy with a safe conscience, which is not a little; naked was I born; naked I am; I neither lose nor win.[1]

Thus said Sancho to himself the day of their departure, and Don Quixote, having taken leave of the Duke and Duchess the night before, presented himself on the morning in full armour in the courtyard of the castle. All the people of the castle watched him from the galleries, and the Duke and Duchess also came out to see him. Sancho was upon his Dapple, with his wallets, valise, and provision, well pleased because the Duke's Steward—the same who had been the Trifaldi—had given him a little purse, with two hundred crowns in gold, to supply the needs of the road, and this without Don Quixote's knowledge. Whilst they all were gazing at him, of a sudden, from amidst the other duennas and damsels of the Duchess who were among the beholders, the wanton and witty Altisidora lifted up her voice and in a piteous tone began to say:—

Listen, cruel Knight,
Check thy reins awhile,
Weary not the flanks
Of thine ugly beast;
False one, see, thou fleest
From no serpent fierce,
But a tender lambkin,

[1] *Desnudo nací, desnudo me hallo*, etc.; one of Sancho's proverbs, which occurs here for the fifth time.



Not quite grown to sheep.
Thou hast fooled, monster,
Sweetest maid that ever
Saw Diana in her woods, or
Venus in her groves.
O cruel Bireno,[1] runaway Æneas!
Go, wicked one, and join thee with Barabbas!

Impious one! thou bearest,
In thy savage talons,
Heart-strings of a lowly
And enamoured damsel;
Kerchiefs three hast lifted,—
Garters too a pair,—
From some legs of marble
Polished, white, and black:
Sighs two thousand also,
Which, if fire, were burning
Troys two thousand, if so
Many Troys there were.

I will punish her so that henceforth she shall not transgress either with her eyes or her tongue.

—One word only I beseech you to hear, O valorous Don Quixote, said Altisidora, and it is this, that I ask your pardon for saying you had stolen my garters, for by Heaven and my soul I have them on, and I have fallen in the same blunder as he who went searching for his ass mounted on his back.

Did I not say it? quoth Sancho; a pretty one am I for hiding stolen things! Had I wished to do so, I should have had a fine opportunity in my Government.

Don Quixote bowed his head, and, making an obeisance to the Duke and Duchess and to all the bystanders, he turned Rozinante's rein and, with Sancho following him upon Dapple, sallied out of the castle, directing his way to Zaragoza.[1]

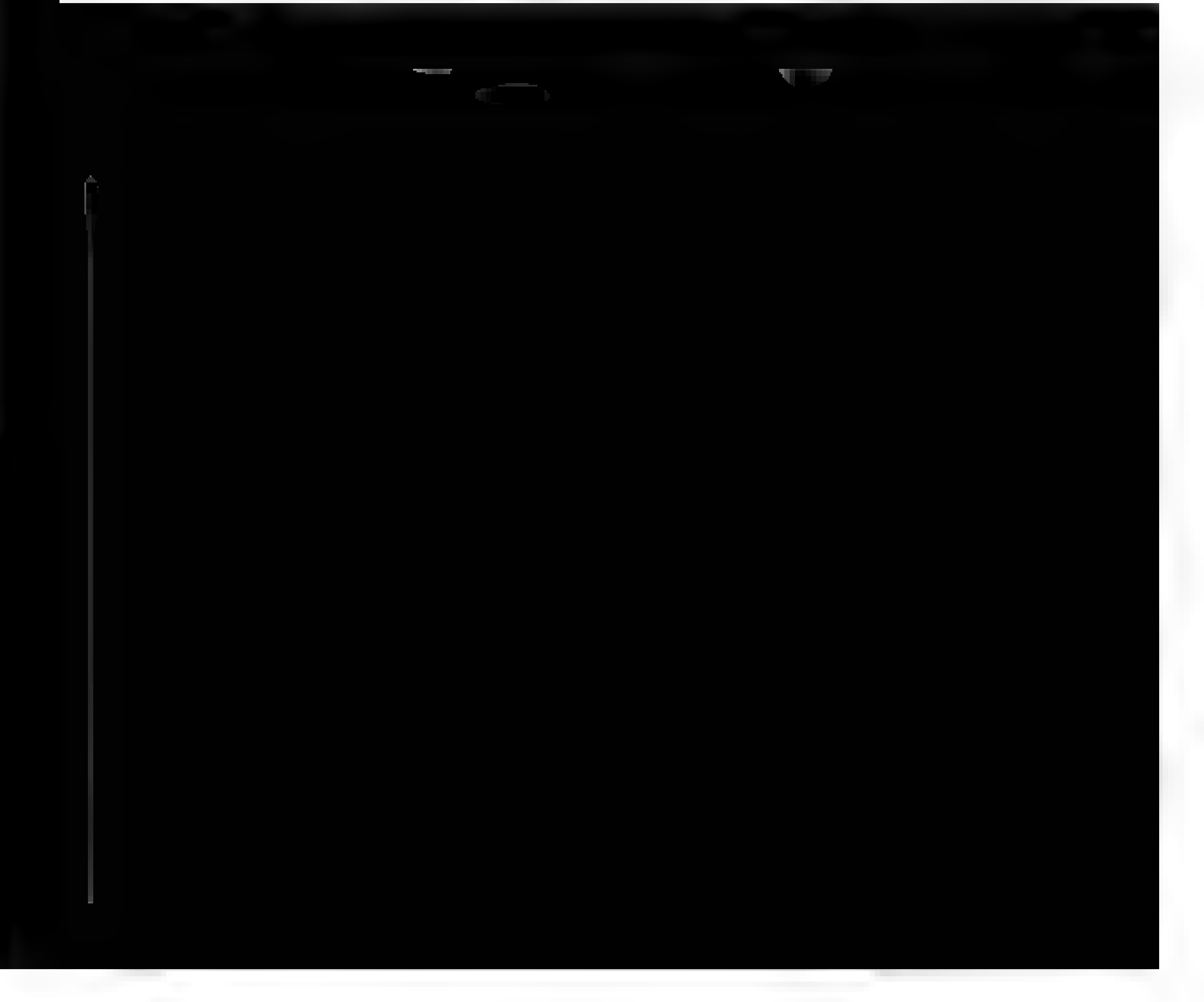
[1] The Duke's parting jest at the expense of Don Quixote is not in very good taste, though perfectly in character with an entertainer whose chief end has been his own entertainment. Yet we cannot resent the paltriness of a trick which leaves Don Quixote, on bidding farewell to the castle, with all the honours and restored to his dignity.

CHAPTER LVIII

Which tells of how adventures came pouring upon Don Quixote, so many that they gave no room one to another

WHEN Don Quixote found himself in the open country, free and disembarrassed of Altisidora's amorous attentions, he felt as if he was in his element, with his spirits revived, for the pursuing his scheme of chivalries once more; and, turning to Sancho, he said:

—Liberty, Sancho, is one of the most precious gifts which Heaven has bestowed on man. With it no treasures



own; for those obligations which benefits and favours received impose, are bonds which will not let the mind range freely. Happy the man to whom Heaven has given a crust of bread, without the obligation of thanking any for it but Heaven itself!

For all that your worship says, quoth Sancho, it is not well for us to be without thankfulness on our part for the two hundred crowns of gold which the Duke's steward gave me in a little purse, which, as a plaster[1] and comforter, I carry next my heart against what may turn up, for we shall not always find castles in which to regale ourselves, and now and then we shall fall in with inns where they may cudgel us.

With these and other such discourses our Errant Knight and squire were jogging along, when, having gone a little more than a league, they espied about a dozen men clad like labourers, who were taking their dinner on a little green meadow, with their cloaks spread on the grass. Close by them they had what looked like some white sheets which covered something beneath; some upright and some lying flat, at short distances from each other. Don Quixote went up to those eating and, first saluting them courteously, enquired of them what it was that their linen cloths covered. One of them answered:

—Sir, under these linen cloths are some sculptured images that are to be used in a show[2] we are setting up in

[1] *Pitima*, shortened from *epitema*,—only used by Cervantes in this form here and in the *Amante Liberal*. It is from ἐπίθεμα. *Pitima*, which is in none of the other dictionaries, is explained by Covarrubias as a plaster put on the heart "to alleviate and comfort it."

[2] *Retablo*; the word is used either for the tablet or elaborate screen set up behind the high altar of a Spanish church, filled with paintings and sculptures of holy personages; or for the properties of a show, either profane or devotional, set up or collected in a chest. In ch. xxv. of this Second Part *retablo* occurs in this latter sense, in connexion with Master Peter's puppet-show. It is still the custom in Spain to carry about figures of saints, which are set up for a show in country villages. Of such figures the finest examples are the beautifully

our village. We carry them covered up so that they may no
be tarnished, and on our shoulders that they may not be broken

If it please you, replied Don Quixote, I should be gla
to see them, for by the care you take of them they mu
doubtless be good ones.

—Aye, and that they are, quoth the other, seeing wha
they cost, for in truth there is not one of them which doe
not stand in more than fifty ducats; and that your worshi
may see that this is true, wait and see with your own eyes.

And, rising up, he left his dinner and went to take th
covering off the first image, which proved to be that o
Saint George mounted on horseback, with a serpent coile
at his feet and a spear thrust through the mouth, wit
all the fierceness with which he is wont to be depicted
The whole image looked like one blaze of gold, as they say
On seeing it Don Quixote said:

—This Knight was one of the best of the Errants th
Army of Heaven ever had; he was called Don Sain
George,[1] and he was, moreover, a defender of damsel
Let us see this other one.

The man uncovered it, and it proved to be Saint Marti
on horseback, who divided his cloak with the beggar; an
as soon as he saw it Don Quixote exclaimed:

—This Knight also was one of the Christian Adventurers
and I believe he was even more generous than valiant, a
thou canst see, Sancho, by his dividing his cloak with th
poor man and giving him half; and doubtless it should hav
been winter at the time, for otherwise he would have give
him the whole, seeing he was so charitable.

—It should not be so either, quoth Sancho; but he mu

carved and gorgeously apparelled *pasos* which are carried in procession on t
heads of devotees, on every Good Friday at Seville.

[1] To dub a saint *Don* for greater honour was common in old books
devotion. So Bowle reminds us the French used to speak of the Order
Monsieur Saint Augustin and the miracles of *Monsieur* Saint Hilaire.

have held with the proverb which says, that *to give and to keep hath need of brains.*[1]

Don Quixote smiled, and prayed them to take off another of the cloths, under which was disclosed the image of the patron of Spain[2] on horseback, his sword all blood-red, trampling on Moors and treading on their heads, and on seeing it Don Quixote said:

—Aye, this is a Knight, and of the squadrons of Christ; this one is called Don Saint James[3] the Moor-slayer, one of the most valiant Saints and Knights that ever the world had and Heaven has now.[4]

[1] *Para dar y tener, seso es menester*—a proverb.

[2] *Patron de las Españas.* *España*, in the singular, was a word almost unknown among the natives except in an abstract sense. It was always *Españas*, denoting the number of kingdoms of which the country was composed, and their diversity. There never was a King of Spain, properly speaking. From the time of the last union of the crowns the title has always been *Rey de las Españas*,—a significant token of the jealousies which divided, and still divide, the kingdom.

[3] S. James the Greater was the peculiar Saint, the tutelar god, of Spain. According to the legend, he came over to the Peninsula immediately after the Crucifixion. He was beheaded at Jerusalem in 42, and his body taken to Joppa, where a boat was in waiting to convey it to Spain, which made the voyage in seven days,—landing at a village now called Padron, four miles from Compostella, in Galicia,—more by token that a stone used to be seen in the village, boat-shaped, in which the miraculous voyage was effected. After lying forgotten in a cave, the body of the Saint was discovered to Theodomirus, bishop of the diocese, by Pelagius, a holy man, in 840, and removed to its present site at Santiago, by King Alonso the Chaste. Here a shrine was set up, which for many centuries was the favourite place of devotion to all Spaniards and even to outside Christians from all lands, who came hither as to their Mecca. In 997 the celebrated Moorish general Almansúr, after scattering the Christians in several battles, entered Santiago and razed the city, sparing only the tomb of the saint, from which he was scared, according to the Moorish chroniclers, by frightful signs and portents—a pestilence breaking out in his army which compelled him to retire. The truth is, that the Moslems, more reverent and more tolerant of other people's saints than the Christians, respected the shrines of the enemy.

[4] *Matamoros* was the epithet applied universally to Santiago, in gratitude for his numerous appearances on the battle-field on behalf of the Christians, when, like Apollo among the Greeks before Troy, he could slay as many of the foe as

Then they uncovered another cloth, which showed Saint Paul tumbled from his horse, with all the details which are wont to be painted in the picture of his conversion. When Don Quixote beheld him, painted so like life that you would have said Christ was speaking to him and Paul answering, he said :

—This was the greatest enemy which the Church of God our Lord had in his time, and the greatest defender it will ever have—a Knight Errant by his life, and a peaceful Saint by his death, an untiring toiler in the vineyard of the Lord, teacher of the Gentiles, who had the Heavens for his school, and Jesus Christ Himself for his professor and master.

There were no more images, and so Don Quixote bade them cover them up again, saying to those who were carrying them :

—I hold it for a good augury, brothers, to have seen what I have seen, for these Saints and Knights professed what I profess, which is the calling of arms. The only

that I may direct my steps along a better road than that which I am taking.

—God hear it and sin be deaf,[1] said Sancho to this.

The men were amazed as much at the figure as at the words of Don Quixote, without understanding one half of what he meant by them. Having finished their dinner they shouldered their images, and taking leave of Don Quixote they proceeded on their journey. Sancho was moved afresh, as if he had never known his master, with wonder at his learning, thinking that there was no history in the world or event which he had not at his fingers' ends and fixed in his memory, and he said to him:

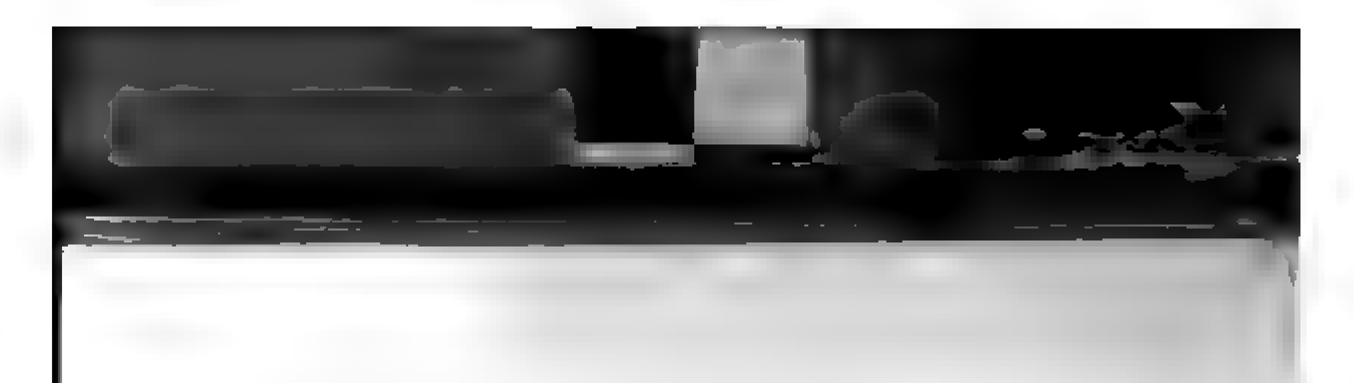
—In truth, our master, if this which has happened to us to-day can be called adventure, it has been of the softest and sweetest which has befallen us in the whole course of our wanderings. We have come out of it without beatings and without any fright; nor have we laid hands to our swords, nor battered the earth with our bodies nor been left a-hungered. Blessed be God, who has let me see such a thing with my own eyes!

—Thou sayest well, Sancho, replied Don Quixote; but thou must consider that all times are not one nor run the same course. And these which the vulgar commonly call omens,[2] which are not founded upon any grounds in nature, ought to be held and judged for happy accidents by him who is wise. One of these omen-mongers, rising betimes in the morning, goes out of his house, meets with a friar of the Order of the blessed S. Francis, turns him back, as if he had encountered a griffin, and goes home again. Another, a

Don Quixote is conscious of his own madness. But the Knight clearly refers to his mind being righted so far as it has been upset by the cruelty of Dulcinea.

[1] *Dios lo oiga y el pecado sea sordo*; explained by the Academy's Dictionary as a vulgar saying, expressive of a wish for a fortunate issue to one's intent.

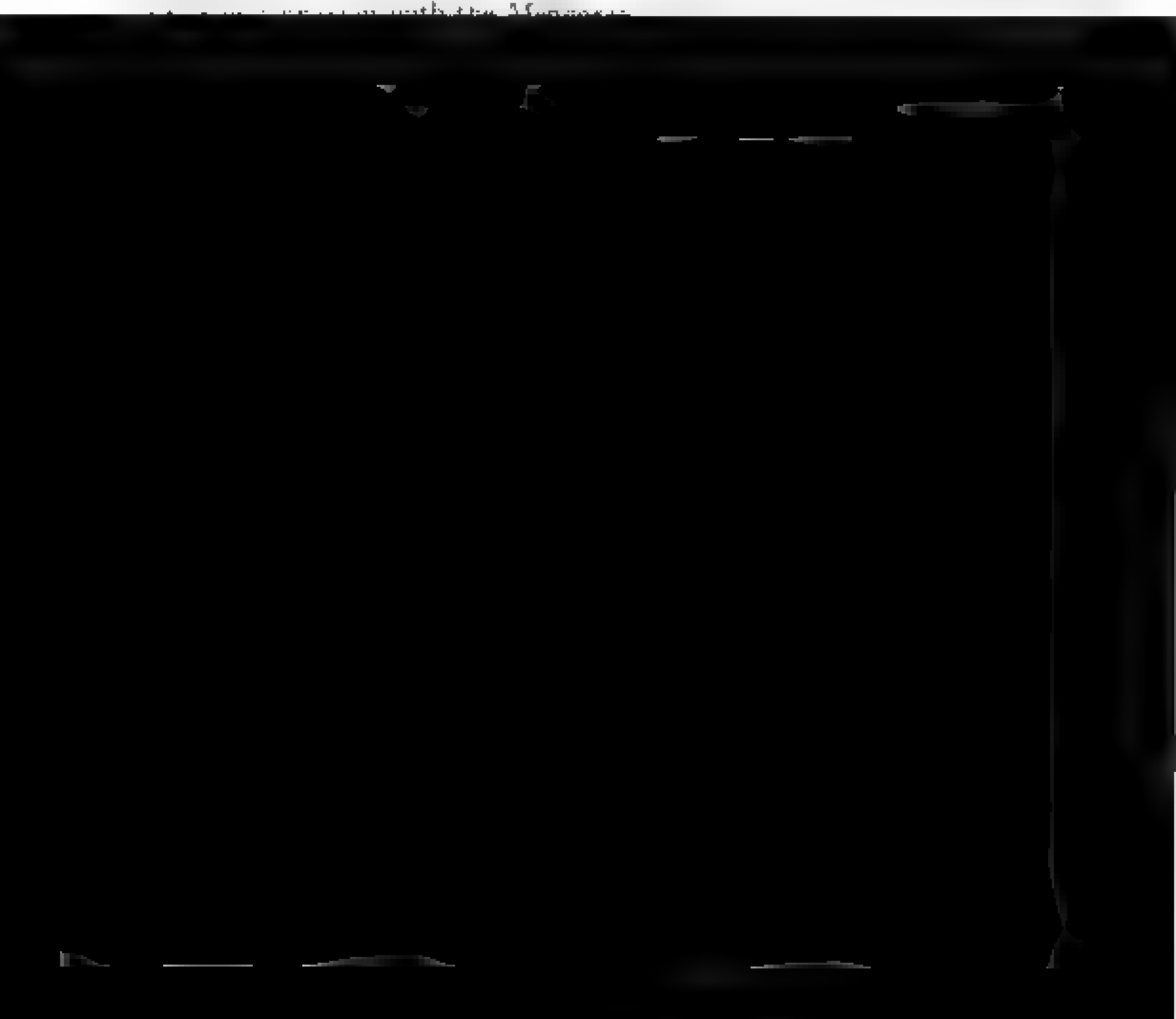
[2] The belief in omens was almost universal in that superstitious age, which here, as elsewhere, Cervantes seems to go out of his way to reprehend and to ridicule.



Mendoza,[1] spills the salt upon his table and straight is melancholy spilt on his heart; as if nature were obliged to signify coming disasters by things of such little moment as the aforesaid. The wise and Christian man ought not by these trifles to attempt to fathom the will of Heaven. Scipio arrives in Africa and stumbles in leaping ashore; his soldiers take it for an ill omen; but he, embracing the ground, exclaims:—Thou canst not escape me, Africa, for I have thee fast between my arms.[2] So, Sancho, the meeting with these images has been for me a very happy event.

I believe it, responded Sancho; but I wish your worship would tell me what is the reason why Spaniards say, when they are about to give battle, invoking that Saint James, the Moor-killer:—*Santiago and close Spain!*[3]

[1] The spilling of salt is in most countries regarded as unlucky, though why a Mendoza should be peculiarly given to this superstition is not very clear. Covarrubias says that in great houses it was the rule for the seneschal (*maestresala*) to put the salt on one corner of his master's plate, so that he might not incur the risk of spilling it by having to stretch out his hand to the salt-cellar. Quevedo, in his *B[illegible] of All Things and Many Other More*, speaks of this super-



Is Spain, perchance, open, so that it is necessary to close her? Or what is this ceremony?

—Thou art very simple, Sancho, replied Don Quixote. Look ye, God hath given to Spain for her patron and protector this great Knight of the Red Cross, especially in the desperate contests which the Spaniards had with the Moors, and therefore they invoke and call him as the defender in all the battles they wage, and oft-times they have seen him visibly in them, routing, trampling, destroying, and slaughtering the Hagarene[1] squadrons; and of this I could produce thee many examples which in the truthful Spanish histories are recorded.[2]

Changing the conversation, Sancho said to his master:—I am astonished, Sir, at the boldness of Altisidora, the Duchess' waiting-maid. Cruelly must he they call Love have hurt and mauled her; and they say he is a little blind boy, who, though he is blear-eyed, or rather without sight, if he takes a heart for his mark, however small it is, he hits it and pierces it through from side to side with his arrows. I have heard tell, also, that in the modesty and reserve of young damsels Love's darts are blunted and dulled; but in this Altisidora it seems they are more whetted than blunted.

—Look you, Sancho, Love minds no restraints, nor shows any rules of reason in his proceedings, but is of the same temper as Death, who attacks the lofty palaces of kings as well as the humble cottages of shepherds;[3] and when he takes entire possession of a heart, the first thing he does is to divest it of timidity and shame. So Altisidora, being devoid of shame, revealed her desires, which engendered in my bosom rather confusion than compassion.

[1] The Moors, as being of Arabian race, were believed to be descended from Hagar and Ishmael.

[2] Doubtless a piece of irony on the part of the author, if not of Don Quixote, letting us see what Cervantes thought of those pious and patriotic legends.

[3] The sentiment from Horace, quoted before in ch. xx.,—the quotation being one of those ridiculed as hackneyed in the Prologue to Part I.

—O notable cruelty! cried Sancho. O unheard-of ingratitude! For me, I can say I would have surrendered and been her servant at the least loving word from her. The jade! And what a heart of marble! What bowels of brass! What a soul of rough-cast! But I cannot think what it is this damsel saw in your worship thus to yield and submit herself. What grace was it,—what gallant bearing,—what sprightliness,—what good looks,—what anything of these by itself or all together captivated her? For indeed and in truth, I often stop to look at your worship from the sole of your feet to the topmost hair of your head, and I see more things to scare than to bewitch; and having heard, too, that beauty is the first and chief thing that breeds love, as your worship has none, I cannot guess what the poor thing fell in love with.

—Consider, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, that there are two sorts of beauty, one of the soul and the other of the body. That of the soul shines forth and displays itself in intelligence, in chastity, in good conduct, in liberality, and in good breeding; and all these parts are contained and may exist in an ugly man, and when the attention is set at this kind of beauty and not at that of the body, love is wont to be raised with great violence and persistence. I, Sancho, am well aware that I am not beautiful, but I know, also, that I am not ungainly; and it is enough for a man of worth not to be a monster in order to be well loved, should he possess those endowments of the soul I have told thee of.[1]

Thus talking and conversing, they passed into a wood which extended beyond the road; and suddenly Don Quixote found himself unawares enmeshed in some nets

[1] Don Quixote might have quoted as an example of how a man may be of worth, and even well loved, though devoid of all the graces of the body, the famous Constable of France, Bertrand Duguesclin, who was flat-nosed, humpbacked, and very ugly, and yet a gallant knight, and a restorer of the ancient chivalry, whose achievements in the cause of Henry of Trastamara were well known in Spain.

of green thread which were stretched from tree to tree; and unable to conceive what that might be he said to Sancho:

—Methinks, Sancho, this affair of these nets should be one of the strangest of imaginable adventures. May I die, if the enchanters who persecute me do not want to entangle me in them and stop my journey, as though in vengeance for the rigour I have shown to Altisidora. But I will make them know that though these nets, instead of green threads, had been of hardest adamant or stronger than that wherewith the jealous god of the blacksmiths enclosed Venus and Mars, I would break them as though they had been of bulrushes or cotton yarn.

And seeking to push forward and break through it, all of a sudden there appeared in front, coming out from among the trees, two most lovely shepherdesses,—at least, two clad like shepherdesses, except that their sheepskins and smocks were finest brocade, their smocks, I say, were petticoats of richest gold tabby. They wore their hair, which in ruddiness might vie with the rays of the very sun, loose about their shoulders, and they were covered with garlands woven of green laurel and red amaranth.[1] Their age seemed to be not less than fifteen, nor more than eighteen. This was a sight to make the sun stop in his course,[2] which struck Sancho with wonder and confounded Don Quixote. All four remained in a wondering silence. At last, one of the shepherdesses being the first to speak, said to Don Quixote:

—Stop, Sir Knight, nor break the nets, which not for your hurt but for our pastime we have spread there; and, as

[1] If this was in November, as according to the chronological scheme of Rios it should be, the amaranth could hardly be in flower.

[2] Hartzenbusch believes it impossible that Cervantes could have written this, and therefore, with his usual intrepidity, omits the passage, observing that there was a special difficulty in the sun stopping under the circumstances, since it could only have seen the shepherdesses from between the trees!

I know you will ask why they are placed and who we are, I will tell you in a few words. In a village which is some two leagues from this, where there are many people of good quality, gentle and rich folk, it was agreed among some friends and connexions that, with their own sons and daughters, neighbours, friends, and relations, we should come to make merry in this spot, which is one of the pleasantest in all these parts; forming among us all a new pastoral Arcadia, the girls dressing themselves up like shepherdesses and the young men like shepherds. We have got up the eclogues, one by the famous poet Garcilaso and another by the most excellent Camoens,[1] in his own Portuguese tongue, which, till now, we have not represented. Yesterday was the first day of our coming here. We have pitched some field-tents, as they call them, among these bushes on the margin of a flowing streamlet which fertilises all these meadows. Last night we spread these nets among these trees, to beguile the silly little birds, who, startled by the noise we made, might be caught in them. If you please, Sir, to be our guest, you shall be liberally and courteously entertained, for into this spot, for the present, no care nor melancholy shall enter.

She stopped and said no more. To which Don Quixote replied:—Of a surety, fairest lady, not Actæon could be lost in a greater wonder and amazement when, unawares, he spied Diana bathing in the waters than am I struck with astonishment at the sight of your beauty. I applaud your scheme of diversions and thank you for your offers; and if I can serve you, you may command me with the certainty of being obeyed, for none other is my profession than to show myself complaisant and benevolent with every kind of people, more especially of the quality such as your persons

[1] This is the only reference to Camoens in *Don Quixote*. Elsewhere in his works Cervantes speaks with enthusiasm of the great Portuguese poet.

denote; and if so be that these nets, which fill but a small space, were to occupy the whole rotundity of the globe, I would seek new worlds through which to pass, to avoid breaking them. And that ye may give some credence to these my high-flying words, know that he who makes this promise is Don Quixote of La Mancha, no less—if so be that this name has reached your ears.

—Ah, friend of my soul! then cried the other shepherdess, and what great good luck has happened to us! Seest thou this gentleman we have before us? Prithee, I'd have thee know that he is the most valiant, the most love-worn, and the most courteous Knight the whole world contains,—unless a history of his exploits, which is in print and which I have read, lies and is deceiving us. I would wager that this good man who comes with him is one Sancho Panza, his squire, to whose pleasantries there are none equal.

—That is true, quoth Sancho, for I am that droll and that squire your grace speaks of, and this gentleman is my master, the very Don Quixote of La Mancha, historified and aforesaid.

—O, quoth the other damsel, let us beseech him, dear, to stay, for our fathers and brothers will be infinitely pleased with it, and I also have heard speak of his valour and of his graces the same as thou hast spoken of; and, above all, they say of him that he is the staunchest and most loyal lover known, and that his lady is one Dulcinea del Toboso, to whom in all Spain they give the palm of beauty.

—And rightly do they give it, said Don Quixote; unless indeed your matchless loveliness places it in doubt. But trouble not yourselves, ladies, to detain me, for the urgent obligations of my profession leave me in no case to repose.

Hereupon, there came up to where the four were a brother of one of the shepherdesses, dressed also as a shepherd with a richness and splendour which corresponded to theirs.

They told him that he who was with them was the valorous Don Quixote of La Mancha, and the other his squire Sancho, of whom he had some knowledge through having read their history. The gay shepherd made his compliments, and besought his company to their tents. Don Quixote had to yield and to comply. Then the beaters came up, and the nets were filled with different kinds of birds which, deceived by the colour of the meshes, fell into the danger they tried to avoid.

More than thirty persons were assembled on that spot, all gallantly dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses, who were informed at once who Don Quixote and his squire were, and were no little delighted, for they had already been acquainted with him through his history. They repaired to the tents, where they found the tables set out—sumptuous, plentiful, and elegant, at which Don Quixote was honoured with the highest place. They all gazed at him, wondering at the sight. At length, the cloth being removed, Don Quixote, with much gravity, lifted up his voice and said:

—Of the greater sins which men commit, though some say it is pride, I say it is ingratitude, abiding by the common saw that hell is full of the ungrateful. This sin, inasmuch as to me has been possible, I have endeavoured to avoid from the moment that I had the use of reason. And if I am unable to repay the good works done me by other works, I put in their stead the desire of doing them; and when that suffices not, I publish them, for he who declares and publishes the good works of which he is the recipient, would even recompense them with others if he had the power, because for the most part those who receive are inferior to those who give. Thus is God above all, for He is a giver above all, and the gifts of man cannot correspond in quality with those of God, on account of the infinite distance between them. For this meagreness and deficiency, gratitude, in a certain measure, makes up. I, then, grateful for the civility which

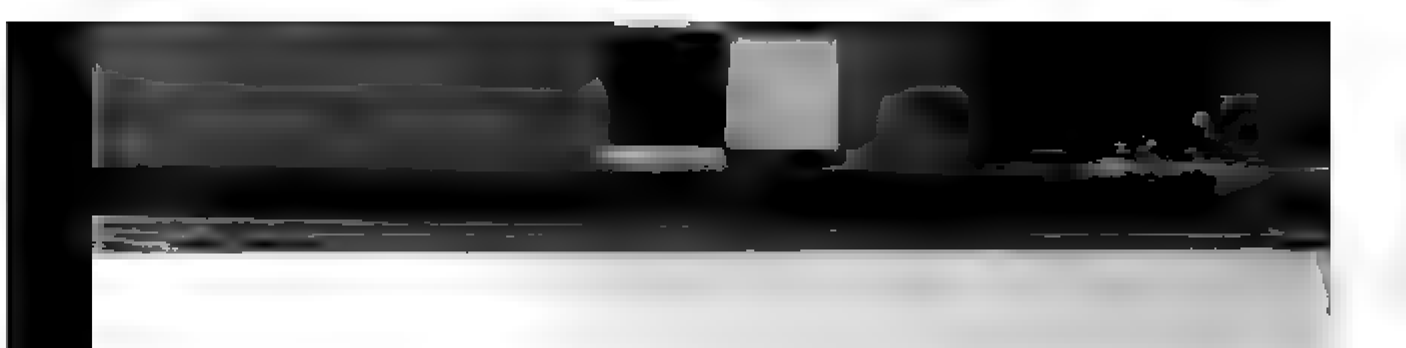
has been done me here, powerless to respond in like manner, being contained within the narrow limits of my ability, offer that which I can and what I have in my power. And, therefore, I say that for two natural days, in the middle of this high road which goes to Zaragoza, I will maintain that these ladies here, counterfeit shepherdesses, are the most beauteous and the most courteous damsels in the world,[1] only excepting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, unique mistress of my thoughts,—without offence, be it said, to as many of both sexes as hear me.

On hearing this, Sancho, who had been listening with great attention, cried out with a loud voice: —Is it possible that there are in the world persons who dare to say and to swear that this, my master, is mad? Tell me, your worships, gentlemen shepherds, is there a village priest, however wise or learned he may be, who could say what my master has said? And is there Knight Errant, let him be ever so famed for valour, who could offer what my master has here offered?

Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and with an inflamed countenance and wrathful, said to him:

—Is it possible, O Sancho, that there should be on all this globe any person to say that thou art not a blockhead, lined with the same—with I know not what fringes of malice and roguery? Who set thee to meddling with my affairs, and to enquiring whether I am sane or crazy? Hold thy tongue, and make no reply, but saddle me Rozinante, if he is unsaddled. Let us go and give effect to my offer, for

[1] A species of homage to his fair entertainers of which there are numberless examples in the books of chivalries. In *Amadis* we read that Angriote and his brother posted themselves in the valley of the Pines, and would let no Knight pass who did not confess that his own mistress was inferior in beauty to Angriote's. Amadis was one of those who was challenged. He conquered Angriote, and they remained firm friends thereafter. On another occasion it was Amadis himself who, at the request of the lady Grasinda, maintained "in London" that she was the fairest damsel in the world,—Oriana excepted.



Dapple pummelled, and Rozinante not very sound.[1] After a while they all rose, and Don Quixote, staggering and stumbling, set off in great haste after the herd, crying out loudly .

—Hold ye! stay, miscreant scoundrels! for a single Knight awaits you, one who is not of the sort or the mind of those who say that to the flying foe build a bridge of silver![2]

But the runaways stopped none the more for this, nor made more account of his menaces than of last year's clouds.

Weariness brought Don Quixote to a stop; and more enraged than avenged he sat down on the road, waiting for Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple to come up. They arrived; master and man remounted; and without turning to take leave of the feigned or counterfeit Arcadia they, with more humiliation than contentment, pursued their journey.

[1] *No mas católico Rocinante.* See notes to chs. xiii. and lv.

[2] A saying attributed to the great Captain, Gónzalo de Córdova.



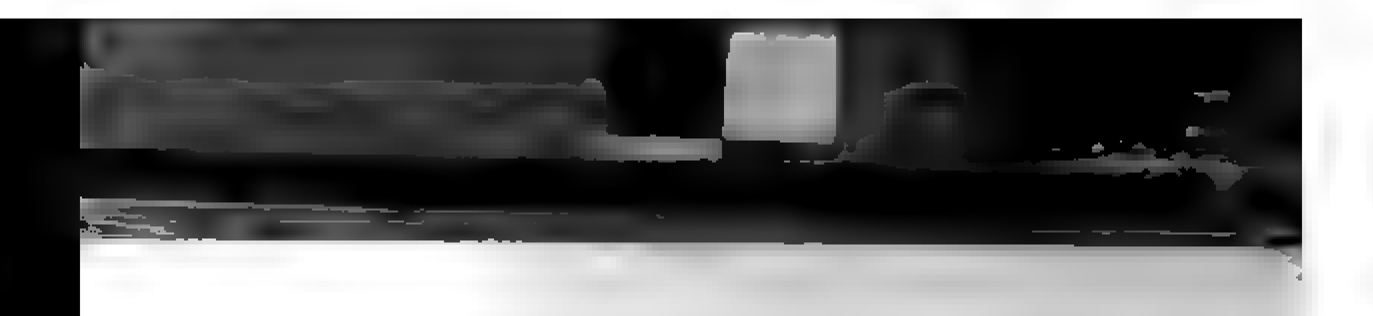
CHAPTER LIX

Wherein is recounted the extraordinary event, which might pass for an adventure, which happened to Don Quixote

A CLEAR and limpid spring which they discovered in the midst of a shady clump of trees, relieved Don Quixote and Sancho of the dirt and fatigue they had got from the uncivil behaviour of the bulls. There, by its margin, the two down-trodden ones, master and man, sat them down,—letting Rozinante and Dapple loose, without head-stall and bridle. Sancho had recourse to his larder in the wallets, and drew therefrom what he was wont to call his fodder.[1] He rinsed his mouth and Don Quixote washed his face, from which refreshment their jaded spirits recovered their tone. Out of pure vexation Don Quixote ate not, nor did Sancho, out of pure politeness, venture to touch the viands before him, waiting for his master to be his taster.[2] But seeing that, wrapt in his meditations, he forgot to carry the bread to his mouth, Sancho said nothing but, trampling upon

[1] *Condumio*—an old rustic term, now obsolete, explained by Covarrubias to mean something to be eaten with bread; generally applied to cooked meat of some kind, but also, as by Cervantes himself in one of his novels, to fruit, fish, eggs, grapes, etc.

[2] *Su señor hiciese la salva*. *Hacer la salva* was used of the first morsel which, in the houses of princes and great magnates, it was the duty of the *maestresala* (*prægustator*) to eat, in order to assure his masters that there was no danger of poison in the dish. The custom still survives in the East. In Morocco, even the physic intended for his Shereefian Majesty has to be taken first by one of his chamberlains.



every canon of good breeding, began to cram into his stomach the bread and cheese before him.

—Eat, friend Sancho, said Don Quixote; sustain life; it imports to thee more than to me; and leave me to die through the medium of my thoughts and by force of my misfortunes. I, Sancho, was born to live dying, and thou to die eating; and that thou mayst see that I speak the truth in this look at me,—me printed in histories, famous in arms, courteous in my actions, respected by Princes, solicited by maidens,—in the end, in the end,—when I looked for palms, triumphs, and crowns, won and merited by my valorous exploits, have I seen myself this morning trampled, kicked, and pounded by the heels of unclean and filthy animals. This consideration blunts my teeth, dulls my grinders, benumbs my hands, and robs me wholly of the desire of eating; so that I think of letting myself die of hunger,—a death the cruellest of deaths.

—At that rate, said Sancho, munching apace all the while, your worship will not approve of the proverb which

will tell thee, my relief would be more certain and my anxiety lessened; and it is this—that, while I sleep in compliance with thy advice, thou wilt step aside a little way hence, and baring thy carcase to the air give thyself, with Rozinante's bridle, three or four hundred lashes, on account of those three thousand and odd thou hast to give thyself for the disenchantment of Dulcinea, for it is no small pity that the poor lady remains enchanted through thy carelessness and negligence.

—There is much to be said on that point, quoth Sancho; let us sleep now, both of us, for the present, and afterwards,—God has said what will be.[1] Know, your worship, that this same whipping of a man in cold blood is a hard thing; the more if the lashes fall upon a body ill-nourished and worse fed. Let my lady Dulcinea del Toboso have patience and, when she least thinks it, she will see me riddled with stripes; and until death all is life—I mean that I have it yet, together with the desire to perform what I have promised.

Don Quixote thanked him and ate a little, and Sancho a good deal; and both threw themselves down to sleep, leaving those two constant companions and friends, Rozinante and Dapple, to graze at their own free will and without restraint on the rich herbage in which that meadow abounded. They awoke somewhat late, remounted and resumed their journey, pressing on to reach an inn which was in sight, about a league off. I say that it was an inn, for Don Quixote so called it, contrary to his fashion of calling all the inns castles. Having arrived there, they asked the landlord if there was lodging.[2] He answered *Yes*, with all the comfort and good

[1] *Dios dijo lo que será*—a proverbial expression, equivalent to "God knows what will be."

[2] *Si hay posada.* This is the first and necessary question to ask on arriving at a *venta*, where the accommodation is limited. As we shall see, the question as to food is a secondary one, and by no means usual. The traveller, as a rule, is expected to bring his own food.

cheer they would find at Zaragoza. They dismounted, and Sancho put away his larder in a chamber of which the host gave him the key. He took the beasts to the stable, gave them their food, and went to see what orders Don Quixote, who was sitting on a stone bench, had for him, giving special thanks to God that to his master that inn had not seemed a castle. The supper hour having arrived, they repaired to their room. Sancho asked the landlord what he had to give them to eat, to which the host replied that his mouth should be the measure; let him ask for what he would, for with the birds of the air, the fowls of the earth, and the fishes of the sea was that inn provided.[1]

—Less than that will serve, answered Sancho, for with a couple of chickens roasted for us we shall do well enough, for my master is delicate[2] and eats little, and I am no great glutton.

The host replied that he had no chickens, for the kites had extirpated them.

Then, said Sancho, let Sir Landlord tell them to roast

Much the better are we for that, retorted Sancho. I'll bet that all these defects will come to be made good by the plenty there should be of bacon and eggs.

—By Heaven, cried the innkeeper, but it is a rare soft one my guest is, I am telling him I have neither pullets nor hens, and he wants me to have eggs! Discuss, if you will, of other delicacies, but give up asking for chicken.

—Body of me, cried Sancho, let us decide on something. Tell me, in fine, what you have, and leave off your discussions.[1]

—Master guest, said the innkeeper, that which I have really and truly is two cow-heels that look like calves' feet, or two calves' feet which look like cow-heels. They are stewed with their chick-peas, onions, and bacon; and at this very minute as is they are crying out, *Eat me! eat me!*

—I mark them for mine own from this minute, cried Sancho; and let nobody touch them, and I will pay for them better than any one else, for to my mind nothing could be looked for of better savour, nor does it matter to me that they are feet so that they be heels.[2]

—No one shall touch them, said the innkeeper; for other guests have I, people of high quality, who bring with them their own cook, steward, and larder.

—If you go in for quality, quoth Sancho, there's none better than my master, but the office he bears allows of no pantries or butteries. We just stretch ourselves in the middle of a field, and fill our bellies with acorns or medlars.

Such was the conversation which Sancho had with the innkeeper,[3] without his caring to go further with his answers,

[1] *Discurrimientos.* Sancho takes up the host's word *discurra.*

[2] Lazarillo's master, the squire of Toledo, was of the same mind as Sancho in regard to this delicacy, when he set his servant before a dish of cow-heels. (*Uña de vaca* [illegible], *señor. Dígote que es el mejor bocado del mundo.* *Lazarillo de Tormes.*)

[3] Upon this dialogue between Sancho and the innkeeper, which may be taken to be the quintessence of all dialogues between guest and host at a Spanish venta, Lope de Vega founded his interlude of *El Remediador*.

for he had already been questioned as to what was his master's office or profession.

The supper hour was now come, and the host having brought in the stew, such as it was, Don Quixote betook himself to his room and sat him down to sup very comfortably. In another apartment, which was next to where Don Quixote was, divided from it by nothing more than a thin partition, it appeared to Don Quixote that he overheard some one say:

—I entreat you, Don Gerónimo, let us read, while they are bringing in our supper, another chapter of the second part of *Don Quixote of La Mancha*.[1]

Scarce did Don Quixote hear his name pronounced when he started to his feet, and listened with quickened ears to what they were saying about him; and he heard Don Gerónimo, who had been addressed, answer:

—Why, Sir Don Juan, would you have us read of those absurdities, and how is it possible for one who has read the first part of the history of *Don Quixote of La Mancha* to take pleasure in reading this second?[2]

—Nevertheless, said Don Juan, it would be well to read it, for there is no book so bad but has some good thing.[3] That which displeases one most in it is that it depicts Don Quixote disenamoured of Dulcinea del Toboso.[4]

[1] This is the spurious *Second Part* of Avellaneda, printed in the summer of 1614, at Tarragona, in a form and style closely corresponding to Cervantes' First Part, which it was intended to burlesque and degrade, to the injury of the author, as is openly avowed in the preface. We may assume, I think, that the book reached Cervantes' hands after he had commenced writing this fifty-ninth chapter.

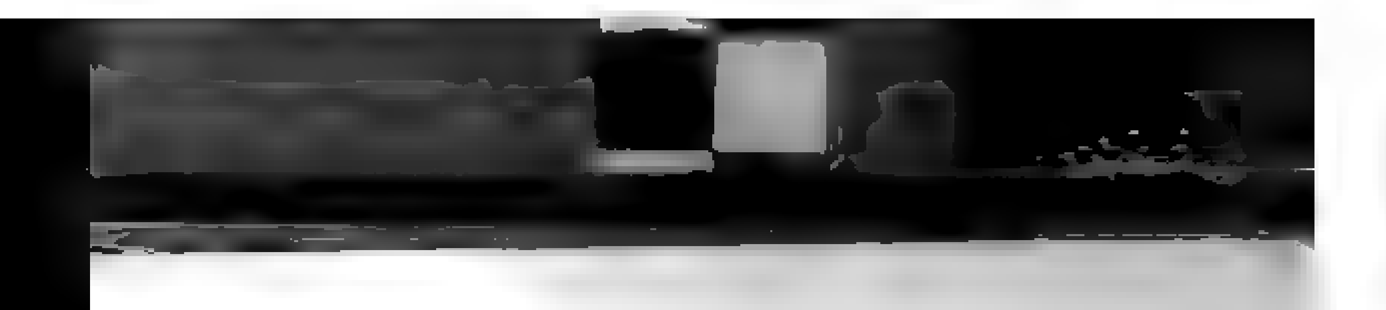
[2] The world, excepting M. Le Sage and M. Germond de Lavigne, has been ever since of this opinion. This false Second Part, though, in spite of its evil design and worse execution, it has been deemed worthy of the honour of being included in Rivadeneyra's *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*, has become extinct and almost forgotten—its malicious object frustrated, and its very name, perhaps, only saved from oblivion through the notice taken of it by the man whom it was designed to crush.

[3] See note to ch. iii.

[4] Avellaneda, in his second chapter, introduces Don Quixote speaking with Sancho upon the subject of a third sally, and saying that, since Dulcinea had



THE HOST BROUGHT THE FLESH POT JUST AS IT WAS



And putting into his hands the book which his companion was carrying, Don Quixote took it, and without speaking a word, began to turn over the leaves. After a little while he returned it, saying:

—In the little which I have seen I have found three things in this author worthy of reprehension. The first is some words which I have read in the prologue;[1] another, that the language is Aragonese, for now and then he writes without articles;[2] and the third, which must stamp him for an ignoramus, is that he blunders and deviates from the truth in what is the important thing in the history, for here he says that the wife of Sancho Panza, my squire, was named Mari Gutierrez, and she is not so named, but Theresa Panza;[3] and he who errs in so considerable a point as this,

Quixote to spoil the real *Don Quixote*, and to deprive its creator of the profit and fame he expected.

[1] Doubtless those words attacking Cervantes for being old, maimed, and poor, which he has taken notice of and answered, with so much manliness and dignity, in his own Prologue to the Second Part.

[2] [illegible] the proofs in Avellaneda's style of his being an

there is much fear that he will err in all the rest of the history.

At this, cried Sancho:—A pretty thing of a historian indeed! He must be well acquainted with our affairs, seeing he calls Theresa Panza my wife, Mari Gutierrez. Take the book again, Sir, and look whether I am there, and if they have changed my name.

By what I have heard of your talk, friend, said Don Gerónimo, doubtless you must be Sancho Panza, the squire of Don Quixote.

—Yes, I am, answered Sancho, and I am proud of it.

—Then, i' faith, said the gentleman, this modern author does not handle you with the decency which is shown in your person. He paints you as a gormandiser and a fool, and not at all humorous, and very different from the Sancho who is described in the first part of your master's history.

—May God pardon him for it! cried Sancho. He might have let me alone in my corner without remembering me at all, for let him twang who knows the strings,[1] and Saint Peter in Rome is well at home.[2]

The two gentlemen besought Don Quixote to come into their room and sup with them, for well they knew that in that inn was nothing proper for his entertainment. Don Quixote, who was ever polite, yielded to their request and supped with them. Sancho remained with the stew with full and absolute dominion,[3] sitting at the head of the table,

name was *Juana Teresa Gutierrez*. The very fact that, immediately after calling her *Juana Gutierrez*, he calls her *Mari Gutierrez*, is a proof, as Calderon shrewdly observes, that it is through no carelessness of the author but deliberately that Sancho thus speaks; and all that Sancho says here proves that this is the right view of this "considerable point."

[1] *Quien las sabe las tañe*—a proverb.

[2] *Bien se está San Pedro en Roma*—a proverb. See ch. xli., and elsewhere.

[3] *Con mero mixto imperio*—a juridical term, from the old Roman civil law. *Merum imperium* is explained as the power of the sword—*i.e.*, the supreme power.

and with him the innkeeper, who, no less than Sancho, was a lover of their calves' feet and cow-heels.

In the course of the supper Don Juan asked of Don Quixote what news he had of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; if she were married; whether she had been brought to bed, or were pregnant; or whether, still in her maidenhood, she were mindful, with due regard to her chastity and her good name, of the amorous solicitations of Sir Don Quixote?

To which he replied:—Dulcinea is a virgin, and my passion more constant than ever, our correspondence upon the old footing, her beauty transformed into that of a coarse peasant wench. And then he went on to tell them, in detail, of the enchantment of the lady Dulcinea, and of what had happened in the Cave of Montesinos, with the instructions which the sage Merlin had given him for her disenchanting, which was through the flagellation of Sancho. Extreme was the delight which the two gentlemen took in hearing Don Quixote relate the strange incidents of his history, and they were as much amazed at his follies as at his elegant manner of recounting them. At one time they took him for a wise man, at another he slid into the crazy, without their being able to decide what grade to give him between sanity and madness. Sancho finished his supper, and leaving the innkeeper in a fuddled[1] condition, came into the room where his master was, saying on his entrance:

—May I die, gentlemen, but the author of this book your worships have got has no mind that we should be well

Mixtum imperium consisted in the mitigated power of giving possession of goods. *Merum mixtum imperium* is the higher power delegated by the sovereign to a judge or magistrate. Sancho is thus made to be invested with plenary authority over the cow-heels, in the place of his master.

[1] *Dejando hecho equis al ventero.* A drunken man is said familiarly, *hacer equis*—"to make an X."—because his legs cross each other from weakness, making them like the letter X. See Gaspar Lucas Hidalgo, his *Diálogos de Apacible Entretenimiento*, Noche 3, ch. iv. In the *argot* of Paris *faire des esses* expresses a similar idea.

acquainted.[1] As he calls me glutton, as you say, I wish he may not call me drunkard too.

—Yes, he does call you so, said Don Gerónimo; but I do not remember in what way, though I know his words have an ill sound and are false to boot, as I can see in the physiognomy of the good Sancho who is before me.

—Believe me, your honours, quoth Sancho, the Sancho and the Don Quixote of that history must be other than those which figure in that composed by Cid Hamet Benengeli; which are we, my master, valiant, wise, and amorous; and I, simple, droll, and neither sot nor glutton.[2]

—I believe it, said Don Juan, and if it were possible would have it decreed that no one should dare to treat of the affairs of the great Don Quixote but only Cid Hamet, his first author, just as Alexander decreed that none should dare to paint him but Apelles.

—Let him paint me who will, said Don Quixote, but let him not mis-paint me;[3] for patience is often wont to stumble when they load her with injuries.

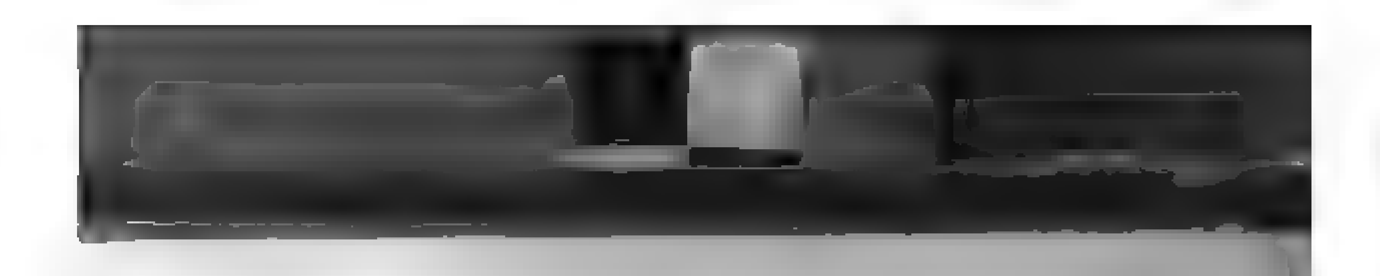
—To Sir Don Quixote none can be done, said Don Juan, for which he is not able to take vengeance, unless he wards it off with the buckler of his patience, which I believe to be mighty and great.

In these and other such discourses was spent a great part of the night; and although Don Juan wished Don Quixote to read more of the book to see what it treated of, he could not be prevailed upon, saying that he took it as read and

[1] *Que no comamos buenas migas juntos*—literally, "that we should not eat good crumbs together."

[2] It may be admitted that Cervantes makes Sancho fond of good eating and drinking; but the difference between his Sancho and Avellaneda's is that the one is always humorous, whether occupied with his *bota* and his *alforjas* or not, whereas the other is a simple wine-bibber and glutton, who is dull and coarse as well as drunken and greedy.

[3] Here is a play upon the words *retratar* and *maltratar*,—both from *tratar*,—such as cannot be rendered exactly in English.



approved it for wholly stupid; and he did not choose that the author, if by any chance it came to his ears that Don Quixote had held it in his hands, should flatter himself with the thought that he had read it; for our thoughts should be kept apart from things filthy and obscene,[1] much more our eyes.

They asked him which way he had decided to travel. He answered to Zaragoza, to be present at the jousts for the suit of armour, which are wont to be held every year in that city.

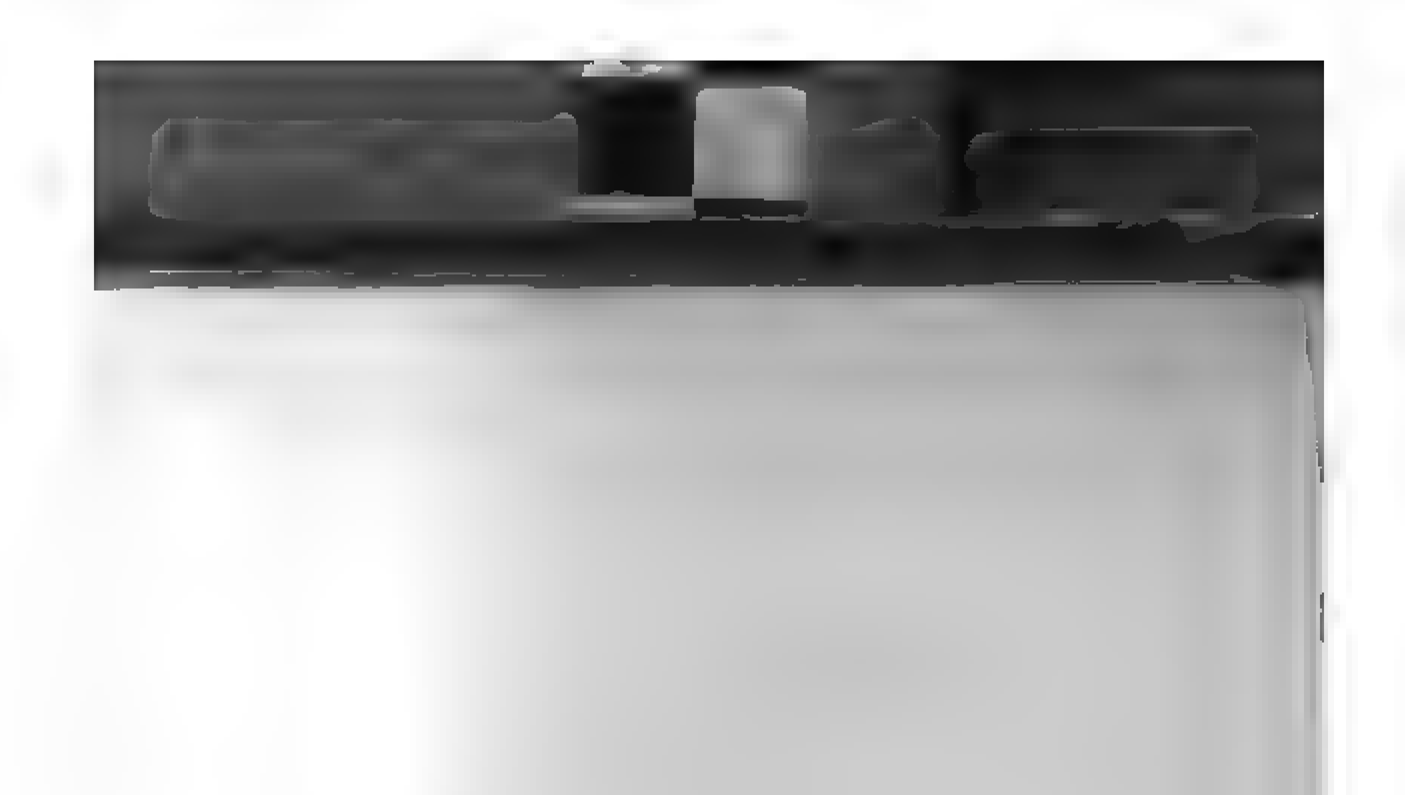
Don Juan told him that the new history related how that Don Quixote, let him be who he might, had been there in a tilting at the ring—barren of invention, poor in devices,[2] miserably poor in the costume, although rich in absurdities.

—For that same reason, answered Don Quixote, I will not set foot in Zaragoza; and thus will I expose to the world the falsity of that modern historian and let the people see that I am not the Don Quixote he speaks of.

Don Juan and Don Gerónimo wondering to see the medley he had made of his wisdom and his folly; and verily they believed that these were the true Don Quixote and Sancho, and not those which the Aragonese author had described.

Don Quixote rose early, and, tapping at the partition of the other chamber, bade farewell to his entertainers. Sancho paid the innkeeper magnificently, advising him, however, to laud the provisions of his inn less or to have that better provided.[1]

[1] This is the first chapter in which Cervantes notices the work of his rival and enemy, Avellaneda, which makes him, as we have seen, alter his hero's destination, and which probably had the effect of hurrying him in the carrying out of his own design. A modern English translator maintains that we ought to be grateful to Avellaneda, seeing that but for him *Don Quixote* would have come down to us a mere *torso* instead of a complete work. This is to misread the record. There is every evidence to show that even before Don Quixote left home on his third sally, therefore before Cervantes could have seen or heard of his rival's book, the plan had been arranged by which, through the medium of Samson Carrasco, he was to be cured of his madness, or at least brought back to his village. Carrasco's first adventure, as we have seen (in ch. xiv.), miscarried. He returned home, with a new motive to go after Don Quixote again, vowing (see ch. xv.) that he would have his revenge. Cervantes' original idea clearly was to bring Don Quixote and Samson Carrasco together at the jousts at Zaragoza,—the Knight's intention to go there being well known to the Bachelor. The appearance of Avellaneda's book diverted Cervantes from this part of his original plan, and in some ways it has had an ill effect upon the true *Don Quixote*, wherein the incidents in the last chapter are crowded and the *dénouement* rather abruptly introduced. I cannot take the side of those, however, who blame Cervantes for having gone out of his way to notice his rival's book. I do not see how he could have avoided noticing a book which was directly aimed at the injury, not of himself alone but—what he must have felt as the sorer wound—of the one child of his genius which had thriven, to give him fame at least, if not money. As to the mode in which Cervantes handles his adversary, I think it must be allowed to be most happy,—especially in the way in which he dexterously turns what was meant for his annoyance into new occasions of humour and new opportunities for Don Quixote,—converting his enemy's steel into his whetstone and making his libeller's venom serve his own wit. For a full account of Avellaneda and his book see my *Life* of Cervantes.



CHAPTER LX

Of what happened to Don Quixote on going to Barcelona

The morning was cool, and the day gave promise of being so too, on which Don Quixote took his departure from the inn, having first informed himself of the readiest way to go to Barcelona without touching at Zaragoza,—such was his eagerness to prove that new historian a liar, by whom, they said, he had been so greatly maligned. Now it so fell out that for more than six days[1] nothing happened to him worthy of being set down in writing; at the end of which, on going out of the road, night overtook him among some

Dulcinea, transformed into a peasant wench, jump and skip upon the back of her ass; now there sounded in his ears the words of the sage Merlin, which pronounced the conditions which were to be observed and the means to be taken for the disenchanting of Dulcinea. He was filled with despair in reflecting upon the remissness and little charity of Sancho his squire, for, as he understood, only five lashes had he given himself, a number disproportionate and paltry compared to the infinite many still outstanding; and hence he conceived so much chagrin and rage that he took counsel with himself thus:

—If the Great Alexander cut the Gordian knot saying, to cut is as good as to untie, and none the less came to be universal lord of the whole of Asia, neither more nor less should happen in the disenchantment of Dulcinea, if I lash Sancho in his own despite; for if the condition of this remedy consist in this, that Sancho receives three thousand and odd stripes, what matters it to me whether he gives them to himself or another gives them to him, seeing the essential thing is that he receives them, come they whence they may come?

With this idea he went up to Sancho, having first taken Rozinante's bridle, and having arranged it so that he might flog with it, he began to untie Sancho's points (though it is thought he had but the one in front, by which he kept up his breeches). But hardly had he got there when Sancho started up fully awake, and cried:—What is this? Who is touching me and undressing me?

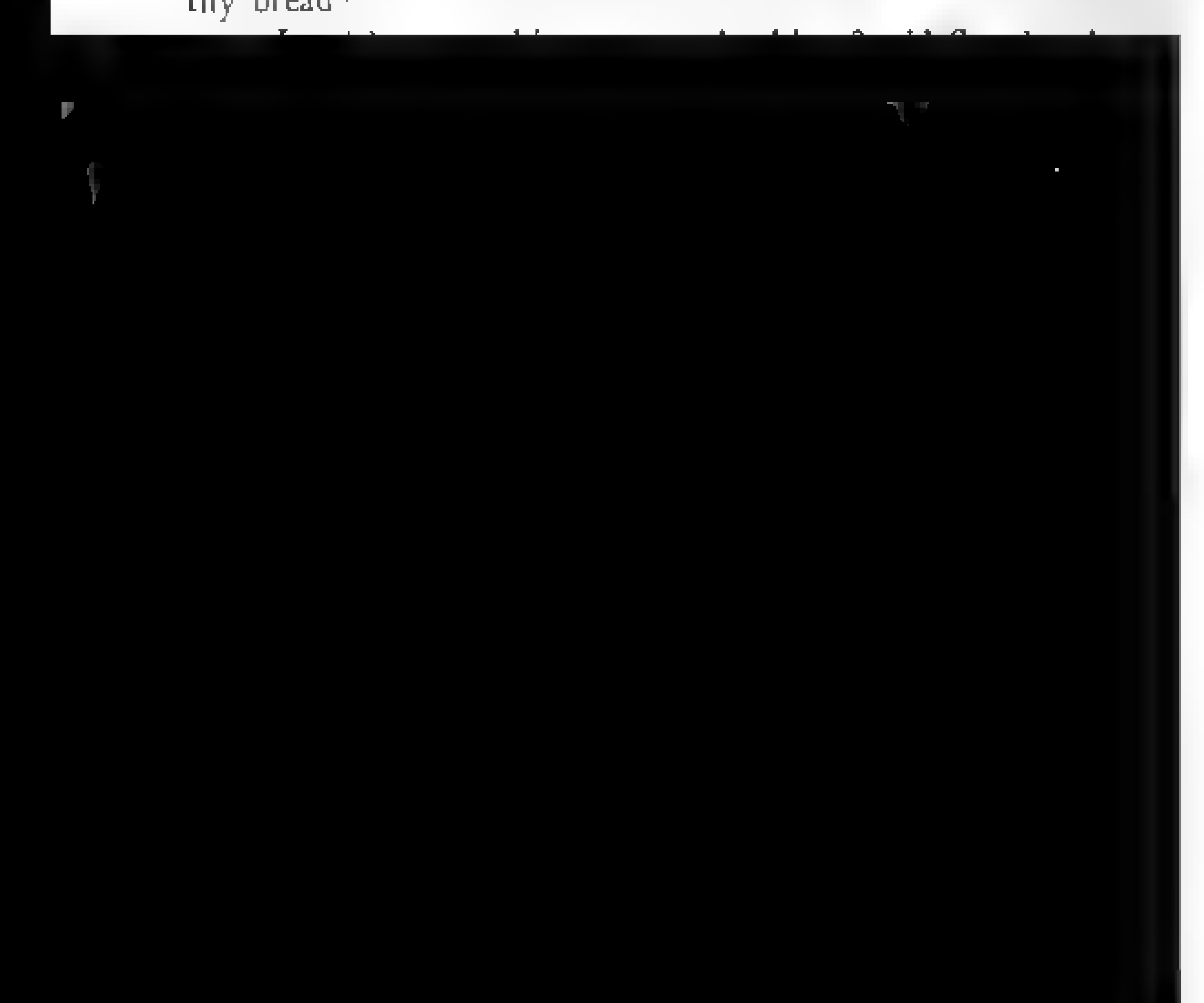
—It is I, answered Don Quixote, who am come to make good thy deficiencies and to relieve my troubles. I come to whip thee, Sancho, and to discharge in part the debt to which thou art bound. Dulcinea perishes; thou livest in idleness; I die of desire; and, therefore, strip of thine own free will, for mine is to give thee, in this retirement, at the least two thousand lashes

—Not so, said Sancho; pray your worship keep quiet; if not, by the true God, but the deaf shall hear us. The stripes for which I bound myself have to be given voluntary and not by force; and at present I have no mind to lash myself. Enough that I give your worship my word to flog and flap myself when the fancy takes me.

—There is no leaving it to thy courtesy, Sancho, said Don Quixote, for thou art hard of heart and though a clown tender of flesh.—And so he tried and strove to unbreech him.

Finding it to be so, Sancho got on his feet, and closing with his master gripped him by main force, and giving him the back trip[1] brought him to the ground, face uppermost. Placing his right knee upon his breast, he caught Don Quixote's hands with his own, in such a manner that he could neither stir nor breathe. Don Quixote cried out:

—How, traitor! rebellest thou against thy master and natural lord? Presumest thou against him who gives thee thy bread?



help myself who am my own lord. Let your worship promise me to be quiet and not offer to whip me now, and I will let you free and loose; if not—

> Here thou diest, traitor,
> Enemy of Doña Sancha![1]

Don Quixote gave his promise, and swore by the life of his thoughts not to touch a hair of Sancho's clothing, and to leave him to his own free will and pleasure to scourge himself when he would. Sancho rose up and went away a short distance from that spot, and as he was about to lean against another tree felt something touching his head, and putting up his hands encountered a man's feet with shoes and hose. He fell a-trembling with fear; he moved to another tree, and the same thing happened. He roared out, calling to Don Quixote to come to him. Don Quixote did so, and asking him what was the matter and what he was afraid of, Sancho replied that all these trees were full of human feet and legs. Don Quixote felt them, and at once guessed what it should be, and said to Sancho:

Have no fear, for these feet and legs which you feel and do not see, doubtless belong to some outlaws and bandits[2] who are hanged upon these trees, for justice about

Walter Scott of the ballad above referred to, sufficiently wide of the original but very spirited, in which the phrase is thus translated:—

> King to place, or to depose him,
> Dwelleth not in my desire;
> But the duty which he owes him,
> To his master pays the squire.

[1] Aqui morirás, traidor,
Enemigo de Doña Sancha.

Sancho quotes from the fine ballad on the slaying of the traitor Ruy Velazquez by Mudarra,—*A cazar va Don Rodrigo*,—one of the oldest extant in its original form (Duran, vol. i. p. 455).

[2] *Foragidos y bandoleros.* *Foragido*, literally, "outlaw," is one who goes out to live *de fuera*, "outside," among the forests. *Bandolero* is one who is under ban (*band*),—a proclaimed rebel,—of the same etymology as "bandit."



here is accustomed to hang them as it catches them, in twenties and thirties, by which I perceive that we must be near to Barcelona.[1]

And such was the truth, as he had supposed. When the morning dawned they lifted up their eyes, and saw that the clusters in those trees were the bodies of brigands. It was now day, and, if the dead had frightened them, not less were they troubled by some forty live bandits who on a sudden surrounded them, bidding them in the Catalan tongue to stand and remain there till their captain came. Don Quixote found himself on foot, his horse unbridled, his lance resting against a tree, and, in fine, void of all defence; and so he thought it best to cross his arms and to bow his head, reserving himself for a better time and opportunity. The robbers set to work to rifle Dapple, not leaving a single thing which was borne in the wallet and the valise; and it was well for Sancho that he carried the Duke's ducats and those he had brought with him from home in a belly-band which he had girt round him. But

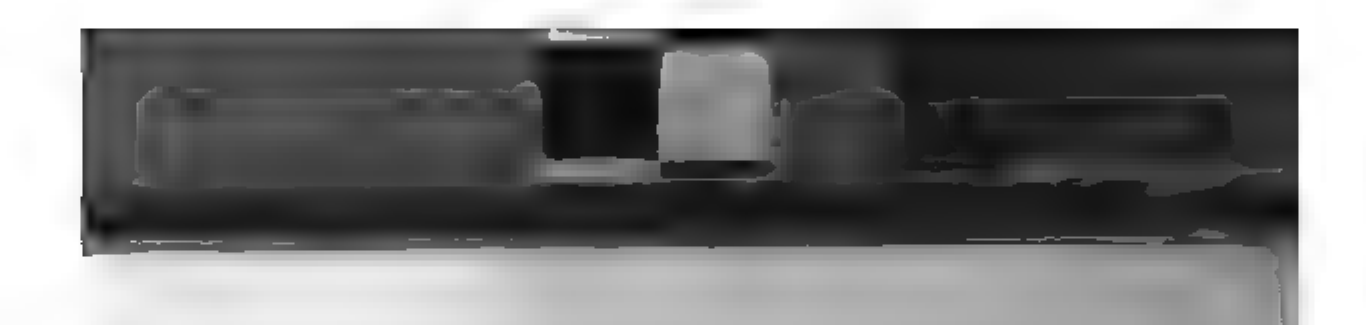
to desist, and was at once obeyed; and so the belly-band escaped. He wondered to see a lance resting against a tree, a shield on the ground, and Don Quixote in armour, and immersed in thought, with the saddest and most melancholy figure which sadness itself could wear. Going up to him, he said:

—Be not so sad, good man, for you have not fallen into the hands of some cruel Osiris[1] but into those of Roque Guinart,[2] which are more compassionate than cruel.

—My sadness is not, answered Don Quixote, through having fallen into thy power, O valorous Roque! whose fame has no limits on earth; but for my negligence being such that your soldiers have seized me unbridled, I being bound, according to the order of Knight Errantry which I profess, to live continually on the alert, being at all times sentinel of myself. For, let me tell thee, O great Roque! that if they had found me on horseback, with my lance and

[1] *Osiris*, so printed in the text,—a blunder of Roque's for *Busiris*, King of Egypt, the proverbial master of cruelty.

[2] Roque Guinart is a portrait drawn from the life. There actually was a noted freebooter of this name,—in his native Catalan, Pedro Rochaguinarda,—who was a contemporary of Cervantes. Clemencin quotes from his friend Don Próspero de Bofarull, a long and interesting account of this Catalan Robin Hood. He was born in 1582, so must have been at this date thirty-six years of age. He took up with the calling of a freebooter in 1607, and continued it to 1610 or 1611. In this last year he received a full pardon by proclamation, on condition of his quitting the country for Naples, where he became a reformed character and died in peace. This account of Roque Guinart (which does not tally with our narrative, which represents Roque as pursuing his vocation in 1614) is, however, contradicted by other testimonies cited by Pellicer, which postpone the date of Roque's reformation for several years. What is certain is that Roque achieved great fame by his exploits, being enabled to carry on his trade for many years successfully, probably, as indicated in the text, through the connivance of some of the great families of the province, who found him useful in their tribal feuds, just as Rob Roy owed his immunity to the family quarrels of the Campbells and the Grahams. He was "the best of the cut-throats,"—a mild-mannered man, who took from the rich and gave to the poor,—in fact, rather a philanthropist and politician than a robber. His fame clearly had extended beyond his province.



my shield, it would not have been very easy to make me yield, for I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, he of whose achievements the whole globe is full.

Roque Guinart at once perceived that Don Quixote's infirmity touched more on madness than on valour; and though at times he had heard him spoken of, he had never taken his doings for truth, nor could persuade himself that such a humour could reign in the heart of man. And he was exceedingly glad to have encountered him, to have a near proof of what he had heard of from afar. And so he said to him:

—Valorous Knight, vex not yourself, nor hold it for a sinister fortune this in which you find yourself, for it may be that in these stumbles and trips your crooked lot shall straighten itself; for Heaven, by strange, unheard-of, roundabout ways—by men inconceivable—is wont to raise the fallen and enrich the poor.

Don Quixote was about to thank him when they heard behind them a noise as of a troop of horses, though it turned out to be only one, upon which there came riding at

this Torrellas has a son, who is called Don Vicente, or at least was so called two hours ago. He, then,—to cut short the story of my misfortune, I will tell you in brief what he has caused to me,—he saw me, courted me; I listened to him; I fell in love with him, unknown to my father; for there is no woman, however secluded she may be or however reserved, who has not time to carry out and follow her unholy desires. In short, he promised to be my husband, and I gave him my word I should be his wife, without proceeding any farther. Yesterday I learnt that, forgetful of his obligations to me, he was about to marry another, and this morning was going to plight his troth,—news which distracted my senses and bereft me of my patience. And, my father not being in the town, I found means to dress myself in the garb you see, and pressing on my horse I overtook Don Vicente about a league from hence; and without stopping to utter reproaches, or to hear excuses, I fired this gun at him, and these two pistols besides, and I believe I must have lodged more than two bullets in his body, opening doors through which my honour, steeped in his blood, may escape. I left him there in the midst of his servants, who either dared not or could not interfere in his defence. I come to seek you that you may pass me into France, where I have relations with whom I may live, and to entreat you also to protect my father, that Don Vicente's many friends may not venture to take a cruel revenge upon him.

Roque, struck with the gallantry, boldness, handsome figure, and adventure of the beautiful Claudia, said to her:

Come, lady, let us go and see if your enemy is dead, and afterwards we will consider what may be best for you.

previous, was distinguished by the violent feuds which existed between the great families. The names in the text are those of families well known and still extant.

Don Quixote, who had been listening attentively to what Claudia said and Roque answered, cried:

—Let no one trouble himself to defend this lady, for I take it upon myself. Let them give me my horse and arms and await me here, for I will go to seek this gentleman, and, dead or alive, I shall make him fulfil the word he has pledged to beauty so exceeding.

—Let nobody doubt of this, said Sancho, for my master has a rare hand for match-making, for it is not many days since he made another man marry who also failed of his promise to another maiden, and were it not that the enchanters who persecute him changed the man's real figure into that of a lacquey, such maid had been none by this time.

Roque, who was taken up more with thinking of the beautiful Claudia's adventure than with the speeches of master and servant, paid no heed to them, but, commanding his squires to give back to Sancho all that they had plundered from Dapple, he directed them also to return to the place

and Claudia was troubled at the sight of Don Vicente. And so she went up to him and seizing his hands said, half tenderly, half severely:—Hadst thou given me these, according to our compact, thou hadst never come to this pass.

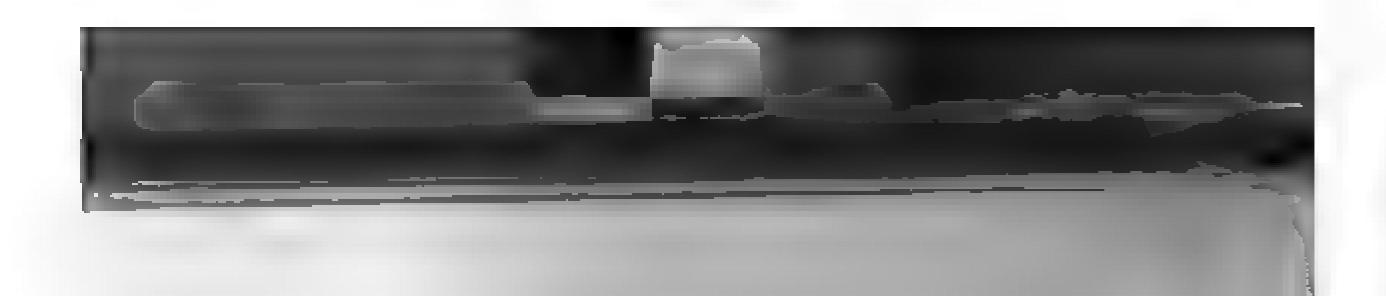
The wounded gentleman opened his all but closed eyes, and recognising Claudia, said:

—Now I see, fair and deluded mistress, that it is thou who hast slain me,—a punishment neither deserved nor due to my intents, with which and with my acts I neither wished nor could do thee wrong.

—Then is it not true, exclaimed Claudia, that thou wert going this morning to marry Leonora, the daughter of the rich Balvastro?

—No, in truth, answered Don Vicente; it was my ill luck must have brought thee this news that thou mightest in jealousy bereave me of my life, which since I leave in thy hands and in thy arms, I reckon my lot happy; and to assure thee of this truth, hold my hand and receive me for thy spouse, if thou wilt, for I have no better satisfaction to give thee for the injury which thou fanciest thou hast received from me.

Claudia wrung his hand, and wrung was her heart, so that she fell fainting on Don Vicente's blood and breast, as the death spasm seized him. Roque was perplexed, and knew not what to do. The servants ran to find water to throw in their faces, and having brought some, bathed them with it. Claudia recovered from her swoon, but not Don Vicente from his paroxysm, for his life was ended. When Claudia perceived this; when she realised that her sweet spouse no longer lived, she rent the air with her sobs; she wounded the Heavens with her plaints; she tore her hair, giving it to the winds; she disfigured her face with her hands, showing all the signs of grief and sorrow that could be imagined to come of a wounded heart.



—O rash and cruel woman! she cried, how easily wert thou moved to carry out thy evil intent! O raging force of jealousy, to what desperate end thou leadest her who shelters thee in her bosom! O husband mine, whose luckless fate, through thy pledge to me, has borne thee from the bridal bed to the sepulchre!

Such and so grievous were the lamentations of Claudia, that they drew tears from the eyes of Roque, little used to shed them on any occasion. The servants wept aloud; Claudia swooned again and again; and all around seemed a field of sorrow and a site of misfortune. Finally, Roque Guinart ordered Don Vicente's servants to bear the body to his father's place, which was near thereby, that they might give it burial. Claudia told Roque that she would retire to a nunnery of which the abbess was an aunt of hers, where she designed to end her days, in the company of another and more eternal spouse.[1] Roque commended her good resolve, and offered to accompany her whithersoever she pleased, and to defend her father against Don Vicente's relatives, and against all the world, should they seek to

Gascons, a rude and lawless people, Don Quixote's harangue did not much impress them. Roque, upon his arrival, asked Sancho Panza if they had returned and restored to him the jewels and effects they had taken from Dapple. Sancho answered *Yes*, except that three kerchiefs were missing, which were worth three cities.

—What sayst thou, fellow? cried one of the band; it is I who have them, and they are not worth three *reals*.

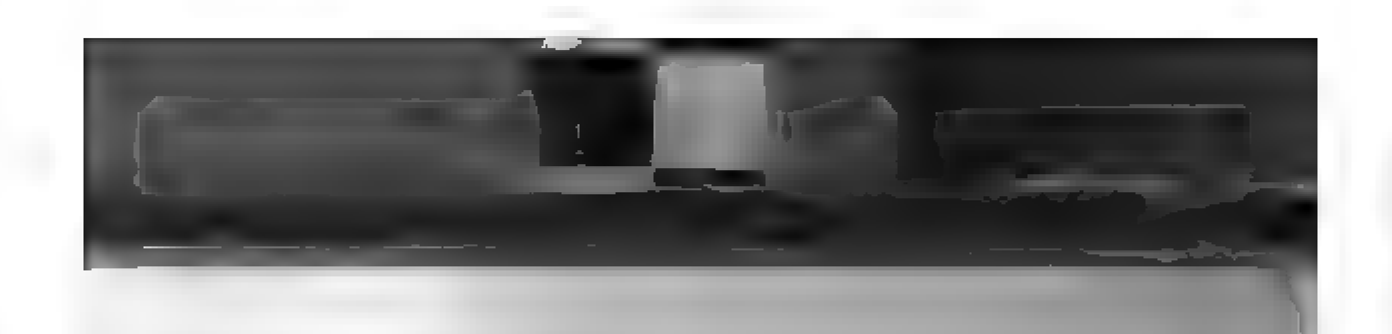
—That is true, said Don Quixote; but my squire rates them at what he has said for the sake of her who gave them to me.

Roque Guinart commanded them to be returned at once; then, ordering his men to form a line, directed them to bring forth before him all the clothing, jewels, and money, and anything they had taken since the last distribution. Then, briefly making a valuation, and turning whatever could not be divided into money, he distributed it among all his band with so much judgment and exactness that he neither went a point beyond nor fell short of strict distributive justice. This done, whereby they all remained contented, rewarded, and pleased, Roque said to Don Quixote:

—If I did not observe this scrupulousness with these men, it were not possible to live with them.

Whereupon Sancho said:—By what I have here seen justice is so good a thing that one must use it even amongst thieves.

One of the squires, on hearing this, raised the butt of his musket, with which he doubtless would have split open Sancho's head, if Roque Guinart had not called to him to hold. Sancho was frightened, and resolved to unclose his lips no more whilst he was among those gentry. At this moment there ran up one of those squires who had been posted as scouts in the woods to watch the people who came along, and give notice to their chief of what passed, and said he:



—Sir, not far off, along the road which goes to Barcelona, there comes a great troop of people.

To which Roque answered:—Hast thou made out if they are such as seek us or such as we seek?

—They are none but those whom we seek, replied the squire.

—Then go out all of you, said Roque, and bring them here before me at once, without letting one escape.

They did as they were ordered, Don Quixote, Sancho, and Roque alone remaining, who waited to see what the squires would bring. Meanwhile Roque said to Don Quixote:

—A novel mode of life must this of ours seem to Sir Don Quixote; strange adventures, strange incidents, and all full of peril. Nor do I marvel that so it should appear, for of a truth I confess that there is no mode of life more unquiet or more full of alarms than ours. I was led into it by I know not what desires of vengeance, which have power enough to disturb the most equable minds. I, by natural

medicines which the physician prescribes him. You are sick; you know your complaint; and Heaven, or rather God, who is our physician, will apply medicines to cure you, medicines which are wont to heal slowly and not suddenly and by miracle. Moreover, sinners of understanding are nearer amendment than the foolish. And seeing that you have in your speech displayed your sound sense, you have only to keep a good heart and hope for the recovery of your sick conscience. And if you would shorten the journey and turn easily into that of your salvation, come you with me, and I will teach you to be a Knight Errant, in which path are suffered such toils and mishaps as, being taken for penance, should carry you in a twinkling to heaven.

Roque laughed at Don Quixote's counsels and, changing the subject, recounted the tragic adventure of Claudia Gerónima, by which Sancho was greatly touched, for the girl's beauty, boldness, and spirit had pleased him not a little.

By this time the squires came up with their prize, bringing with them two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, with some half a dozen servants, mounted and on foot, who were of their company, with other two muleteers of the gentlemen's train. The squires set them in their midst, victors and vanquished, preserving a profound silence, waiting for the great Roque Guinart to speak. He then enquired of the gentlemen who they were, where they were going, and what money they had about them. One of them replied:

—Sir, we are two captains of Spanish infantry; our companies are at Naples, and we go to embark on board of four galleys which they report to be at Barcelona, under orders to sail for Sicily. We have two or three hundred crowns with us, with which we esteem ourselves rich and content, for the ordinary poverty of soldiers allows of no greater treasures.

Roque questioned the pilgrims as he had done the captains, and he was answered that they were on their way to take ship to pass over to Rome, and that between the two they might have about sixty *reals*. He desired to learn also who were travelling in the coach and whither, and what money they had; and one of the mounted men said:

—My mistress, Doña Guiomar de Quiñones, wife of the President of the Tribunal at Naples, with a little daughter, a maid, and a duenna, are they who go in the coach. We six servants are in attendance upon her, and the money we carry is six hundred crowns.

—So that, said Roque Guinart, we have here nine hundred crowns and sixty *reals*. My soldiers will be about sixty. See how much this comes to a head, for I am a bad accountant.

On hearing this, the robbers raised a shout, crying:—Long live Roque Guinart, in spite of the rogues[1] who seek his ruin!

The captains showed signs of distress; the Lady President looked sad; nor were the pilgrims very cheerful on seeing

Infinite and heartily expressed were the phrases with which the captains thanked Roque for his courtesy and generosity, for such they regarded the leaving them their own money. The lady Doña Guiomar de Quiñones would have flung herself out of the coach to kiss the feet and hands of the great Roque, but he would in no wise permit her to do so, beseeching her pardon rather for the injury he was forced to do her in order to comply with the obligations of his wicked office. The President's lady bade one of her servants give him the eighty crowns at once which had been assessed as her portion. The captains had already disembursed their sixty. The pilgrims were about to give up all their dole but Roque bade them keep quiet, and turning to his men he said:

—Of these crowns two go to each of you, and there are twenty men. Let ten be given to these pilgrims, and the other ten to this good squire,[1] that he may be able to speak well of this adventure.

And, bringing out his writing materials, with which he always went provided, Roque gave them a written safe-conduct to the chiefs of his bands, and taking farewell of them he left them to go free, filled with admiration of his magnanimity, his gallant bearing, and strange conduct, they regarding him rather as an Alexander the Great than a notorious thief.

One of the squires, in his Gascon-Catalan, remarked:—This captain of ours is more of the friar than of the highwayman! If he wants to be generous in future, let him be so with his own property and not with ours.

The unlucky man spoke not so low but that he let Roque hear him, who, drawing his sword, almost cleft the man's head in two, saying:—Thus do I chastise insolent malaperts!

They were all terror-stricken and none dared say a word,

[1] Meaning Sancho.

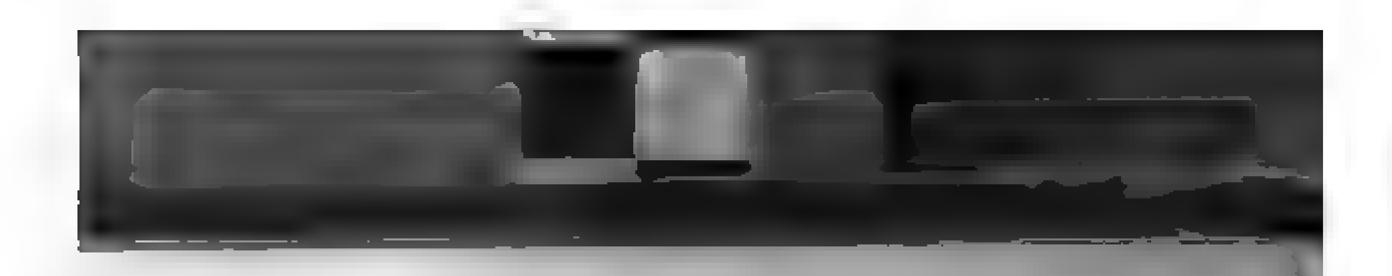
so great was the awe in which they held him. Roque drew a little apart, and wrote a letter to one of his friends at Barcelona, letting him know how that the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, that Knight Errant of whom there had been so much talk, was with him; and telling him that he was the pleasantest and cleverest man in the world, and that in four days thence, which would be on the day of S. John the Baptist, he would present himself in the middle of the city Strand, in full armour, riding on Rozinante his steed, together with his squire Sancho upon an ass; and bidding him give notice of this to his friends the Niarros, so that they might divert themselves with him, for he wished that his enemies the Cadells should lack that treat;[1] though that were impossible, because Don Quixote's deeds of madness and of good sense, and the pleasantries of his squire Sancho Panza, could not fail to give general entertainment to the whole world. Roque despatched this letter by one of his squires, who, exchanging the highwayman's garb for that of a peasant, entered Barcelona and gave it to the person to whom it was addressed.

CHAPTER LXI

Of what befell Don Quixote on entering Barcelona, with other things which have more of the true than of the wise

THREE days and three nights Don Quixote abode with Roque, and had it been three hundred years he would not have wanted matter for observation and wonder at his mode of life. Here they began the day; there they dined; sometimes they fled they knew not from whom; other times they waited for whom they knew not. They slept on their feet, their sleep being interrupted by shifts from place to place. It was all setting of spies, listening to scouts, blowing the matches of their firelocks,—though of these they had but few, for they all used flint-guns.[1] Roque would pass the night apart from his men, in places to them unknown, for the many proclamations which the Viceroy of Barcelona had issued against his life made him restless and uneasy. Nor could he trust in anybody, fearing lest his own men should either slay him or deliver him to justice,—a life truly miserable and wearisome. Finally, by unfrequented roads, by cross-ways and hidden paths, Roque, Don Quixote, and Sancho, with six other of the squires, set out for Barcelona. They arrived in the Strand on the eve of

[1] *Pedreñales.* The *pedreñal*, with flint lock, had lately superseded the *escopeta de rueda* or wheel-lock, which had followed the *arcabuz* or match-lock, though the superior weapon was still comparatively rare, and chiefly used by banditti. In the wars of Philip II. the Spanish infantry carried arquebuses. See note in Part I. ch. xxx.



S. John,[1] in the night, and Roque, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho (to whom he handed over the ten crowns he had promised, but until then not given), left them with a thousand offers of service made on the one part and on the other. Roque having gone back, Don Quixote remained awaiting the day on horseback, just as he was; and it was not long before the face of fair Aurora began to peep from the balconies of the East, gladdening the grass and the flowers, if not the ears; although at the same instant the ears also were gladdened by the sound of many hautboys and kettle-drums, the ringing of bells, the *tramp, tramp! make way! make way!*[2] of passengers, who appeared to be coming from the city. The dawn gave place to the sun, that with a face broader than a target came rising slowly from below the horizon. Don Quixote and Sancho cast their eyes around on all sides; they beheld the sea, till then unseen by them. It looked to them very large and spacious, a good deal bigger than the lagoons of Ruidera which they had seen in La Mancha.[3] They saw the galleys along the

[1] According to Rios' chronological scheme the date of the arrival of Don

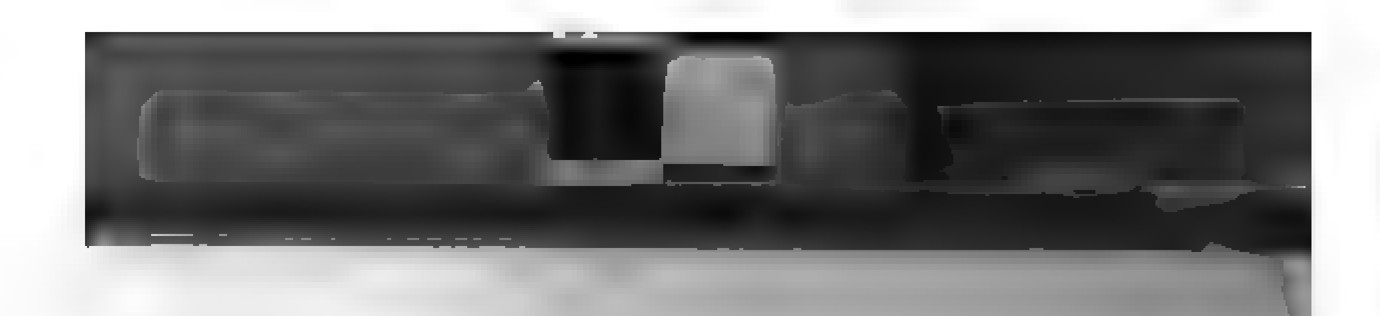
Strand, which, having lowered their awnings, appeared decked with streamers and pennants, which trembled to the breeze and kissed and swept the water; while from within there rang out clarions, trumpets, and hautboys, which near and afar filled the air with sweet and martial notes. They then began to move, and to execute a kind of skirmish upon the calm waters; and in the same manner, in concert, as it were, with them, an infinite number of gentlemen issued forth from the city, mounted upon handsome horses and in sumptuous apparel. The soldiers in the galleys discharged a number of guns, to which those who were on the city walls and forts responded, and the heavy artillery rent the air with their horrid din, replied to by the cannon on board of the galleys. The lively sea, the jocund earth, the clear sky, though now and then darkened by the smoke of the artillery, seemed to create and infuse a sudden gaiety among all the people. Sancho could not conceive how these great masses which moved along the sea could have so many feet.

By this time there came galloping up with cries, huzzas, and shouting the horsemen in gay attire to where Don Quixote was standing, amazed and confused; and one of them, which was he who had been advised by Roque, cried in a loud voice to Don Quixote:

—Welcome to our city, mirror, beacon, star, and cynosure of all Knight Errantry!—with all the rest of it, etc.[1] Welcome, I say, the valorous Don Quixote of La Mancha!—not the false, not the fictitious, not the apocryphal whom in lying histories they have lately shown us,—but the true, the legitimate, and the genuine, whom Cid Hamet Benengeli, flower of historians, has described to us!

Don Quixote answered not a word, nor did the cavaliers expect him to answer, but wheeling about with the rest of

[1] *Donde mas largamente se contiene*, added, doubtless, in an aside. For the meaning of this common phrase, taken from the law courts, see note to Part I. ch. xxx.

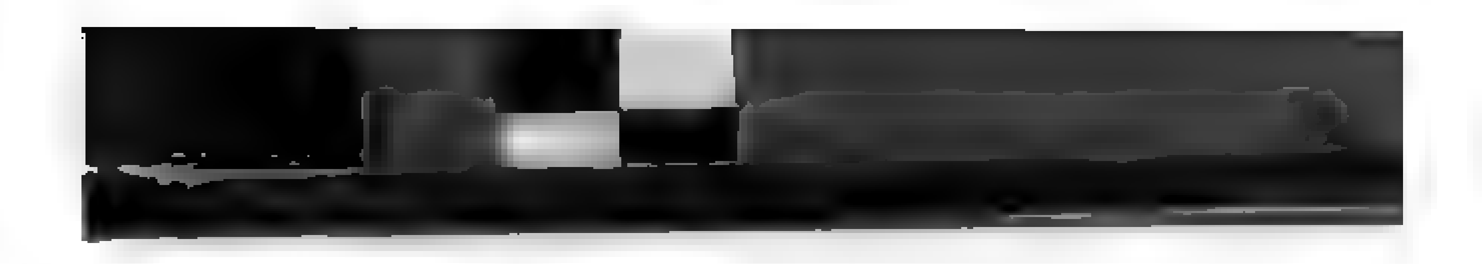


their followers they began to execute an elaborate caracoling round about Don Quixote, who, turning to Sancho, said:—These people clearly have recognised us; I will wager they have read our history, and also that of the Aragonese, lately imprinted.

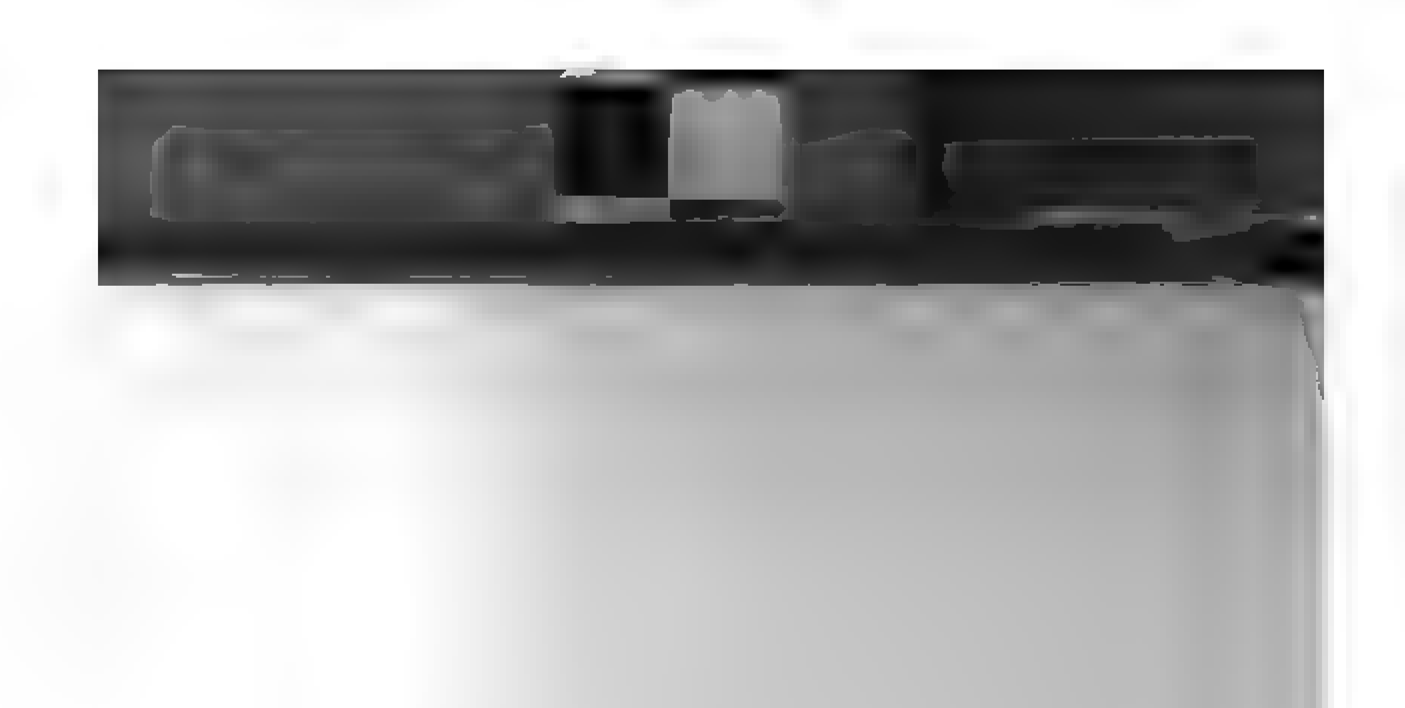
Once more the horseman who had spoken to Don Quixote addressed him, and said:—Sir Don Quixote, come with us, for we are all your servants and great friends of Roque Guinart.

To which Don Quixote replied:—If courtesies breed courtesies, yours, Sir Knight, is a daughter, or very near relative, of those of the great Roque. Take me where you please, for I have no will but yours, especially if you please to employ it in your service.

With words no less polite than these the cavalier answered him, and placing him in the midst of them, to the sound of the hautboys and the kettle-drums they set out with him to the city; at the entrance to which the Evil One, who orders all mischief,[1] and the boys, who are more evil than the Evil



who were escorting Don Quixote had a mind to chastise the boys for their insolence, but it was not possible, for they got in among more than a thousand others that were following. Don Quixote and Sancho remounted, and accompanied by the same acclaim and music arrived at the house of their guide, which was large and princely; in short, like that of some rich gentleman;—where we shall leave him for the present, for such is the will of Cid Hamet.



CHAPTER LXII

Which treats of the adventure of the Enchanted Head, with other frivolities which cannot be left untold

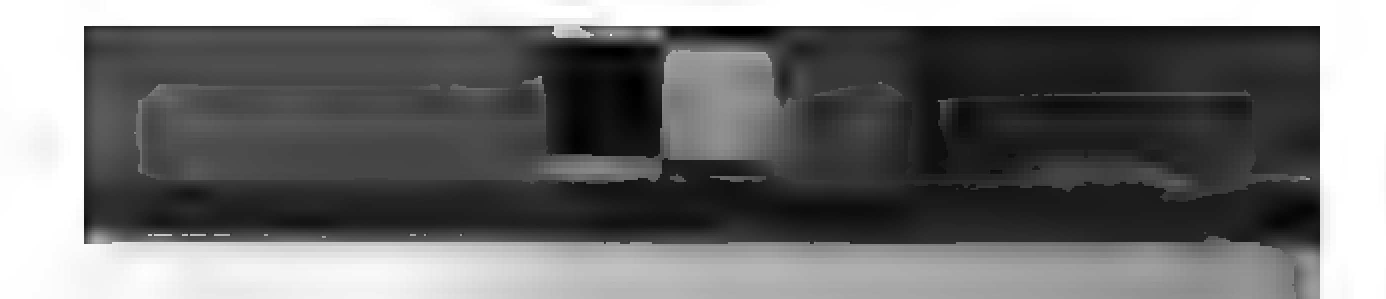
Don Antonio Moreno was the name of Don Quixote's host, a rich and witty gentleman and a lover of honest and civil diversion, who, finding Don Quixote in his house, cast about to seek for ways of drawing out his extravagancies without harm to him, for they are no jests which wound nor are pastimes of any worth if attended with pain to another.[1] The first thing he did was to make Don Quixote take off his armour, and let him be shown in his tight

delighted, imagining that he had found, unawares, another Camacho's wedding,—another house like Don Diego de Miranda's, another castle like the Duke's. There were dining that day with Don Antonio some of his friends, who did all honour to Don Quixote, treating him as a Knight Errant, at which, puffed up with vain-glory, he could not contain himself for pleasure. As for Sancho, his good sayings were such that all the servants of the house and as many as heard him hung upon his lips. Sitting at table Don Antonio said to Sancho:

—They tell us here, good Sancho, that you have such a liking for blanc-mange and force-meat balls [1] that if you have

to coincide with the festival of S. John. To bring his hero, with all his illusions and his fantastic figure and eccentric apparel, into a populous city like Barcelona, was a perilous experiment. The freaks and the adventures which would have been natural, or at least within the bounds of probability, among the solitudes of La Mancha, in rude country villages and little-frequented highways, would have been out of place, as Clemencin shrewdly observes, in a great and busy haunt of men like the eastern capital of Spain. The fertile invention of Cervantes,—who had ever present before his eyes the romances on which his own story was based, had, in this difficulty, recourse to those models in order to keep up the Knight Errantry business, and, at the same time, to maintain our interest in his hero. The festival of S. John was famous in all the books of chivalries as the season of gaiety and show, when the knights came out in their best attire, and the streets were thronged with prancing steeds and gaudily-bedizened courtiers. Whenever any great function is held in honour of some favourite hero it is on S. John's Day. It is so also in the ballads, where *la mañana de San Juan* is the great day for all the feats of love and gallantry. In the time of Cervantes the feast of S. John was held in all its ancient and legendary splendour; and therefore there was a special propriety in his bringing his hero to Barcelona on that day, Don Quixote being made to believe that the gala was held in his honour; and his own extravagant costume being on that day less remarkable.

[1] *De manjar blanco y de albondiguillas.* *Manjar blanco* was a delicacy composed of pounded chicken-meat, milk, sugar, rice, and almonds, in great vogue in the *haute cuisine* of the sixteenth century, and still in use in Spanish and Portuguese cookery,—a dish reserved of old for great tables. *Albondiguilla*,—diminutive of *albondiga*,—was minced meat, seasoned with spices, made up into the form of nuts or balls. Don Antonio's question to Sancho is with reference to a scene in Avellaneda's *Don Quixote*, ch. xii., where Sancho is represented as pocketing a couple of *albondiguillas* after eating a plateful of them, a capon, and four lumps of *manjar blanco*.



any left, you keep them in your bosom for another day.

—No, Sir, it is not so, answered Sancho, for I am rather cleanly than gluttonous, and my master Don Quixote, who is here present, knows well that with a handful of acorns or nuts we two are wont to go eight days together. True it is that sometimes if it happens to me that they give me the heifer I run with the rope;[1] I mean to say, that I eat what they give me and use the times as I find them; and whoever has said that I am an uncommon eater and not cleanly, take it from me that he does not hit it;[2] and I would say it in another way, were it not that I respect the honourable beards that are at the table.

—For certain, said Don Quixote, the abstemiousness and cleanliness with which Sancho eats might be written and engraved on tablets of brass, to remain for an everlasting memorial to succeeding ages. It is true that when he is hungry he appears somewhat ravenous, for he eats fast and masticates on both sides of his mouth. But cleanliness he

ships in the world. I fled away from it, hot foot; I fell into a cave, where I thought me dead, and from which I came out alive by a miracle.

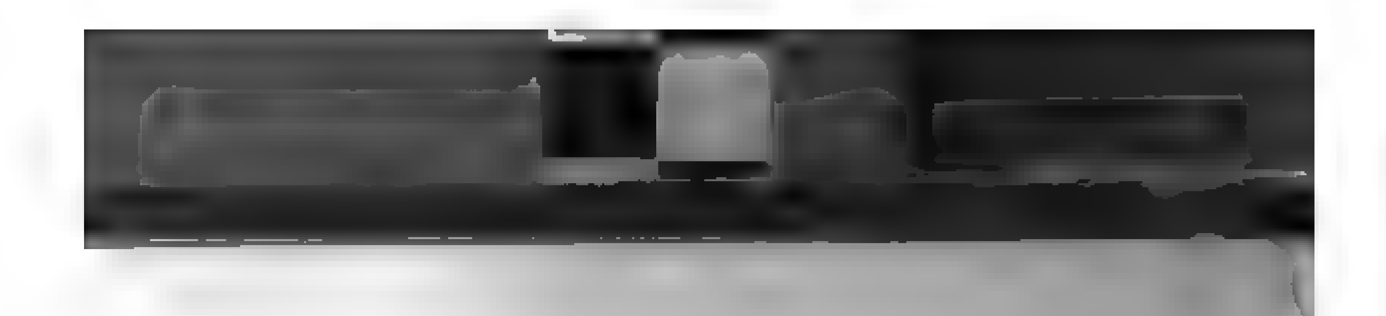
Don Quixote related in detail the whole episode of Sancho's Governorship, from which the hearers derived great amusement. The cloth being removed, Don Antonio took Don Quixote by the hand, and entered with him into a private room, where there was no other furniture than a table, which seemed to be of jasper, supported by a leg of the same, upon which was placed a head from the breast upwards, apparently of bronze, after those of the Roman emperors. Don Antonio paced up and down the room with Don Quixote, taking several turns round the table, after which he said:

—Now, Sir Don Quixote, that I am assured that no one is listening or can hear us, and the door is closed, I will tell you of one of the rarest adventures or rather novelties, which can be imagined, on condition that what I have to say to you must be kept lodged in the inmost recesses of secrecy.

—I swear it, responded Don Quixote; and will clap a flagstone thereupon for greater security; for I would have you to know, Sir Don Antonio (for he had now learnt his name), that you are addressing one who though he has ears to hear has no tongue to speak, therefore you can with safety convey what you have in your bosom into mine, and reckon that you have cast it into the abysses of silence.

—On the faith of that pledge, answered Don Antonio, I shall set you wondering at what you shall see and hear, and give myself some relief for the pain which is caused to me through having none to whom I may communicate my secrets, which are not such as may be confided to all.

Don Quixote was puzzled, and waited to see what would be the issue of these extraordinary precautions. Then Don Antonio, taking hold of his hand, passed it over the head of



bronze and along the table and down the leg of jasper upon which it stood, and then said:

—This head, Sir Don Quixote, has been wrought and contrived by one of the greatest enchanters and sorcerers whom the world ever possessed,—a Pole, I believe, by nation, and a disciple of the famous Escotillo,[1]—of whom so many marvels are related, who was here in my house, and for the price of a thousand crowns, which I gave him, constructed this head, which has the virtue and property of answering any question asked at its ear.[2] He took the bearings, he traced the characters, he studied the stars, he marked the moments; finally, he brought it to the perfection which we shall see to-morrow, for on Fridays it is mute, and as to-day is Friday we shall have to wait until to-morrow. In the meantime you will be able to determine what you will ask of it, and I know by experience that it speaks the truth in whatever it answers.

Don Quixote was amazed at the virtue and properties of the head, and was inclined not to believe Don Antonio;

where the other gentlemen were assembled. During this time Sancho had told them of many of the adventures and incidents which had happened to his master.

That same afternoon they took Don Quixote out for a stroll, not in armour but in street dress, habited in a long coat [1] of tawny cloth, which would have made ice itself sweat at that season. They gave orders to their servants to entertain Sancho, so as not to let him go out of the house. Don Quixote rode not upon Rozinante, but upon a tall, easy-stepping mule, very richly caparisoned. They put the long coat on him, and at the back, unperceived by him, they stitched a parchment, on which they wrote in large letters, *This is Don Quixote of La Mancha.* As soon as they began their march, the scroll drew the eyes of all who came to see him, and as they read -*This is Don Quixote of La Mancha*, Don Quixote wondered to find how many knew and named him of those who looked at him; and turning to Don Antonio, who rode by his side, he said:

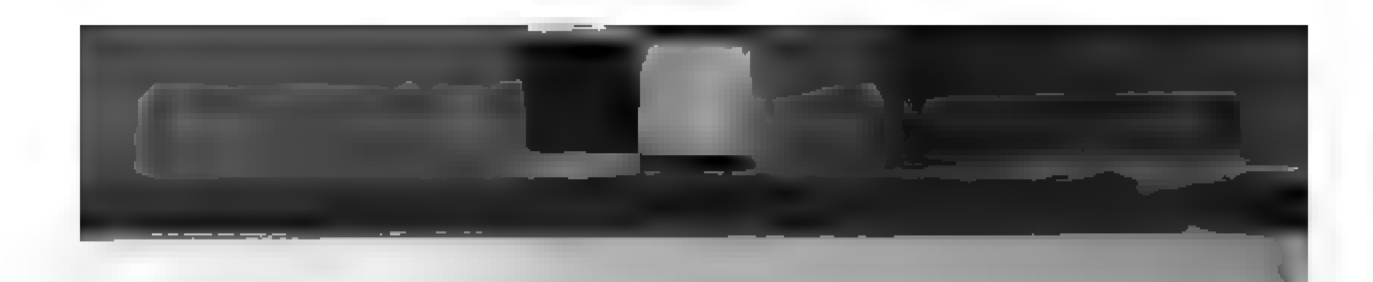
—Great is the prerogative which is inherent in Knight Errantry, for it makes known and famous him who professes it through all the bounds of the earth; for pray observe, Sir Don Antonio, that even the boys of this city, who have never seen me, know me.

—It is so, Sir Don Quixote, answered Don Antonio; for as fire cannot be hidden and confined, so virtue cannot help being known, and that which is achieved by the profession of arms outshines and excels all others.

Now, it fell out that as Don Quixote was riding along, amidst the acclamations which have been mentioned, a certain Castilian who read the scroll at his back, lifted up his voice, saying:

—The devil take Don Quixote of La Mancha! What! hast thou got to this without being dead of the infinite drubbings thou hast had upon thy shoulders? Thou art a

[1] *Balandran*—a long, loose overcoat, generally worn by priests.



lunatic, and wert thou so alone and within the doors of thy folly, the evil were less; but thou hast the property of turning into zanies and madman all who deal and consort with thee. Only look at these gentlemen who accompany thee! Go back home, idiot, and look after thy estate, thy wife, and thy children, and rid thee of these vanities, which eat away thy brain and drain thy understanding!

—Brother, said Don Antonio, go your way, and keep your counsels for those who ask for them. Sir Don Quixote of La Mancha is a man of sense, and we who keep him company are no fools. Virtue has to be honoured wherever it is found. Get you gone and bad luck to you, and do not meddle where you are not wanted.

—In faith, you are right, answered the Castilian, for to give counsel to this good man is to kick against the pricks; but for all that it grieves me much that the good understanding which they tell me this blockhead has in all things should run to waste by the channel of this Knight Errantry; and the bad luck you spoke of light on me and on all my progeny if from this day forward, though I should live

were two of a roguish and frolicsome humour, and, though modest enough, somewhat free in looking out for jokes which should divert without annoyance. These two were so urgent in making Don Quixote dance, that they racked not only his body but his soul. It was a sight to see Don Quixote's figure, long, gaunt, thin, and yellow, tightly encased in his habit, uncouth, and above all none of the nimblest. The ladies flirted with him on the sly and he, too, slyly repulsed them; but finding himself hard-pressed by their blandishments he lifted his voice and cried:—*Fugite, partes adversæ!*[1]—Leave me in peace, untoward thoughts! Away, ladies; tame your desires! for she who is queen of mine, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, doth suffer none but her own to enslave and subdue me!

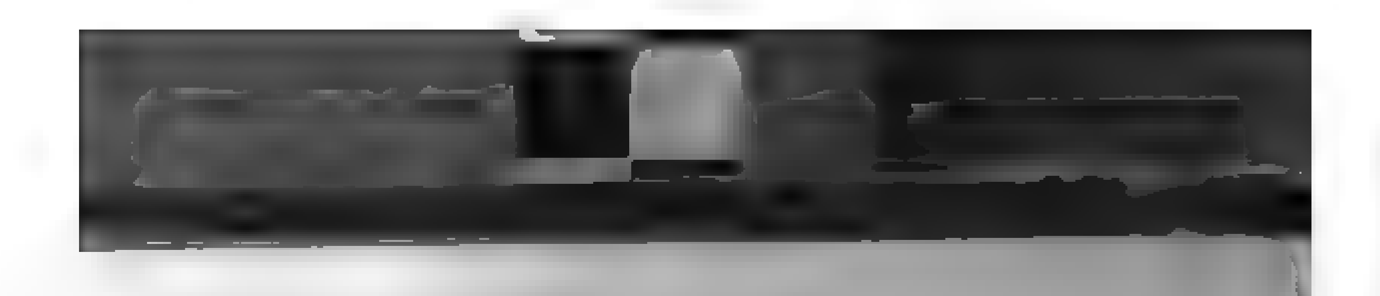
So saying, he sat him down in the middle of the hall on the floor, tired out and shaken to pieces by so much dancing exercise. Don Antonio made them take him up bodily and carry him off to his bed, and the first who laid hold of him was Sancho, saying:

—What the plague, master mine, put you upon the dancing? Think ye that all the valiant ones are dancers and all the Knights Errant caperers? Let me tell you, if you think so, you are wrong; a man there may be who shall dare to kill a giant rather than cut a caper. Had you been for the shoe-clattering,[2] I would supply your place for I jig it like a jerfalcon, but as for dancing, I cannot move a stitch.

With this speech and other such Sancho set the dancers laughing; and he put his master to bed, covering him up with clothes that he might sweat out the chill caught in his dancing.

[1] *Fugite, partes adversæ!*—a common formula of exorcism, out of the Roman breviary.

[2] *Zapateado*, meaning the rustic clog-dance, where the shoe is clattered against the floor, and struck with the palm of the hand. See note to ch. xix.



The next day Don Antonio thought it well to make the trial of the Enchanted Head, and, with Don Quixote, Sancho, and two others, his friends, besides the two ladies who had tormented Don Quixote at the ball, who had stayed the night with Don Antonio's wife, locked himself in the chamber where the Head was. He told them of the property it had, and charged them with the secret, saying that this was the first day on which the virtue of the said Enchanted Head was to be put to the proof. No other person except Don Antonio's two friends knew of the mystery of the enchantment; nay, if Don Antonio had not beforehand revealed it to his friends, they also would have been as much astonished as the others; for not to be so was impossible,—so artfully and cunningly was it contrived. The first who went up to the ear of the Head was Don Antonio himself, who said in a subdued voice, yet not so as that he could not be heard by all:

—Tell me, Head, by the virtue which is contained in thee, what are my thoughts at present?

And the Head made response, without moving its lips,

him who sold thee to me, learned Head, talkative Head, responsive Head, wonderful Head!—Let some one else come and ask it what he wishes.

As women are commonly prompt and inquisitive, the first who went up was one of the two friends of Antonio's wife, and the question she put was:

—Tell me, Head, what shall I do to become very handsome?

And she was answered:—Be very chaste.

—I ask thee no more, said the questioner.

Her companion then went up and said:—I would learn, O Head! if my husband loves me well or not.

The answer was:—Think of what he does for thee, and thou shalt find out.

The married one stood aside, saying:—This answer did not need a question; for indeed it is deeds which declare the love of him who does them.

Then came up one of Don Antonio's two friends, and asked:—Who am I?—And was answered:

—Thou knowest.

—I did not ask thee that, said the gentleman; but to tell me whether thou knowest me.

—Yes, I know thee, was the answer; thou art Don Pedro Noriz.

—I would learn no more, for this is enough to assure me, O Head, that thou knowest everything.

He, drawing aside, the other friend came up and put the question:—Tell me, Head, what are the wishes of my son and heir?

—I have already said, was the answer, that I judge not of wishes; but, nevertheless, I can tell thee that such as thy son has are to bury thee.

—That is, said the gentleman, what I see with my eyes I touch with my fingers,[1] and I ask no more.

[1] *Lo que veo por los ojos, con el dedo lo señalo*—a proverb.

The wife of Don Antonio went up and said:—I know not, Head, what to ask thee; only I would learn of thee whether I shall enjoy my good husband many years.

And the answer was.—Yes; thou shalt enjoy him, for his good constitution and his temperate mode of living promise many years of life, which many are wont by intemperance to cut short.

Next came Don Quixote, and said:—Tell me, thou who answerest, was it the truth or a dream that I relate of what happened to me in the Cave of Montesinos? Will the whippings of Sancho, my squire, be fulfilled? Will the disenchantment of Dulcinea be effected?

—In the matter of the Cave, was the answer, there is much to be said; it has something of either. The whippings of Sancho shall go on leisurely. The disenchantment of Dulcinea shall reach due consummation.

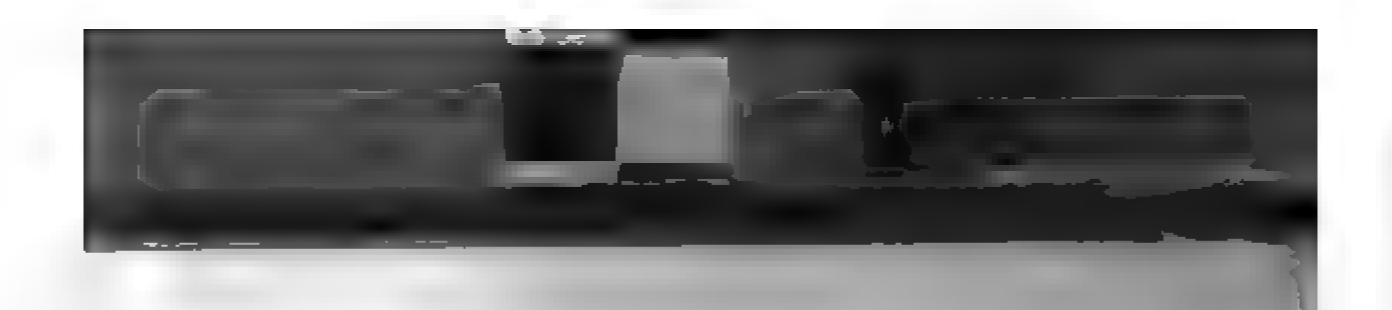
—I wish to know no more, said Don Quixote; for so I may see Dulcinea disenchanted, I will reckon that all good fortune which I may desire has come to me at once.

The last questioner was Sancho, and what he asked was:

for an answer? Is it not enough that the replies which this head hath given correspond with what is asked?

—Yes, it is enough, answered Sancho, but I would that it spoke plainer and told me more.

With this the questions and answers were brought to an end; but the wonder was not ended in which all were left except the two friends of Don Antonio, who understood the secret. This Cid Hamet Benengeli would at once explain, so as not to keep the world in suspense, in the belief that there was some magic or extraordinary mystery contained in the head. And thus he says, that Don Antonio Moreno, in imitation of another head that he saw at Madrid, designed by a die-cutter, manufactured this one at home for his own diversion and to puzzle the ignorant; and its construction was in this wise: the top of the table was of wood, painted and varnished to look like jasper, and the leg on which it stood was of the same, with four eagle's claws, which stood out from it to support the weight more firmly. The head, which looked like a bust and figure of a Roman emperor, of the colour of bronze, was all hollow, and equally so was the top of the table, into which it fitted so exactly that no sign of a junction was apparent. The feet of the table were in the like manner hollow, to correspond with the throat and chest of the bust, and the whole was made to communicate with another room which was underneath that in which the head stood. Through all this hollow of foot, table, throat, and chest of the said bust and figure there ran a pipe of tin, very well fitted, so that it could be seen by nobody. In the room below, corresponding with that above, was placed he who had to answer, his mouth applied to the same pipe, so that the voice from above reached below and from below above, as through an ear-trumpet, in clear articulate words; and thus it was impossible to discover the deception. A nephew of Don Antonio, a sharp, witty student, was the answerer, and having been



informed by his uncle of those who were to enter the chamber of the head with him that day, it was easy for him to answer with readiness and precision to the first question. The rest he answered at hazard, and, being a clever man, cleverly. And Cid Hamet says, moreover, that this marvellous machine stood for some ten or twelve days; but it being spread about the city that Don Antonio kept a magic Head in his house which answered all questions, fearing lest it might reach the ears of those watchful sentinels of our faith, he gave an account of the matter to the Inquisitors, who ordered him to take it to pieces and use it no further, in order that the ignorant vulgar might not be scandalised.[1] But in the opinion of Don Quixote and of Sancho the head was still an enchanted and a responsive one; more to Don Quixote's satisfaction than to Sancho's.

The gentlemen of the city, out of complaisance for Don Antonio and for the entertainment of Don Quixote, and to give him an opportunity for the display of his eccentricities, had arranged a tilting at the ring in six days from that time.

wished to learn how it was done.[1] He entered with all his retinue and saw them drawing off the sheets in one place, correcting of the press in another, composing in this, revising in that,—in short, all the processes which are to be seen in large printing-offices. Don Quixote went up to one department and enquired what it was they were doing there. The workmen told him; he looked on with wonder, and passed on. He came up to one among others, and asked what he was doing. The workman replied: Sir, this gentleman here (and he pointed out a man of very good presence and figure and of a certain gravity) has translated an Italian book into our Castilian tongue, and I am setting it up for the press.

—What is the title of the book? asked Don Quixote.

To which the author replied:—Sir, the book in Italian is called *Le Bagattelle*.

—And what answers to *Le Bagattelle* in our Castilian? asked Don Quixote.

—*Le Bagattelle*, said the author, is as though in our tongue we should say *Los Juguetes*;[2] and though this book is humble in title it contains and includes things very good and solid.

—I, said Don Quixote, know something of Tuscan, and value myself upon singing some of Ariosto's stanzas.[3] But, tell me, Sir (and I ask this not to test your faculty, but for curiosity—nothing more), have you ever come across in your reading such a word as *pignata*?

[1] Barcelona, at this period, according to Mendez (*Topografia Española*), had a more active press than any other city of Spain.

[2] *Los Juguetes*, "trifles."

[3] Don Quixote is found fault with by Clemencin for saying that he sang Ariosto's stanzas, on the ground that such stanzas are not lyrics, and are not poems for singing. To which the answer is that, in Italy, stanzas in the same measure (octaves) are singable, and are sung, as those of Tasso are in Venice. The octave is surely as much of a lyric as the sonnet, and sonnets, as we have seen, are frequently sung in the course of this story.

—Yes, often, answered the author.

—And how do you turn it into Castilian? enquired Don Quixote.

—How is it to be turned, replied the author, unless you say *olla?*

—Body of me! cried Don Quixote, and how forward you are in the Tuscan idiom! I will lay a good wager that where the Tuscan says *piace*, you say in Castilian *place*, and where it says *più*, you say *mas;* and the *su* is rendered by *arriba*, and the *giù* by *abajo*.[1]

—Yes, so I render them, certainly, said the author; for such are the proper equivalents.

I dare swear, said Don Quixote, that you are not appreciated by the world, ever averse from crowning the choice wits and their commendable works. What abilities are there lost! What talents obscured! What virtues unappreciated! But yet it seems to me that the translating of one language into another, unless it be those queens of the languages, Greek and Latin, is like viewing Flemish

any more than the transferring or copying one paper from another. But neither do I wish to imply that this exercise of translation is not praiseworthy, for a man might be occupied in things more mischievous and less profitable.[1] I put out of the question two famous translators, the one, Doctor Cristobal de Figueroa, in his *Pastor Fido*, and the other, Don Juan de Jáuregui, in his *Aminta*,[2] in which they happily leave in doubt which is the translation and which the original. But, prithee, tell me, Sir, is this book being printed on your own account or has the copyright been sold to a bookseller?[3]

— I print it on my own account, answered the author, and I expect to gain at least a thousand ducats by this first edition, which is to be of two thousand copies, and they will go off in a trice at six *reals* a-piece.

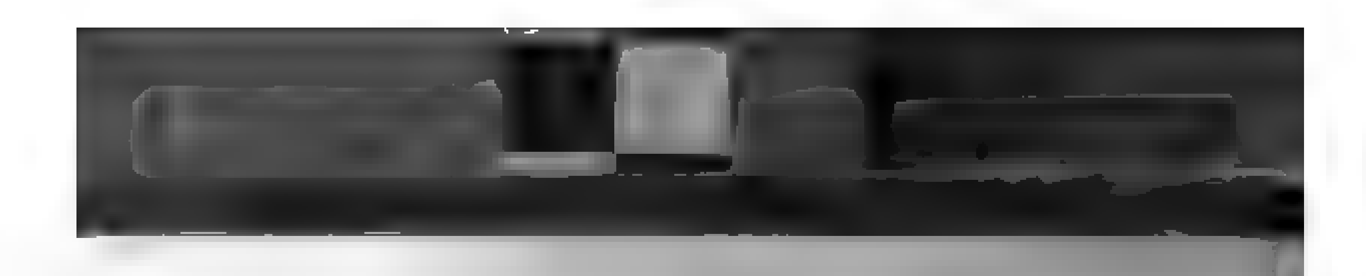
—You are mighty good at the reckoning,[4] responded Don

[1] It is strange that Cervantes should speak slightingly of the labours of translators, seeing how much indebted he himself has been to them. There is no profane book which has been translated so often and into so many languages as *Don Quixote*; which is a sufficient refutation of the preposterous theory of Fr. Sbarbi that *Don Quixote* cannot be translated. Nor can there be any surer test of the greatness of any book than that it admits of translation, and in any translation, however poor, fails not to be popular and to retain some of its goodness, which is what can be said of *Don Quixote* more truly than of any product of human wit.

[2] Figueroa's translation of Guarini's *Pastor Fido* was first published in 1609. Jauregui's translation of Tasso's *Aminta*, which is a very much better piece of work, classed among the best specimens of Castilian poetry, was not published till 1618, —two years after Cervantes' death. Cristóbal de Figueroa, who here and in the *Viaje del Parnaso* was so extravagantly praised by Cervantes, made but an ill return for this kindness. The year after Cervantes' death, in his *El Pasagero*, he spoke sneeringly of *Galatea*, found fault with the title of *Don Quixote*, ridiculed Cervantes' poetry, and even censured the dedication and prologue of *Persiles*, because they were written when the author was in the agonies of death (Navarrete, pp. 180-81). Jauregui was a truer friend and a better writer,—painter as well as poet,—who is supposed to have painted one of the two portraits of Cervantes done in his lifetime,—the other being by Pacheco,—both of which are lost.

[3] As *Don Quixote* had been to Francisco Robles,—a very bad bargain for the author, as Cervantes seems to intimate.

[4] Not so good, however, as Clemencin and Hartzenbusch; the first gravely



Quixote; it is very clear that you do not know the ins and the outs of the publishers, and the understandings they have with one another. I promise you that when you are saddled with two thousand copies of a book you will find your shoulders so sore as to frighten you, and especially if the book is a little out of the common and nothing piquant.[1]

—What, then, cried the author, do you want me to give it to a bookseller, who will pay me three *maravedis* for the copyright, and even think that he does me a favour in giving me that? I do not print my books to win fame in the world, for I am already known therein by my works. Profit is what I want, for without it fame is not worth a doit.

—God send you good fortune, answered Don Quixote; —and passed on to another compartment, where he saw they were correcting a sheet of a book entitled *Light of the Soul*,[2] and on seeing it he said:

—These are the books that ought to be printed, though they are many of the kind, for many are the sinners in fashion and there is need of infinite light for the number of the benighted.

Quixote of La Mancha, etc. etc., composed by such a one, native of Tordesillas.[1]

—I have heard of this book already, said Don Quixote; and in truth and on my conscience I thought it had been burnt and done to ashes for its impertinence; but its Martinmas will come to it as to every hog.[2] For feigned histories are so far good and delightful as they touch the truth, or the semblance thereof; and the true ones are better the truer they are.

Saying this he went out of the printing-office with looks of annoyance. That same day Don Antonio arranged that he should be taken to see the galleys which were on the Strand, at which Sancho rejoiced greatly, for he had never seen any in his life. Don Antonio gave notice to the commodore[3] of the galleys that he would bring his guest to see them that afternoon,—the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, of whom the commodore and all the inhabitants of the city had already heard. What happened there shall be told in the chapter following.[4]

[1] This would imply that there was a second edition of Avellaneda's spurious Second Part, published in 1614; which is not the fact, even though M. Germond de Lavigne maintains it, apparently on no better evidence than this passage. Cervantes is taxed by a modern translator for maladroitness in crediting his enemy with a second edition in so short a time; and this passage is quoted among others as a proof that the author of the real *Don Quixote* was now beginning to "lose his head." But surely the author may still be allowed his privilege of irony; and that he could afford to joke on such a matter is the best proof that he had not lost his head.

[2] In allusion to the proverb, *á cada puerco viene su San Martin*; a saying which arose from the custom of killing pigs at Martinmas for bacon.

[3] *Cuatralvo*.—one who commanded a squadron of four galleys.

[4] In this chapter we are invited by critics, native as well as foreign, to witness the proof of Cervantes' growing feebleness and languor, consequent, we are told, upon his disgust with the book of his rival, Avellaneda, and his desire to hurry on with his own task. That the publication of Avellaneda's scurrilous attack upon Cervantes and upon *Don Quixote* had a certain effect in disturbing Cervantes' mind and in inducing him to alter, probably for the worse, what he had designed for the conclusion of the story is very possible. The prolongation of Don Quixote's adventures to the city of Barcelona, with all that there happened,

instead of making him end his career, as doubtless the author first intended, at the jousts in Zaragoza, is one result of Avellaneda's intrusion upon the scene. Unquestionably, there are signs, in the concluding chapters of this Second Part, of hasty composition,—Cervantes being naturally desirous to come out with his own book as soon as possible after Avellaneda's appearance. I do not believe, however, that the *dénouement* of the story has been greatly altered by the effect upon Cervantes' mind of his rival's publication. Nor do I think that there is anything to regret in the spirit in which he has encountered his venomous secret foe,—a spirit which is in every way worthy of the manly and sweet-tempered Cervantes, nor indulged in any manner offensive to his readers.

CHAPTER LXIII

Of the disaster which happened to Sancho Panza on his visit to the Galleys, and the novel adventure of the beautiful Mooress

PROFOUND were the meditations of Don Quixote over the response of the Enchanted Head without any of them hitting upon the deceit, but all centred on the promise, which he regarded as sure, of Dulcinea's disenchantment. Upon that he dwelt again and again, exulting within himself in the belief that he would see it speedily accomplished. As for Sancho, though he hated being a Governor, as has been said, he still had a longing to rule once again and to be obeyed; for this ill fortune does authority, though it be a mock one, bring in its train.

In the afternoon Don Antonio Moreno, their host, and his two friends, with Don Quixote and Sancho, went to the galleys. The commodore had been apprised of the coming of the two famous ones, Don Quixote and Sancho, and no sooner did they arrive at the shore than he made the galleys strike their awnings and sound their clarions; and immediately a pinnace was launched into the water, covered with rich carpets and cushions of crimson velvet, on which, when Don Quixote had set foot, the captain's galley discharged her midship gun and the other galleys did the same; and upon Don Quixote's mounting by the starboard ladder the whole crew saluted him, as is the practice when a person of dis-

tinction comes on board of a galley, crying *Hu, Hu, Hu*, three times.[1] The General, for so we shall call him, who was a Valencian gentleman of rank,[2] gave Don Quixote his hand, and embraced him, saying:—This day I shall mark with a white stone, for it is one of the best I think to spend in my life, having seen Sir Don Quixote of La Mancha,—a day and a mark to signify that he is one in whom is enclosed and epitomised the whole worth of Knight Errantry.

Don Quixote responded to him in words no less courtly, being delighted beyond measure at finding himself treated in this lordly fashion. They all went on the poop, which was very gaily decorated, and seated themselves on the side benches. The boatswain passed along the gangway[3] amidships and gave a signal with his whistle for the crew to off shirts,[4] which was done in an instant. Sancho, on seeing so many people naked to the skin, was startled, and more so when he saw them set the awning so quickly as that it seemed to him that all the devils were working there. But all this was tarts and gingerbread to what I shall now tell.

man, on the starboard side,[1] who, having been instructed in what he had to do, seized him and hoisted him up in his arms; and then, the whole crew standing ready, beginning on the starboard side, sent him flying along so fast from bench to bench upon their arms that poor Sancho lost the sight of his eyes, and doubtless imagined that the very devils of hell were carrying him off; nor did they cease with him till they had sent him round the larboard side, and set him again on the poop. The poor fellow was left bruised, panting, and all in a sweat, without being able to conceive what it was that had happened to him. Don Quixote, when he saw Sancho's flight without wings, asked the General if such ceremonies were usual with those who came on board the galleys for the first time; for if by chance it were so he, who had no intention of being initiated in them, desired not to perform similar exercises; and he swore to God that if any one came to take hold of him to make him fly he would kick his heart out. And saying this he arose and laid his hand on his sword. At the same moment they lowered the awning, and with a very great noise they let fall the lateen-yard from aloft. Sancho thought the sky was loosened from its hinges and was coming down upon his head, so ducking it in a great fright he thrust it between his legs. Nor did Don Quixote altogether like it, for he too shrunk up his shoulders and lost the colour from his cheeks. The crew hoisted the yard with the same swiftness and noise with which they had lowered it, all the while silent themselves as if they had neither voice nor breath. The boatswain gave the signal to weigh anchor, and jumping on to the middle of the gangway, commenced with his rope's-end or bull's pizzle to flog the shoulders of the crew, and slowly to put off

[1] *Junto al espalder de la mano derecha.* The *espalder* was one of the two single oarsmen, picked men, who were perched on small benches above the rest, facing forward, and gave the stroke to the rowers.

to sea. When Sancho saw so many red feet (for such he thought the oars to be) moving together, he said to himself:

—These indeed, and of a truth, are things of enchantment, and not those of which my master speaks. What have these unfortunates done that they flog them so? And how does this single man, who goes whistling about here, have the boldness to flog so many people? Now I say that this is hell, or at least purgatory.

Don Quixote, who noted the attention with which Sancho regarded what was passing, said to him:

—Ah, friend Sancho! how quickly and at what little cost you could, if you would, strip your body naked from the middle upwards and place yourself among these gentlemen, and finish off the disenchantment of Dulcinea! For amid the torment and pain of so many you would not much feel your own; besides, it may be that the sage Merlin will reckon each stroke of these lashes, as being given with good will, for ten of those which ultimately you will have to give yourself.

The General would have enquired what lashes these were and what was the disenchantment of Dulcinea, when a seaman called out:

—Monjuich[1] is making signals that there is a vessel with oars on the coast to the westward.

Hearing this the General leapt on to the gangway and cried:—Pull away, my sons! let her not escape us; some

[1] The fortress of Monjuich, on an eminence to the right of Barcelona and commanding the city, of which it has been alternately the defence and the terror. It was taken by sudden assault by that true Knight Errant, the Earl of Peterborough, in 1705, which was one of the most brilliant and romantic of his exploits. In Cervantes' days, of course, the fortifications did not exist in their present strength; but Monjuich was always the citadel of Barcelona, and a very convenient watch-tower, whence the approach of the corsairs could be descried from a very long way off. The name is derived either from *Mons Jovis* or *Mons Judaicus*.

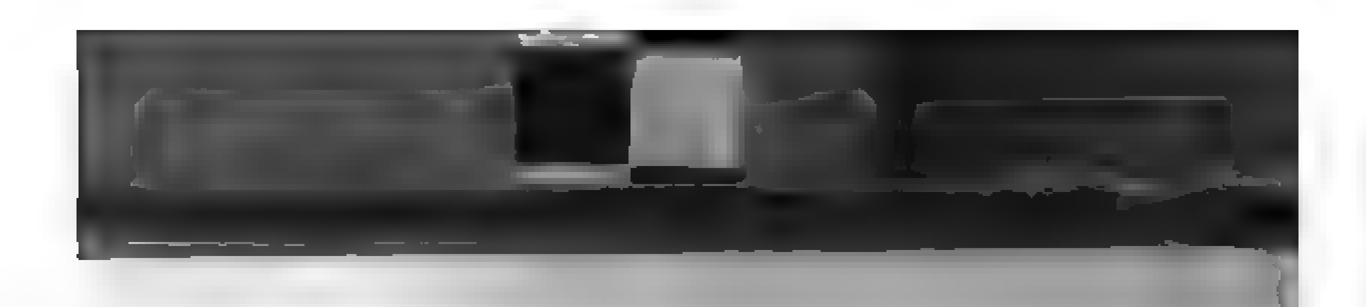
brigantine[1] of the Algerine corsairs this must be which the fort signals to us.

The other three galleys then came up to the captain-galley to learn what orders there were. The General directed two of them to stand out to sea, and he with the other would keep along the shore, for then the vessel could not escape them. The crew bent to their oars, driving the galleys so furiously that they seemed to fly. Those who went out to sea sighted, when about two miles off, a vessel which they took to be of about fourteen or fifteen banks, and this was the fact. The vessel, as soon as she perceived the galleys, beat a retreat, with the object and hope of escaping by her speed. But it fell out badly for her, for the captain-galley was one of the swiftest vessels which navigated the seas, and therefore gained upon her so fast that those in the brigantine clearly perceived that they could not escape, and therefore her commander desired his men to cease rowing and surrender, so as not to exasperate the captain who commanded our galleys. But Fortune, directing [illegible] otherwise, so ordered it that when the captain-galley had got up so near that those in the vessel could hear the [illegible] from her calling to them to yield, two 'Toraquis,'[2] that is to say, two drunken Turks, who were in the brigantine with some dozen others, discharged their pieces, by which two soldiers upon the forecastle[3] were killed. Seeing this, the General swore not to leave a man of them [illegible] whom he

[1] *Bergantín*—a low-built vessel [illegible] for speed than for fighting. The [illegible] had no square sails.

[2] *Toraquis* and *Turcs* would appear to be the same [illegible] different forms. The Turks, as the most [illegible] were always the [illegible] fighting men in the corsair galleys—the *Moors* and *Arabs* [illegible] and the Christian slaves the rowers.

[3] *Arrumbadas*—the [illegible] on a war-galley [illegible] upon [illegible] ground. He was [illegible] forecastle of the *Marquesa* that he [illegible] of Lepanto.



should find in the vessel, and as he bore down furiously to the attack she slipped away under the oars. The galley shot ahead a little space; those in the barque seeing they had been missed, made sail while the galley was turning, and once more set off to flee with sail and oar. But their diligence profited less than their daring had harmed them, for the captain-galley, overtaking them in a little more than half a mile, clapt her oars upon them and took them all alive. By this time the other two galleys had come up, and all four with the prize returned to the shore, where a vast number of people were waiting, curious to see what they had taken. The General cast anchor near the land, and perceiving that the Viceroy of the city[1] was on the Strand, he ordered the skiff to be launched to bring him on board, and bade them lower the lateen-yard to hang the captain and the other Turks off-hand who had been taken in the vessel, which were about thirty-six men, all lusty fellows, for the greater part Turkish musketeers. The General enquired who was the master of the brigantine; and he was answered

The captain would have replied, but the General could not then listen to his answer, having to go to receive the Viceroy, who had come on board the galley and with him some of his attendants and several people of the city.

—You have had a fine chase, Sir General, said the Viceroy.

—As fine, answered the General, as your Excellency shall see presently, hanging from the yard-arm.

—How so? asked the Viceroy.

—Because, answered the General, against every law and against all right and usage of war, they have slain two of my soldiers, the best I had in the galley; and I have sworn to hang all I have captured, especially this youth, who is the captain of the brigantine.

And he pointed out him who had his hands already tied and the rope bent round his neck, awaiting death.

The Viceroy looked at him, and seeing him so beautiful, so gallant, and so meek, his beauty giving him at that moment a letter of recommendation, there came to him the desire to save him from death. So he asked him:

—Tell me, captain, are you a Turk by nation, or Moor, or renegade?

To which the youth made answer, in the same Castilian tongue:

—I am no Turk, nor Moor, nor renegade.

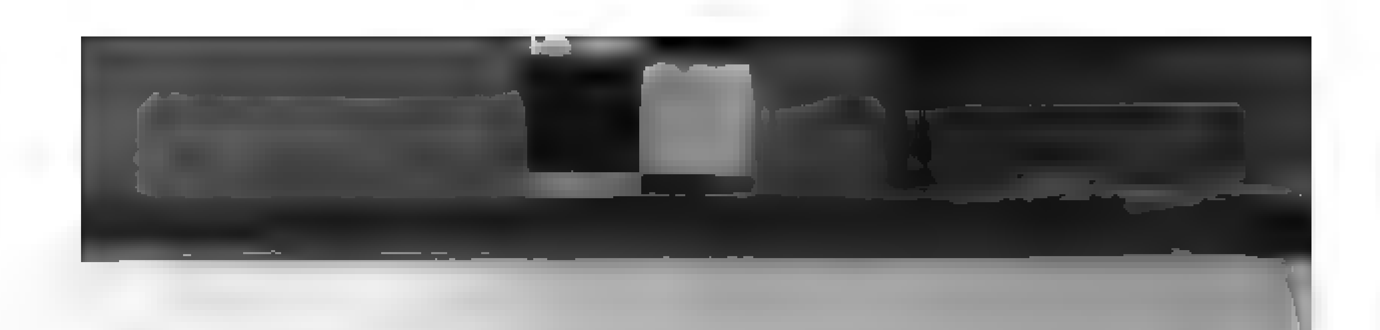
—Then what art thou? asked the Viceroy.

—A Christian woman, replied the lad.

—A woman and a Christian! and in that dress and in such a situation? It is a thing more marvellous than credible.

—Oh, gentlemen, suspend the execution of my death-sentence! said the youth, for you will not lose much in deferring your vengeance, while I relate to you the story of my life.

Who could be of a heart so hard as not to be softened

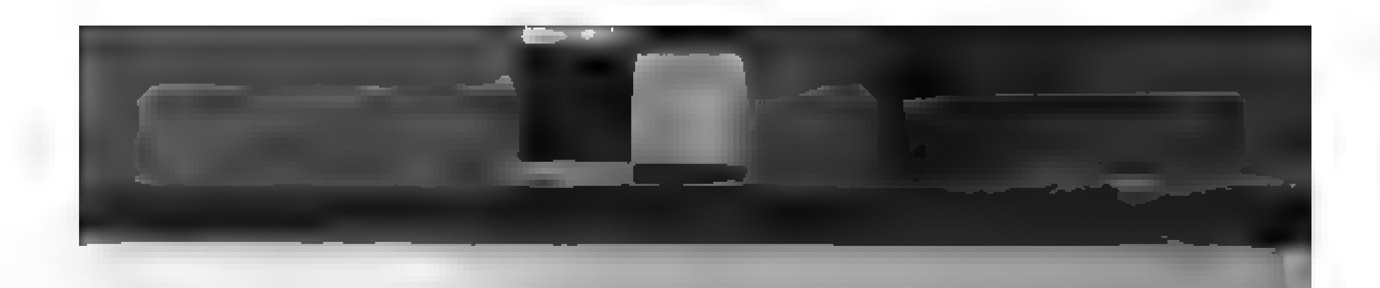


by those words, at least to listen to what the sad and pitiful youth wished to say? The General told him to say what he pleased, but not to hope for pardon for his flagrant offence. With this permission the youth began to speak as follows: -

Of that nation more unhappy than wise, upon which there has rained in these days a sea of woes, was I born, the child of Moorish parents. In the course of their calamity I was carried away by my two uncles to Barbary, it availing me nothing to say I was a Christian, as indeed I am, and not one of the pretended and feigned ones but of the true and Catholic. It was of no use for me to utter this truth with those who had the charge of our miserable banishment, nor would my uncles believe it, taking it rather for a lie and an invention of mine, in order to remain in the land where I was born; and so by force rather than by my free will they took me with them. I had a Christian mother and a father, a man of sense and also a Christian. I sucked the Catholic faith with my

taking me with them; for my father, prudent and far-sighted, as soon as he heard of the first edict of our banishment, quitted his village and went to seek some other in a foreign country, to shelter us. He left a number of pearls and stones of great price, with some money in *cruzadoes*[1] and doubloons of gold, concealed and buried in a place known only to me. He commanded me in no wise to touch the treasure he left behind, in the event of our being expelled before his return. I obeyed him, and with my uncles, as I have said, and other relatives and friends passed over into Barbary, and the spot where we settled was Algiers, which is as though we had taken up in hell itself. The king got news of my beauty, and fame told him of my wealth, which in part was my good fortune. He summoned me before him, asked me from which part of Spain I was, and what money and jewels I had. I told him the place, and how the jewels and money were there buried; but that they could easily be recovered if I myself went back for them. All this I told him that his covetousness might prevail over my beauty to blind him. While he was thus discoursing with me, information reached him how that there had come with me one of the most gallant and beautiful youths imaginable. I knew at once that they were speaking of Don Gaspar Gregório, whose good looks are beyond all extolling. I was troubled, reflecting on the danger which Don Gregório ran, for among those barbarous Turks a boy or beautiful youth is valued and esteemed more than a woman, be she ever so lovely. The king commanded him to be brought into his presence that he might see him, and asked me if it was true what they said of that youth. Then I, almost as if forewarned by Heaven, said *Yes*, it was; but that he must know that it was no male but a woman like myself; and I besought

[1] The *cruzado* was an ancient Spanish coin in gold, silver, and copper. The *cruzado* here meant was probably the Portuguese coin [illegible] worth about twelve *reals*, or half-a-crown of English [illegible]



him to let me go and dress her in her natural garb, in order that she might show to the full her beauty and appear before his presence with less bashfulness. He told me I was free to go, and that next day he would speak with me of the measures to be taken for my returning to Spain to bring off the hidden treasure. I spoke with Don Gregório. I told him of the danger he ran in appearing like a man; I dressed him like a Mooress, and that same evening brought him into the presence of the king, who on seeing him was struck with admiration, and formed the design of reserving her for a present to the Grand Signor; and in order to avoid the peril she might run in the seraglio of his own women, and through distrust of himself, he ordered her to be placed in the house of a Moorish lady of rank, who was to guard her and serve her; whither she was immediately taken. What we both suffered (for I cannot deny that I love him) I leave to be considered by those who love and are parted. The king presently got up a scheme for my returning to Spain in the brigantine, accompanied by two Turks, who are they who

which you have seen. The end of it is that Don Gregório remains in the habit of a woman among women, in manifest peril of his undoing, and I find myself with my hands bound, expecting or rather dreading to lose that life of which I am full weary. This, gentlemen, is the end of my doleful story, as true as it is luckless. What I pray of you is that you may let me die like a Christian woman, since, as I have told you, in nothing have I been guilty of the crime into which those of my race have fallen.[1]

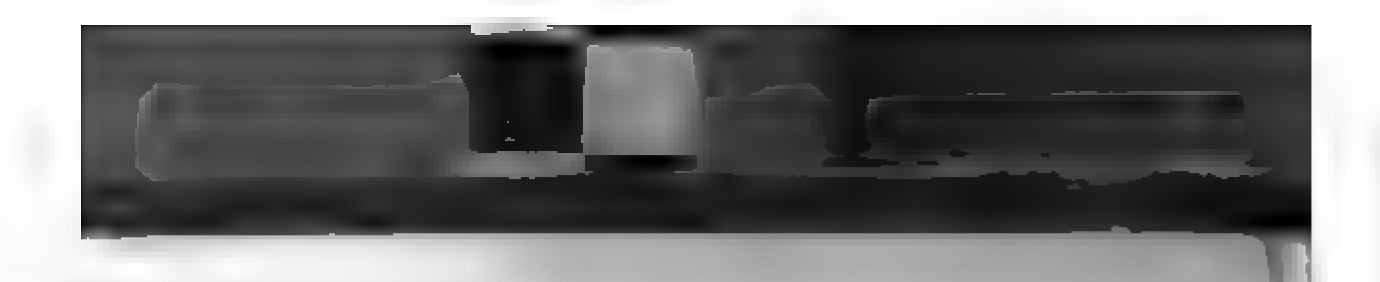
And then she ceased, her eyes surcharged with moving tears, in which many of those present bore her company.

The Viceroy, melted by compassion, without saying a word went up to her and with his own hands loosed the rope which bound the lovely ones of the Mooress.

Now, while the Christian Mooress was telling her strange story, an ancient pilgrim, who had gone on board the galley with the Viceroy, had his eyes fixed on her; and scarcely had she ended her narrative when he flung himself at her feet and, clasping hold of them, in words broken by a thousand sobs and sighs, said to her: O! Anna Felix, unhappy daughter mine! I am thy father, Ricote, who am returned to seek thee, not being able to live without thee, who art my soul!

At which words Sancho opened wide his eyes and raised his head which he had kept lowered, brooding on his late disastrous adventure, and, seeing the pilgrim, knew him to

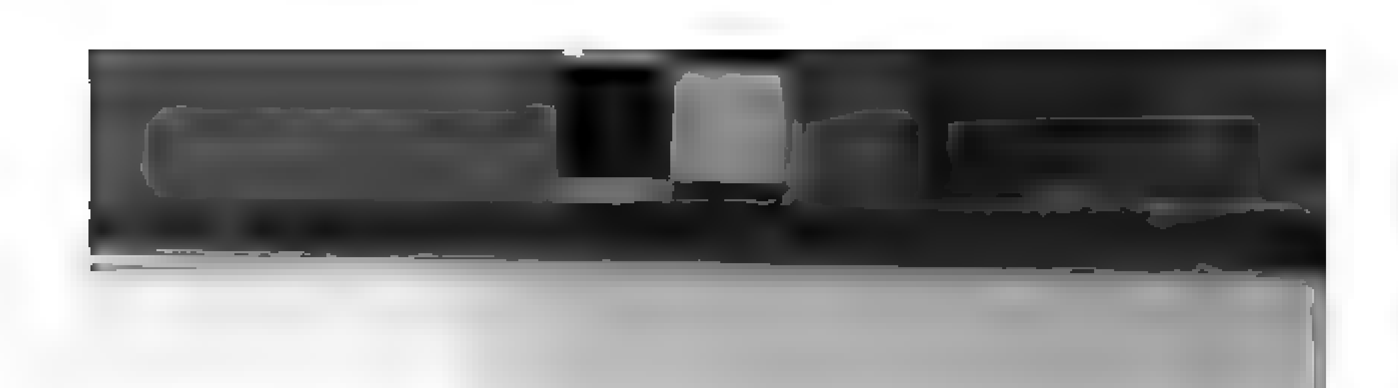
[1] Clemencín censures this speech as being too long, too calm, and altogether inappropriate to the situation of a young lady with her hands tied and a rope round her neck, in the presence of the Viceroy, the General of the galleys, and a large number of bystanders. He thinks that Anna Felix's language ought to have been a little more agitated and less correct. But Cervantes has only used the privilege common to all story-tellers since the world began. And the very fact that the girl was speaking before so distinguished a company and people of authority was surely one reason why she was so cool and collected, knowing full well that she had only to begin her story to be safe from all peril of violent death.



be the same Ricote whom he had met on the day he fled from his Government, and was convinced that this was his daughter. She, being now unbound, embraced her father, mingling his tears with her own. He, turning to the General and the Viceroy, said .

—This, Sirs, is my daughter, less happy in her fate than in her name. Anna Felix she is called, with the surname of Ricote, famous as much through her beauty as through my wealth. I left my country to seek in foreign kingdoms one to harbour and shelter us, and having found it in Germany, I returned in pilgrim's habit, in company with other Germans, to look for my daughter and to dig up moneys which I left hidden. I did not find my daughter, but I found the treasure, which I have with me ; and now, by the strange turn ye have seen, I have found the treasure which enriches me still more, which is my beloved daughter. If our guiltlessness and her tears and mine can avail to open the gates of mercy, through the strictness of your justice, extend it to us, who never had a thought of wronging you nor in any way consented with the designs of our people,

insolence. The General did what the Viceroy asked of him, for vengeance is not well taken in cold blood. Then they sought to devise a plan for delivering Don Gregorio from the peril in which he lay. Ricote offered towards it more than two thousand ducats which he had in pearls and jewellery. Many schemes were discussed, but none was so good as that of the renegade Spaniard, who has been mentioned. He proposed to return to Algiers in a little vessel of some six banks manned by Christian rowers, for he knew where, how, and when he could and should disembark, nor was he ignorant of the house where Don Gregorio was lodged. The General and the Viceroy were in doubt whether to rely on the renegade, or to confide to him the Christians who had to row at the oars. But Anna Felix answered for him, and Ricote her father said he would pay the ransom of the Christians if by chance they were betrayed. Their plans being thus settled, the Viceroy disembarked, and Don Antonio Moreno took the Mooress and her father along with him, the Viceroy charging him to receive and cherish them as best he could, offering them on his part whatever was in his house for their entertainment; so great was the benevolence and charity which the beauty of Anna Felix had infused into his bosom.



CHAPTER LXIV

Which treats of the adventure which gave more pain to Don Quixote than all which till then had befallen him

The wife of Don Antonio Moreno, the history relates, derived very great pleasure in seeing Anna Felix in her house. She received her with great kindness, having fallen as much in love with her beauty as with her wit, for in the one and in the other did the Mooress excel; and all the people of the city flocked to see her as though at the ringing of the bell. Don Quixote said to Don Antonio that the scheme they had adopted for the liberating of Don Gregório

—Your worship paints it well and makes it easy, quoth Sancho; but 'twixt said and done is a long run,[1] and I stick to the renegado, who looks to me a very likely fellow and a good heart.

Don Antonio said that if the renegade should not succeed in the affair they would adopt the expedient of the great Don Quixote's passing over into Barbary. In two days from that time the renegade departed in a light bark of six oars on a side, manned with a very able crew; and two days afterwards the galleys set sail for the Levant, the General having besought the Viceroy to keep him informed of what happened in respect of the deliverance of Don Gregório and the affair of Anna Felix. The Viceroy promised to do what he was asked.

One morning, Don Quixote sallying forth to take the air upon the Strand, armed at all points (for, as oft-times he would say, *his ornaments were arms, his rest the battle fray*,[2] and he was never a moment himself without them), he saw coming towards him a Knight, armed likewise in full armour,[3] bearing painted on his shield a shining moon, who, when he drew near enough to be heard, cried in a loud voice, directing his words to Don Quixote:

—Illustrious Knight and never-as-he-ought-to-be-extolled Don Quixote of La Mancha! I am the Knight of the White Moon, whose unheard-of deeds, perhaps, may bring him to thy remembrance. I come to do battle with thee and to try the force of thine arm, to the end that I may make thee acknowledge and confess that my lady, let her be who she may, is, without comparison, more beautiful than thy Dulcinea del

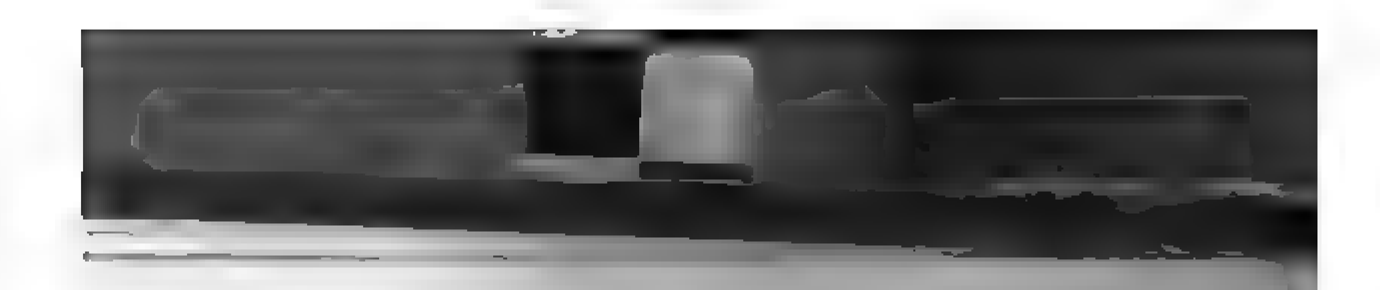
[1] *Del dicho al hecho hai gran trecho*—a proverb.

[2] In allusion to the lines of the old ballad:

> Mis arreos son las armas,
> Mi descanso el pelear, etc.;

quoted before in Part I. ch. ii.

[3] *Armado de punta en blanco*—*i.e.* with every piece of defensive armour complete,—*cap-à-pie*.



Toboso; the which truth, if thou confessest candidly, shall save thyself from death and me the trouble of putting thee to it; and if thou shouldst fight and I vanquish thee, I desire no other satisfaction than that, forsaking arms and abstaining from the quest of adventure, thou shalt withdraw and betake thee to thy village for the space of one year, during which thou must live without putting hand to thy sword, in tranquil peace and profitable ease, for so it is best for the increase of thy estate and the safety of thy soul. And if thou shouldst vanquish me my head shall remain at thy discretion, and the spoils of my armour and steed shall be thine, and the fame of my exploits pass to thine.[1] Consider which is better for thee, and answer quickly, for to-day is the only day I have to despatch this business.

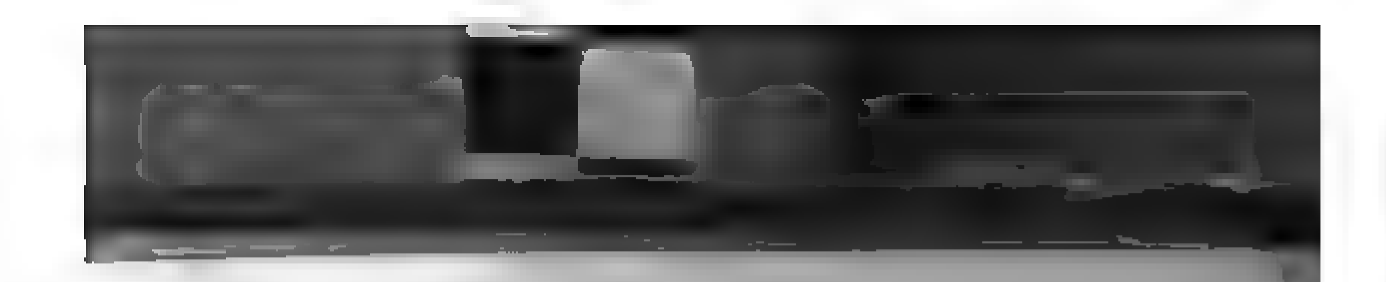
Don Quixote stood confounded and amazed, as much at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon as at the reason for the challenge; and he responded with calmne

ne, for I know not what they [illegible] own, such as they are. [illegible] which you wish and I will [illegible] hall give it let Saint Peter bless

The Knight of the White Moon [illegible] om the city, and the Viceroy was [illegible] with Don Quixote. The [illegible] some new adventure [illegible] other gentleman [illegible] nd, with Don Antonio [illegible] company, at the [illegible] Don Quixote [illegible] inante round [illegible] Viceroy, seeing [illegible] the encounter, [illegible] the cause which moved them [illegible] Knight of the White Moon [illegible] er of precedence [illegible] m what he had said [illegible] Don Quixote [illegible] le conditions of the challenge [illegible] roy then went [illegible] Don Antonio [illegible] ide, whether he knew who this Knight of the White [illegible] was, or if it were some [illegible] Quixote. Don Antonio replied that he neither knew [illegible] he was nor if the challenge were in jest or in earnest. answer perplexed the Viceroy, leaving him in doubt [illegible] her he should let them go on with the combat or not; ot being able to persuade himself that it was other than he drew apart, saying:

Sir Knights, if there is here no other remedy but to s or die, and if Sir Don Quixote persists in saying and you of the *White Moon* white,[1] in the hand of e it and fall on.

[1] e original makes the Viceroy say that Don Quixote was [illegible], in his thirteen), and the Knight of the White Moon [illegible] teen). *Estarse en sus trece* is to insist pertinaciously on any preconceived



He of the White Moon thanked the Viceroy in courteous and well-chosen terms for the licence he gave them, and the same did Don Quixote, who, commending himself to Heaven with all his heart and to his Dulcinea, as was his wont at the outset of battles, wheeled about to take up a little more ground, for he saw that his adversary was doing the same; and, without sound of trumpet or other warlike instrument to give them the signal for the onset, they both turned their steeds about at the same moment; and as he of the White Moon was the more agile, he met Don Quixote at two-thirds of the course and there encountered him with such impetuous force that, without touching him with the lance (which he seemed to hold up on purpose), he brought Rozinante and Don Quixote to the ground with a parlous fall. He was at once upon him, and setting the lance to his vizor, cried:

—You are conquered, Knight,—aye, dead, if you do not confess according to the articles of our challenge!

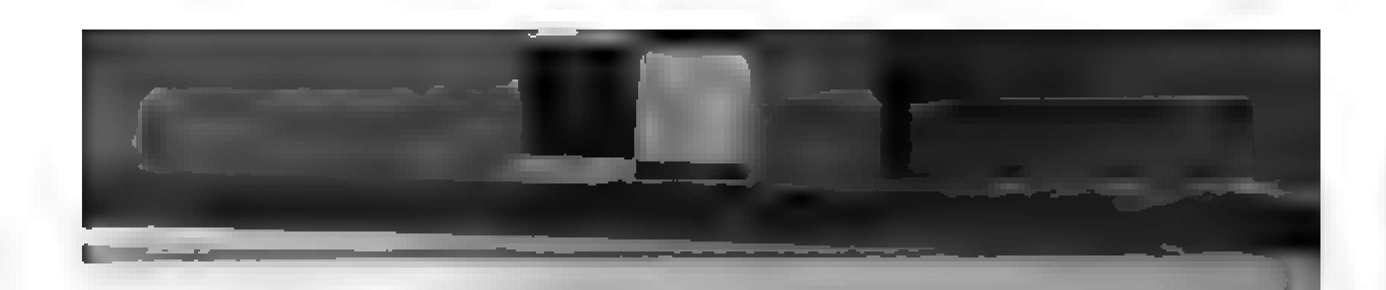
Don Quixote, battered and stunned, without lifting his

—That, certes, shall I not do, said he of the White Moon: let the renown of the lady Dulcinea's beauty live in its entirety; for the only satisfaction I ask is that the great Don Quixote of La Mancha should retire to his village for a year, on such terms as I shall prescribe, as we agreed upon before entering upon this battle.

All this the Viceroy and Don Antonio, with many others who were there, overheard, and they heard also Don Quixote respond, that since nothing was demanded of him to the prejudice of Dulcinea, all the rest he would accomplish like a punctilious and truthful Knight.

This confession being made, he of the White Moon turned rein and, making obeisance with his head to the Viceroy, rode into the city at a hand gallop. The Viceroy commanded Don Antonio to go after him, and by all means to learn who he was. They raised up Don Quixote and, uncovering his face, they found him colourless and in a sweat. Rozinante, out of sheer bad plight, for the time was unable to move. Sancho, all sad and sorrowful, knew not what to say or what to do. It seemed to him that all this episode passed in a dream, and all this business was matter of enchantment. He saw his master overthrown, and bound not to take up arms for a twelvemonth. He imagined the lustre of the glory of his exploits to be obscured, the hopes of his late promises dissipated as the wind dissipates smoke. He feared that Rozinante would remain a cripple for ever,

blunder of making the instrument of Don Quixote's overthrow a "disguised barber"—weaving about this detail much Heinesque and fantastic sentiment. But Cervantes knew his trade better than to make such a mistake. It is no barber but a true Knight Errant who works the poor ingenious gentleman's downfall. For Master Nicholas to have donned harness and started away on so romantic an adventure as to conquer Don Quixote by force of arms and bring him back to his village would have been sheer buffoonery,—out of harmony with Cervantes' design and an outrage upon the Knight and upon chivalry. The true humanity as well as the true art, in conformity with Cervantes' whole purpose in writing this book, was to make the wit the instrument in the curing of the madman through the means of his delusion.



and his master dismembered,—it were no small luck if he were also dis-maddened.[1] In the end they carried him into the city on a hand-chair which the Viceroy sent for, the Viceroy also returning thither, longing to know who was the Knight of the White Moon who had left Don Quixote in so sad a plight.

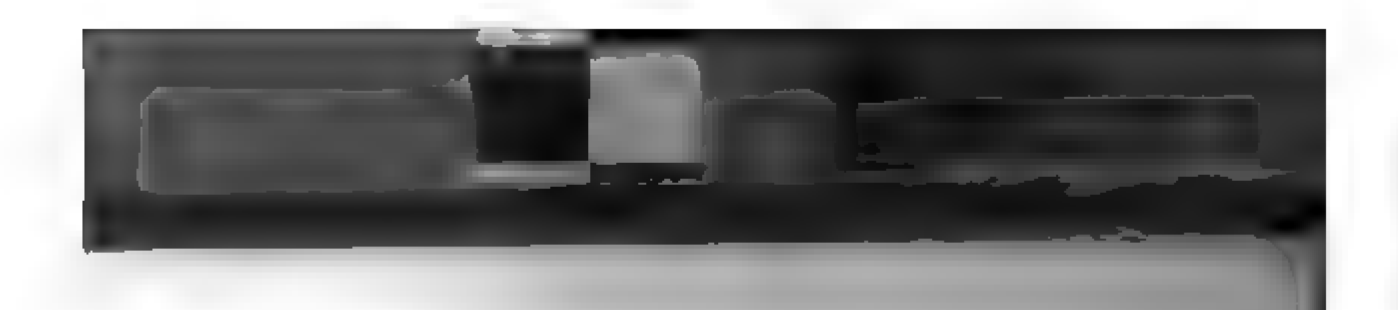
[1] There is a play of words here, such as Cervantes, in common with Shakespeare, is so fond of indulging in, out of exuberance of humour, which it is impossible to retain in English. *Deslocado* may mean either "dislocated," in reference to the Knight's bones, or "cured of madness," as formed from [illegible], "mad."

CHAPTER LXV

Wherein is revealed who the Knight of the White Moon was, with the deliverance of Don Gregório, and other incidents

Don Antonio Moreno followed the Knight of the White Moon, and a great many boys also followed and even pursued him till they had him lodged in an inn within the city. Don Antonio entered there too, being eager to become acquainted with him. A squire came out to receive and disarm him. He shut himself up in a lower room, and with him Don Antonio, who could not rest till he learned who he was. Then the Knight of the White Moon, finding that the gentleman would not leave him, said:

—I know very well, Sir, for what you are come, which is to find out who I am; and, since there is no need to hide it from you, while my servant is taking off my armour I will give you the truth of the matter, without bating one jot. Know, Sir, that they call me the Bachelor Samson Carrasco. I am of the same village as Don Quixote of La Mancha, whose madness and folly move all who know him to pity, and I have been one of those who have felt it most; and believing that his health depends on rest and on his being at home in his own country, I devised a stratagem to make him stay there. Accordingly, about three months since, I sallied out into the road as a Knight Errant, styling myself *The Knight of the Mirrors*, with the intention of fighting with him and overcoming him, without doing him any hurt,—



making it a condition of our combat that the vanquished should remain at the discretion of the victor; and what I intended to demand of him,—for I looked upon him as already conquered,—was that he should return to his village and not go out thence for a whole year, in which time he might be cured. But fate ordered it otherwise, for he overcame me and threw me from my horse, and so my project failed.[1] He pursued his journey and I returned home, vanquished, beaten, and ashamed with my fall, which was moreover a dangerous one. But, nevertheless, I did not give up the design of again seeking him and vanquishing him, as to-day has been seen. And seeing that he is so exact in observing the ordinances of Knight Errantry, he will, without any doubt, keep that which I have laid upon him in fulfilment of his word. This, Sir, is the whole matter, and I have nothing more to say. I beseech you do not betray me nor tell Don Quixote who I am, that my good design may have effect, and his understanding be restored to a man who has a very sound one, if the follies of chivalry should but leave him.

case, in a fair way, out of which he hoped for a prosperous issue; and, Don Antonio having offered to do whatever he might command, the other took leave of him, and having caused his armour to be packed on a mule, got upon the horse on which he had done battle, and departed out of the city the same day, and returned to his country without anything happening to him which is worthy of record in this truthful history.

Don Antonio related to the Viceroy all that Carrasco had told him, at which the Viceroy was not over pleased, for by Don Quixote's retirement was ended the entertainment which it had given to all those who knew of his follies.

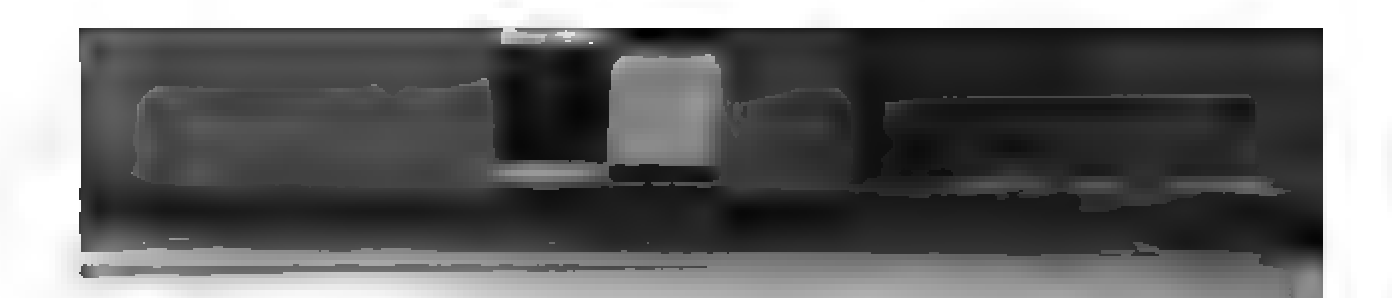
Six days did Don Quixote stay in bed, dejected,[1] sorrowful, pensive, and in ill case, brooding over the unhappy accident of his overthrow. Sancho consoled him, saying, among other things:

—Hold up your head, Sir, and cheer up if you can, and thank Heaven that though you were thrown to the ground you got off without a broken rib, for you know that where they give them they take them,[2] and there's not always flitches where there are hooks;[3] and a fig for the doctor, for there is no need of him to cure you in this ailment. Let us return to our homes and give up this rambling in search of adventures in countries and places we know not; and if it is rightly considered, it is I am the greater loser, although it is your worship is in the worse pickle. I, who gave up with my Government the wish to be any more a Governor, did not give up the desire of being a Count, which will never come to anything if your worship gives up becoming a King by leaving off your calling of Knighthood; and so my hopes are come to be turned to smoke.

[1] *Marrido*, for *amarrido*, a word now obsolete, according to Covarrubias, derived from the Arabic.

[2] *Donde las dan las toman*—a proverb.

[3] *No siempre hay tocinos donde hay estacas*—a variation of a proverb which has been several times used before.



—Peace, Sancho, for thou seest that my seclusion and retreat is not to last over a year, and then I will return to my honoured calling, and I shall not be lacking a Kingdom to win and some Countship to give to thee.

—God hear it, quoth Sancho, and let sin be deaf; for I have ever heard that a good hope is better than a bad holding.[1]

They were so engaged when Don Antonio entered saying, with extreme joy:

—A largess,[2] Sir Don Quixote! Don Gregório and the renegade who went to bring him off are in the port. Do I say in the port?—They are in the Viceroy's house, and will be here this moment.

Don Quixote was a little cheered, and said:—Verily I was about to say that I should have rejoiced had it fallen out otherwise, for then I should have been bound to go over to Barbary, where, by the force of my arm, I could give deliverance not to Don Gregório only but to all the Christians, as many as are captive in Barbary. But what do I say? Am I not he that was vanquished? Am I not he that was over-

Gregório, for methinks the folk are all in a bustle and he must be now in the house.

And such was the fact, for Don Gregório and the renegade having given an account to the Viceroy of their voyage and return, Don Gregório, eager to see Anna Felix, came with the renegade to Don Antonio's house. And though Don Gregório when they took him away from Algiers was in a woman's dress, he changed it in the boat for that of a captive who escaped with him. But in whatever dress he had come he would have looked like a person to be envied, courted, and esteemed, for he was beautiful exceedingly, and his age to all seeming seventeen or eighteen years. Ricote and his daughter went out to meet him, the father with tears and the daughter with blushes. They did not embrace one another, for where there is much love there is not wont to be overmuch freedom. The two beauties in conjunction, Don Gregório and Anna Felix, struck all who were present with admiration and wonder. It was silence spoke for the two lovers, and their eyes were tongues which unveiled their chaste and happy thoughts. The renegade told of the plan and the means which he had adopted for the release of Don Gregório. Don Gregório told of the perils and conflicts in which he had found himself among the women with whom he had stayed, with no long story but in brief words, whereby he showed that his discretion was in advance of his years. In conclusion, Ricote liberally compensated and satisfied both the renegade and those who had rowed at the oar. The renegade was reconciled and restored to the Church, and from a rotten member was made clean and whole through penance and repentance.

Two days afterwards the Viceroy discussed with Don Antonio what measures to take for retaining Anna Felix and her father, thinking it not improper that a daughter so Christian and a father to all appearance so right-minded should remain in Spain. Don Antonio offered to go to the

capital to arrange the matter, whither of necessity he had to be on other business, intimating that at Court, through the medium of favour and bribes, many difficult things are accomplished.

—No, said Ricote, who was present at this interview; there is nothing to hope for from favours or bribes, for with the great Don Bernardino de Velasco, Conde de Salazar, to whom His Majesty has committed the duty of our expulsion, no prayers, promises, bribes, or pity are of any avail; for though it is true that he mingles mercy with justice, as one who sees that the entire body of our race is tainted and rotten he applies to it rather the cautery which burns than the salve which soothes; and thus by prudence, by sagacity, by diligence, by terrors which he employs, he has carried upon his strong shoulders the weight of his vast scheme to its due execution, without our arts, stratagems, solicitations, and wiles having power to dazzle his Argus eyes, which are continually on the watch; whereby there is not left behind nor concealed any of our people who, like a hidden root, may in time hereafter bud and bear poison fruit in Spain, now purged and disembarrassed of the fears in which our numbers held her. Heroical resolve of Philip the Third and unheard-of wisdom in committing it to the charge of this Don Bernardino de Velasco![1]

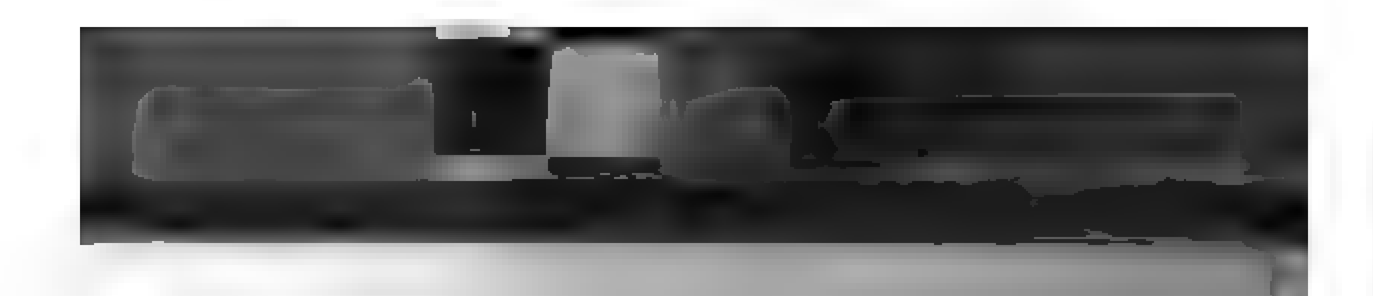
[1] Who that is familiar with Cervantes' humour and has followed the course of this story thus far, with its abundant charity and good-will for all men, and a special sympathy, most unusual and all but unique in that age, for Moors, Turks, and heretics, can doubt that this speech of Ricote's is ironical, that this tribute to the magnanimity of King Philip and the clemency and wisdom of his agent, instead of being taken, as they have been, as evidence of Cervantes' approval of the expulsion of the Moriscoes, is to be interpreted in quite the opposite sense? In the first place, is it likely, had Cervantes meant to praise the Conde de Salazar, the instrument of that brutal measure, he would have put his eulogy, and in these extravagant terms, in the mouth of one of the expelled Moriscoes? Again, this Conde de Salazar, thus singled out by name, in a manner most unusual with Cervantes, was notorious for precisely the opposite of all the qualities for which Ricote gives him credit. Charged with the carrying out of

—At any rate, when I am there, said Don Antonio, I will take all possible pains, and let God send whatever He may please, Don Gregório shall go with me to relieve the anxiety which his friends must feel at his absence. Anna Felix shall remain with my wife at my house or in a nunnery, and I know that the Viceroy will be glad to have the good Ricote stay with him in his, until he sees how I manage.

The Viceroy consented to all that was proposed; but Don Gregório, learning what had passed, cried that in no wise could he, or would he, leave Doña Anna Felix. Reflecting, however, that he might contrive to come back for her after he had seen his parents, he came into the arrangement which they had made. Anna Felix remained with Don Antonio's wife, and Ricote in the Viceroy's house.

The day of Don Antonio's departure arrived, and also that of Don Quixote and Sancho two days later, for the Knight's fall did not permit him to take to the road any sooner. At the leave-taking between Don Gregório and Anna Felix there were tears, there were sighs, sorrowing, and sobbing.

the King's decree in La Mancha, there was none who acquired so ill a repute for his cruelty, his meanness, and his rapacity, as the Conde de Salazar. Among his contemporaries he was noted also for his extreme ugliness, as appears by some satirical lines by the Conde de Villamediana, cited by Pellicer (vol. v. p. 313). So far from the executioners of the decree of expulsion being proof against bribes, it was notorious that many of the richer Moriscoes were able to purchase their exemption from banishment, and that, according to a letter of Don Rodrigo Calderon (written a few days before his execution in 1622), who, as the secretary and chief favourite of the Duke of Lerma, must have known the truth, very large sums of money (*muchos millares de ducados*, says the letter) were realised by the commissioners employed in the expulsion. In fact, the very phrases used by Ricote, his going out of his way to pile hyperbole upon hyperbole upon this noted enemy of his race, prove, I think, beyond any reasonable doubt, that Cervantes meant not to applaud but to condemn the expulsion of the Moriscoes, so far as it came within his line and his duty to say anything about it. Let us remember that, at the time he was writing this chapter, Cervantes was living on the charity of his patron, the Archbishop Sandoval, the Inquisitor-General, who was a prominent advocate of the expulsion. And what special call had Cervantes to denounce a measure, approved by the King and almost the entire people of Spain, of which the full calamitous results could not then have been visible?



Ricote offered Don Gregório a thousand crowns if he wanted them, but he took none, only five which Don Antonio lent him, promising to repay him at the capital. With this the two departed, and Don Quixote and Sancho afterwards, as has been said,—Don Quixote unarmed, and in a travelling dress, Sancho on foot, for Dapple went laden with the armour.

CHAPTER LXVI

Which treats of what he who reads shall see or who listens to the reading shall hear

On leaving Barcelona, Don Quixote turned to view the spot where he had fallen, and said:

—Here Troy was;[1] here my evil luck, not my cowardice, despoiled me of my acquired glories; here Fortune made me the sport of her shifts and changes; here my deeds were eclipsed; here, in fine, fell my happiness, never to rise again.

Hearing which, said Sancho:—'Tis as much, dear Sir, the part of valiant hearts to have patience in misfortune as to be glad in prosperity. And this I judge by myself, for whereas when I was a Governor I was merry, now that I am a squire on foot I am not sad; for I have heard say that she they call hereabouts Fortune is a drunken, whimsical dame, and, above all, blind, and so sees not what she does, nor knows whom she casts down or whom she sets up.

—Thou art much of a philosopher, Sancho, responded Don Quixote. Thou talkest very discreetly; I know not

[1] *Aquí fué Troya*—a phrase which the Academy's Dictionary says had become common, to signify that only the ruins and relics of some great thing were left, or to indicate some disastrous event; from Virgil's—

> Litora tunc patriæ lacrymans portusque relinquo,
> Et campos ubi Troja fuit.
>
> —*Æneid*, iii.

The phrase was used before in ch. xxix., in the result of the adventure of the Enchanted Bark.

who teaches thee. What I can say to thee is, that there is no Fortune in the world, nor do the things which happen, be they good or bad, proceed by chance but by the particular providence of Heaven; and hence comes the saying that every man is the artificer of his own destiny.[1] I have been so of mine, but not with the needful prudence, and therefore my presumption has brought me to grief,[2] for I ought to have reflected that Rozinante's feebleness could not withstand the mighty bulk of the horse of him of the White Moon. In short, I stood the brunt, I did what I could; I was overthrown; and though I lost my honour I lost not, nor can I lose, the merit of fulfilling my vow. When I was a Knight Errant, daring and valiant with my hands and my work, I brought credit on my exploits; and now that I am a wayside squire, I will bring credit on my words, fulfilling the promise I have made. Trudge on then, friend Sancho, and let us go to spend in our own country the year of probation, by which seclusion we shall gather new virtue to return to the never-by-me-forgotten calling of arms.

Sir, answered Sancho, the trudging on foot is not

let my arms be suspended for a trophy, and at their feet, or somewhere about them, let us carve on the trees what was written on the trophy of the arms of Orlando:—

> Let none these arms remove
> But he who dares Orlando's might to prove.[1]

—That, methinks, is much to the point, answered Sancho; and were it not that we should feel the want of him for the journey, it would not be amiss to hang up Rozinante too.

—Neither him nor the armour, replied Don Quixote, would I have hung, that it may not be said, to a good servant an ill guerdon.[2]

—Your worship says well, answered Sancho, for, in the opinion of the knowing ones, the ass's fault should not be laid on the pannel;[3] and since 'tis you have the blame of this business you should punish your own self, nor let your anger be vented upon your armour, now all battered and bloody, nor upon Rozinante's meekness, nor upon my tender feet, wishing them to travel more than is fair.

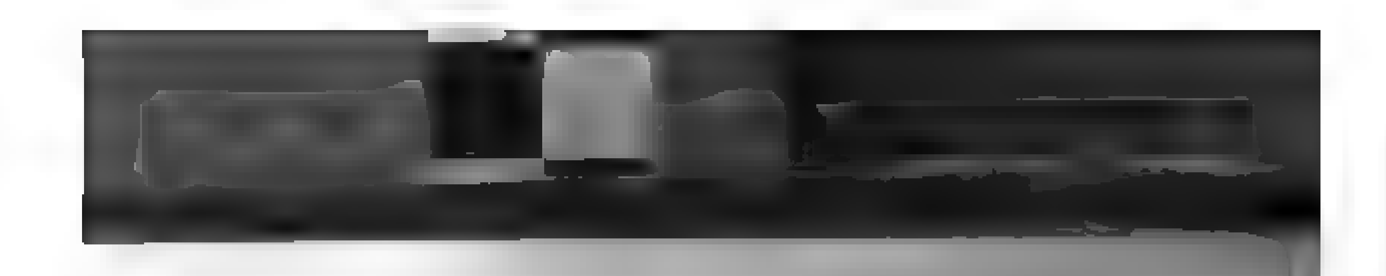
In these arguments and confabulations they passed all that day and other four following, without there happening to them anything to trouble their journey. On the fifth day, at the entrance into a village, they found a great crowd of people round the inn door who, it being a holiday, were there amusing themselves. Upon Don Quixote coming up to them, a peasant raised his voice and said:

[1] ——Nessun la muova,
Che star non possa con Orlando à prova.
—Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, canto xxiv.

The lines were quoted in Part I. ch. xiii.

[2] *A buen servicio mal galardon*—a proverb, of which the first clause is—*A fuer de Aragon*,—which Sancho omits as being inapposite, seeing that they were yet scarcely out of Aragon.

[3] *La culpa del asno no se ha de echar á la albarda*—a proverb, somewhat maliciously quoted here by Sancho.



—One of these two gentlemen here coming, who know not the parties, shall say what is to be done about our wager.

—Yes, that I will, surely, answered Don Quixote; with all equity, if I can manage to understand it.

—The case is this, then, good master, said the peasant, that a man of this village, who is so fat that he weighs twenty stone,[1] has challenged another, his neighbour, to run with him, who weighs no more than nine. The condition was that they had to run a course of a hundred yards, at even weights; and the challenger having been asked how the weights could be equalised, said that the challenged, who weighs nine stone, should carry eleven stone of iron on his back, and so the twenty stone of the lean one would be equal to the twenty of the fat one.

—Not so, here Sancho struck in, before Don Quixote could answer; and it's for me, who but a few days ago gave up being a Governor and Judge, as all the world knows, to settle these doubts and give judgment on the whole case.

—Answer and welcome, friend Sancho, quoth Don

flesh, he shall be equal and level with the nine of his adversary, and they will be able to run on even terms.[1]

—I vow, cried a peasant who heard Sancho's decision, this gentleman has spoken like a saint and decided like a canon!—But I warrant me the fat one has no mind to part with an ounce of his flesh, much less eleven stone.

—It were better they did not run at all, answered another, for then the lean one may not break down under the load nor the fat one be unfleshed; and let the half of the wager go into wine, and let us carry these gentlemen to the tavern which has the best, and the cloak be on me when it rains.[2]

—I thank you, gentlemen, answered Don Quixote, but I cannot stop a moment, for sorrowful thoughts and affairs force me to appear discourteous and to travel in haste.

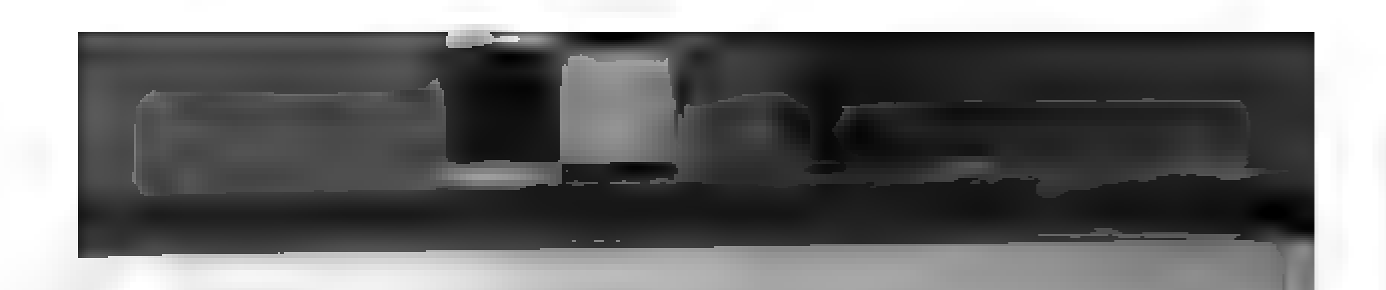
And so, putting spurs to Rozinante, he moved forward, leaving them in astonishment at the spectacle at once of his strange figure and of the wisdom of his servant, for such they took Sancho to be. And one of the peasants said:

—If the servant is so wise, what must the master be! I bet that they are going to study at Salamanca and in a trice they will come to be judges at court; for it is all a game—only study and more study, and get favour and luck, and when a man least thinks it, he finds himself with a wand in the hand or a bonnet on his head.

That night master and man passed in the middle of the fields under the bare open sky, and next day, pursuing their journey, they saw coming towards them a man on foot with a wallet round his neck, and a javelin or pike in his hand, like the fashion of a foot-courier, who, when he came near

[1] This story is found in the *Floresta Española* of Melchior de Santa Cruz. Bowle also refers us to Andreas Alciatus, who in his *De Singulari Certamine Liber* (Venet. 1544) records a similar case. It is probably a very old joke, the property of many nations.

[2] *Sobre mí la capa cuando llueva*—a familiar phrase, meaning "on me be the responsibility."



Don Quixote, mended his pace and, half-running, came up to him; and embracing him by the right thigh, for he could not reach higher, he cried, with signs of great joy:

—Oh, my lord Don Quixote of La Mancha! and what pleasure will come to the heart of the Duke, my master, when he knows that you are coming back to his castle, for he is still there with the Duchess!

—I know you not, friend, replied Don Quixote, nor can guess who you are, if you do not tell me.

—I, Sir, answered the courier, am Tosilos, the lacquey of the Duke my master, who would not fight with you about the marrying of Doña Rodriguez' daughter.

—God help us! cried Don Quixote, is it possible that you are he whom the enchanters, my enemies, transformed into that lacquey you speak of, to defraud me of the honour of that battle?

—Chut, good Sir, replied the footman; I was as much the lacquey Tosilos when I entered the lists as Tosilos the lacquey when I came out; there was not any enchantment nor any change of face. I thought to marry without fight-

—In short, Sancho, said Don Quixote, thou art the greatest glutton in the world and the greatest booby on earth, since thou canst not be persuaded that this courier is enchanted and this Tosilos transformed. Stay with him and take thy fill, for I will go on slowly, looking for thee to come.

The lacquey laughed, unsheathed his calabash, unwalleted his cheese, and taking out a little loaf, he and Sancho sat down upon the green grass, and in good peace and fellowship despatched and put an end to the whole store in the wallet with such good vigour that they licked the packet of letters because it smelt of cheese. Said Tosilos to Sancho: —Without doubt this master of thine, friend Sancho, ought to be reckoned a madman.

Why ought? answered Sancho. He owes nothing to nobody, for he pays it all, and especially when the coin is madness. I see it plain enough, and plainly enough will I tell him of it; but what is the use?—More by token now that he is done for, for he is beaten by the Knight of the White Moon.

Tosilos asked him to tell what had happened; but Sancho said it was uncivil to let his master wait for him, but another day, if they met, there would be time for it. So rising up, after having shaken his doublet and the crumbs from his beard, he drove Dapple before him, and bidding good-bye to Tosilos left him and overtook his master, who was waiting for him under the shade of a tree.



CHAPTER LXVII

Of the resolution which Don Quixote formed to turn Shepherd and lead a rural life till the year of his pledge had expired, with other passages truly diverting and excellent

If many were the reflections by which Don Quixote was hampered before his overthrow, much more were they which harassed him after his fall. He lay under the shade of a tree, as has been mentioned, and there his thoughts, like flies about honey, assailed and stung him. Some of them dwelt on the disenchantment of Dulcinea; others upon the life he had to lead in his enforced retirement. Sancho came up and spoke to him in praise of the liberal disposition of

Look, Sancho, cried Don Quixote, there is much ·nce between the acts which are done out of love hose which are done out of gratitude. It may well ıt a Knight is not in love; but it cannot be, speaking strictness, that he should be ungrateful. Altisidora, appearance, loved me well; she gave me the three efs[1] thou knowest of; she wept on my departure; ursed me, she abused me; regardless of shame she ained of me publicly; all signs that she adored me, e anger of lovers is wont to vent itself in maledictions. neither hopes to give her nor treasures to offer her, y hopes I hold pledged to Dulcinea, and the treasures ights Errant are like those of the fairies, delusive and I can give her naught else but the memories I have ; without prejudice, however, to those I have of ıea, whom thou art wronging by thy remissness in ging thyself and castigating that flesh of thine—may t devoured of wolves!—which thou wouldst preserve for the worms than for the relief of that poor lady.

Sir, answered Sancho, if the truth is to be spoken, I t persuade myself that the flogging of my posteriors ave anything to do with the disenchanting of the ıted, which is as who should say:—if your head aches your knee-pans. At least, I would dare swear that the histories your worship has read which treat of ıt Errantry, there has not been found any one unbe- ed through stripes. But whether or no, I will give

n Quixote confounds Altisidora's charge against him of stealing her rchiefs (see ch. lvii) with her gift to him of the same, in a distraction enough for one in his condition, but which the commentators turn into of Cervantes' carelessness.

ries' treasure, like fairies' money, is, in the folk-lore of all countries, a for what is worthless. The *duende* of Spanish mythology is a more and less attractive being than our own fairy. The *duendes* are rather nt elves, whose habitation is under the earth, and whose vocation is o tease and torture mankind.

...ng thou art mine.

Thus discoursing they wer
reached the very place and
trampled on by the bulls. I
and said to Sancho:

—This is the field where w
herdesses and the gallant shep
revive and imitate the pastoral
novel and ingenious,—in imitat
thou thinkest well of it, I would
should turn shepherds, at least
retired.[1] I will buy some shee
things which are needful for th
calling myself—I, the shepherd
shepherd Panzino,—we will wa
mountains, through the woods an
ing, there bemoaning, drinking o
springs, or the limpid brooklets, or

[1] Cervantes here ingeniously turns the fire
chivalries to those of pastoral poetry, the ra
almost as great a height in Spain. He, hims
thirty years before this administered to this f
Errant to exchange the crook for the lance
slaying of dragons, was a transition quite i
Don Florisel de Niquea, in *Amadis of Greece*, t
Don Quixote.

[2] This fashion of changing the ...

…all give us of their sweetest fruit with bountiful hand; …nks of the hard cork-trees afford us seats; the willows, …; the roses, perfume; the spacious meads, carpets …ished with a thousand colours; the air, clear and …, shall supply us breath; the moon and the stars, light, of the darkness of night; song, delight; tears, glad- … Apollo, verses and love conceits, whereby we shall be … make ourselves famous and eternal, not only in the … age but in those to come.

—'Fore God, said Sancho, but this kind of life squares, corners, with me exactly; and, moreover, if the Bachelor Samson Carrasco and Master Nicholas the Barber do but … sight of it, they will want to follow it too and turn shepherds along with us. Nay, God grant it may not come to the Priest's mind to enter the fold, too; he is so frolic… and fond of enjoying himself.

—Thou hast said well, answered Don Quixote, and the Bachelor Samson Carrasco could call himself if he comes into the pastoral pale, as doubtless he will, the shepherd Samsonino or the shepherd Carrascon. Barber Nicholas might call himself Nicholoso, even as old Boscan called himself Nemoroso.[1] To the Priest I know not which name we will give, unless it be some derivative of his title, calling him the shepherd Curiambro.[2] As for the shepherdesses, of whom we have to be the lovers, we can choose the names of them like pears, and since that of my mistress squares as well with that of a shepherdess as of a Princess, there is no need to weary myself in seeking another to fit her better. Thou, Sancho, shalt give to thine what name thou pleasest.

—I intend not to give her any other, answered Sancho, than that of Theresona, which will fit well with her fatness[3]

[1] Garcilaso de la Vega is thus supposed to have disguised his friend Boscan's name: Boscan, from *bosque* (grove)

[2] *Curiambro*, from *cura* and *ambro* (a common terminal in romance).

[3] *Teresona* would mean "big Theresa,"—*on* and *ona* being complimentary augmentatives, as *ote* and *ota* are the reverse, for the two sexes.



and her own name, as she is called Theresa; and especially when, in celebrating her in my verses, I come to reveal my chaste desires, for I am not one to go looking for better bread than is made of wheat[1] in others' houses. For the Priest, he had better not be taking a shepherdess, for good example's sake; and should the Bachelor want to have one his soul is in his hand.

—God bless me, cried Don Quixote, and what a life we shall lead, Sancho, my friend! What hautboys[2] shall fill our ears! What Zamora bagpipes,[3] what tambourines, what timbrels, what rebecks! And then, if among these different kinds of music there sound the *albogues*, there will almost all the pastoral instruments be there.

—What are *albogues?* asked Sancho; for never have I heard tell of them nor seen them in all my life.

—*Albogues*, answered Don Quixote, are thin plates of copper like flat candlesticks, which, stricken one against another on the concave or hollow side,[4] give out a sound which, if not very agreeable or harmonious, is not displeasing, and accords with the rusticity of the bagpipes and the

almohaza, *almorzar*, *alhombra*, *alguacil*, *alhuzema*, *almacén*, *alcáncia*, and others like these, which are a few more; and only three does our language contain which are Moorish and end in *í*. They are *borceguí*, *zaquizamí*, and *maravedí*: *alhelí* and *alfaquí*, as much by the initial *al* as the final *í*, are known as Arabic.[1] This, by the way, I have told thee, it being brought to my mind through the occasion of naming *albogue*; and it will help us much to put this calling into practice, I being, as thou knowest, something of a poet and the Bachelor Samson Carrasco likewise a consummate one. Of the Priest I say nothing; but I will wager he has some smack and trick[2] of the poet, and that Master Nicholas has been also, I never doubt, for all or most of barbers are guitarrists[3] and ballad-mongers. I will wail about absence; thou shalt praise thee in the constant lover; the shepherd Carrascon in the character of the disdained one; and the Priest Curiambro in that which may please him best; and so the business will go on to our hearts' desire.

To which Sancho replied:—I am so unlucky, Sir, that I am afraid the day will never come in which I see myself in such a calling. O, and what pretty spoons I'll make when I see myself a shepherd![4] What bread puddings, what

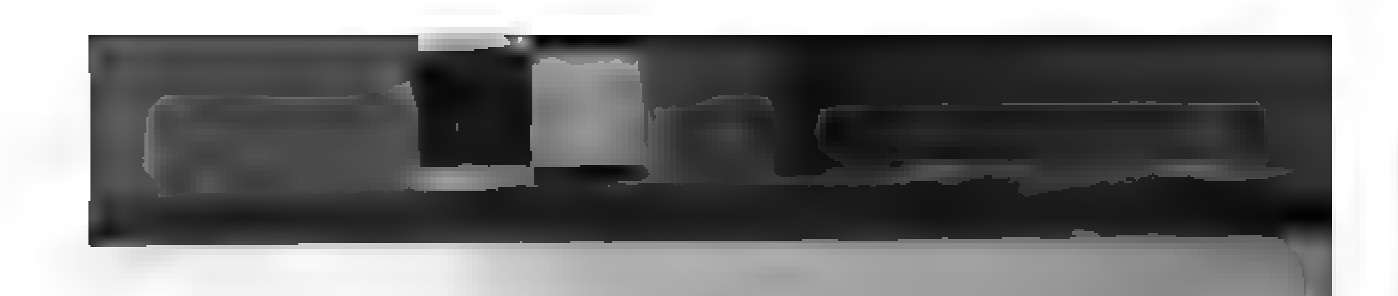
such Spanish words which are pure Arabic. It is computed that there are two thousand Arabic words altogether in the Spanish language. Cervantes, in all his works, shows a fair acquaintance with Arabic—the result of his five years' captivity in Algiers—and is rather fond of airing his accomplishment.

[1] Don Quixote is not exact. There are many more words ending in *í* in Castilian which are Arabic, as *alfolí*, *zahorí* (used in this history by Sancho), *jabalí* (also here used), etc.

[2] Literally, *puntas y collares*; see note to Part I. ch. xxii.

[3] The guitar was of old as much a property of the barber as a bason or a razor. In *Guzman de Alfarache*, a barber without a guitar is likened to a physician without gloves and ring, or an apothecary without a chess-board. Quevedo protests in his *Prematica del Tiempo* that, considering the natural inclination of barbers to guitars, they should have guitars painted as a sign for their shops instead of basons.

[4] Alluding to a common employment of shepherds, which is to carve wooden spoons while looking after their flocks.



cream cheeses, what garlands and shepherds' knick-knacks!—which, though they may not win me the name of a wise one, will not fail to get me one for a genius. Sanchica, my daughter, shall bring us our dinner to the fold. But look out,—for she is a buxom wench, and shepherds there are more knavish than simple and I would not have her to go for wool and come back shorn, and your love-makings and ill desires are wont to be about the fields as well as the cities, and about shepherds' cots as kings' palaces, and do without the cause and you do without the effect; and what the eyes don't see, the heart does not rue; and a leap over the hedge is better than good men's prayers.[1]

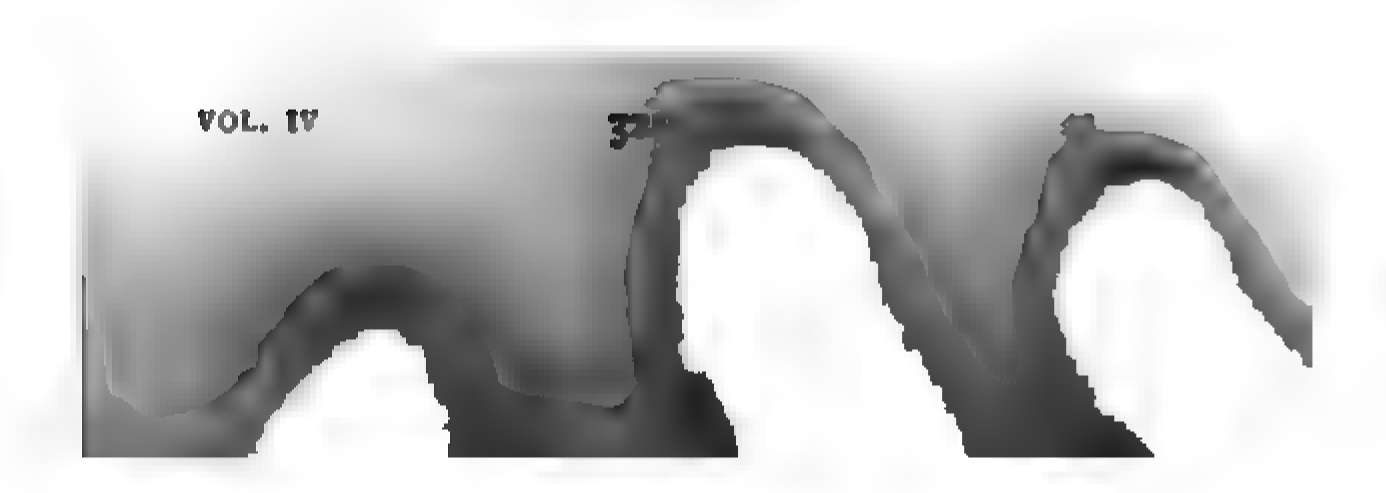
—No more proverbs, Sancho, cried Don Quixote, for any one of those thou hast uttered suffices to let us know thy mind; and oft-times have I counselled thee not to be so prodigal of proverbs and restrain thyself in delivering them; but methinks it is to preach in the desert; and my mother beats me, and I whip the top.[2]

—Methinks, said Sancho, that your worship is like what

and observation of our wise men of old;[1] and the proverb which does not come to the purpose is rather an absurdity than an apophthegm. But let us leave this, and since darkness is now coming on let us retire from the high road a little space to where we may pass the night, and God knows what shall be to-morrow.

They retired accordingly; they supped late and ill, little to Sancho's liking, to whom were brought to mind the hardships of Knight Errantry practised among woods and forests, though sometimes plenty showed itself in castles and houses, as in that of Don Diego de Miranda, and at Camacho's wedding, and at Don Antonio Moreno's; but he reflected that it would not be always day nor always night, and so that night he passed in sleeping and his master in watching.

[1] In Part I. ch. xxi.; and also in Part II. ch. xliii.



CHAPTER LXVIII

Of the bristly[1] adventure which happened to Don Quixote

The night was somewhat dark although the moon was in the sky, though not in a part where she could be seen, for sometimes Madam Diana goes for a trip to the Antipodes and leaves the mountains black and the valleys obscure. Don Quixote yielded to nature, sleeping his first sleep without giving way to a second; quite the reverse of Sancho, who never had a second, for his sleep lasted him from night till morning, wherein he showed his good constitution and his freedom from cares. Those of Don Quixote kept him awake, so much so that he aroused Sancho, saying to him

—I am amazed, Sancho, at the carelessness of thy temper. I believe thou art made of marble or solid brass, in whom there is neither emotion nor feeling. I watch when thou sleepest, I weep when thou singest, I faint from fasting when thou art lazy and torpid from pure satiety. It is the part of good servants to share their master's pains and to feel for his sorrows, were it but for the sake of good appearance. Observe the serenity of this night, the solitude around us, which invites us to mingle some vigil with our slumber. Rise up, for thy life, and withdraw a little apart from this, and with a good heart and cheerful spirit give thyself three or four hundred stripes on account of those for the disenchanting of Dulcinea, and this I entreat thee as a

[1] *Cerdosa*; used in a double sense, as will be seen.

favour, for I do not wish to have a tussle of arms with thee as before, for I know that thine are heavy. After thou hast laid them on to thyself, we will pass the rest of the night in singing,—I my severance, thou thy constancy,—making a start from now of the pastoral profession we have to exercise in our village.

—Sir, answered Sancho, I am no monk to rise in the middle of my sleep and flog myself, and less, methinks, can we pass from the extreme of pain, from whippings to the state of music; let your worship suffer me to sleep nor press me in the matter of scourging, for you will make me swear an oath never to touch a hair of my coat, not to speak of my flesh.

—O obdurate heart! O squire without pity! O bread ill bestowed, and favours ill considered,—those which I have done thee and intend to do! Through me thou hast seen thyself a Governor and through me thou seest thyself in near expectation of being a Count, or getting some other equivalent title; nor shall their accomplishment be delayed any longer than till this year be passed; for *post tenebras spero lucem.*[1]

—I know not what that is, replied Sancho; I only know that while I sleep I have no fear, nor hope, nor trouble, nor glory; and good luck to him who invented sleep, a cloak which covers all a man's thoughts,[2] the meat which takes away hunger, the water which quenches thirst, the fire which warms the cold, the cold which tempers the

[1] *Post tenebras spero lucem*; this quotation, from Job (xvii. 12, Vulg.), which has been, by a very far-fetched conceit, assigned to Cervantes as his peculiar motto, in which is hidden the key to the mystery of *Don Quixote*,—was in those days in very common use, with a particular application to the invention of printing. It is the legend which appears on the frontispiece of every book printed by Juan de la Cuesta, the printer of *Don Quixote* and of all Cervantes' later works, whose device was a human hand with a hawk seated on the wrist, from whose eyes the hood has just been lifted; below crouches a sleeping lion.

[2] Compare Tibullus, lib. iii, c. iv, 1:—

Te somnus fusco velavit amictu

heat; to end up, the general coin with which all things are bought, the balance and weight which levels the shepherd with the king and the fool with the wise man. There is only one thing, as I have heard say, is bad about sleep, and it is that it looks like death, for between the sleeping and the dead there is very little difference.

—Never have I heard thee, Sancho, said Don Quixote, speak so elegantly as now, whence I come to know the truth of the proverb which thou art wont sometimes to repeat:—*Not with whom thou art bred but with whom thou art fed.*[1]

—Egad, Sir master mine, replied Sancho, it is not I who string proverbs now, for they fall from your mouth also, two by two, better than from mine; only there is this difference between mine and yours, that your worship's come in season and mine are untimely; but anyhow they all are proverbs.

They were at this point when they heard a deafening clamour and harsh noise which spread through all the valleys about. Don Quixote started to his feet and clapped his hand to his sword. Sancho skulked under Dapple, putting the bundle of armour on one side of him and his ass's pack-saddle on the other, trembling as much from fear as Don Quixote from excitement. The noise gradually increased and came nearer to the two tremblers, or at least to one, for as to the other his valour is sufficiently known. The matter was this,—that some men were driving above six hundred swine to sell at a fair, with which they were travelling at that hour, and so great was the noise they made, grunting and snorting, that they deafened the ears of Don Quixote and Sancho, who could not guess what it might be. The long-extended herd came on grunting pell-mell and without paying any respect to the dignity of Don Quixote

[1] *No con quien naces sino con quien paces*—a proverb, used twice before in this Second Part.

or to that of Sancho, passed on to the fair, demolishing Sancho's entrenchments and not only upsetting Don Quixote but sweeping Rozinante away to boot. The thronging, the grunting, the pace at which the unclean animals came on, threw into confusion and brought to rout the pack-saddle, the armour, Dapple, Rozinante, Sancho, and Don Quixote.

Sancho raised himself up as well as he was able and asked his master for his sword, saying he wanted to kill half a dozen of those gentry, the unmannerly swine, for he had discovered now what they were.

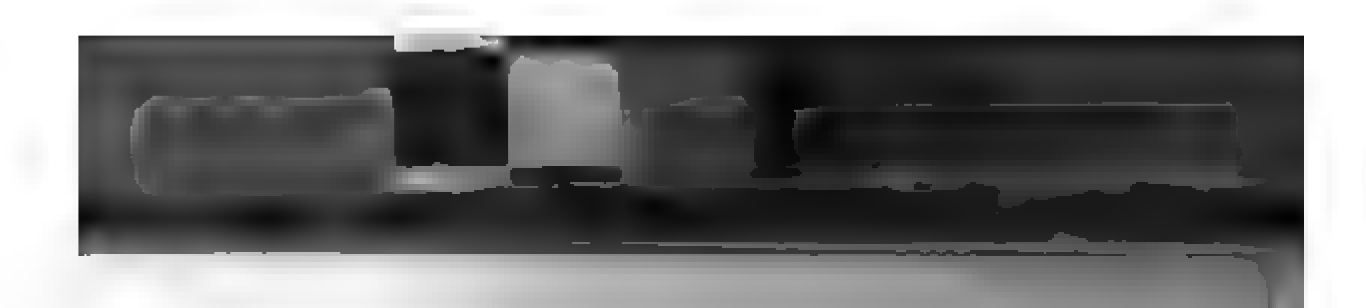
Quoth Don Quixote :—Let them be, friend ; for this affront is the penalty of my sin, and a just chastisement from Heaven it is for a vanquished Knight Errant that jackals should eat him, that wasps should sting him, and hogs trample upon him.

—It must be a chastisement from Heaven, too, answered Sancho, that flies should sting the squires of vanquished Knights Errant, that lice should eat them, and hunger assail them. Were we, the squires, the sons of the Knights whom we serve or very near relations of theirs, it were not much that the penalty of their faults should reach us, up to the fourth generation. But what connexion have the Panzas with the Quixotes ?—Well, well, let us get to rights again and sleep out the little that is left of the night, and God will send us day and we will be in better case.

—Sleep thou, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, for thou wert born to sleep as I was born to watch ; during the time which remains from this till dawn I will give rein to my thoughts, and vent them in a little madrigal which to-night, unknown to thee, I have composed in my mind.

To me it seems, said Sancho, that the thoughts which give room for the making of verses can be no great things. Let your worship verse it as much as you please and I will sleep all I can.

Then taking up as much ground as he wanted, he coiled



himself up and slept a sound sleep, undisturbed by bonds, or debts, or any care. Don Quixote, leaning against the trunk of a beech or cork-tree (for Cid Hamet does not specify what tree it was), he sang in this strain to the music of his own sighs:—

> Love, when I think upon
> The wounds which thou dost deal to me,
> I speed to death, in hope my agony
> In dying to have done.
>
> To the pass when I arrive,
> The haven in the sea of my sad ills;
> At sight of death such joy my bosom fills,
> I cannot die—I live.
>
> Thus by life I'm slain;
> Untoward state, thus mingling life with death!
> I living die, and with its welcome breath,
> Death makes me live again.[1]

Each one of these lines he accompanied with many sighs

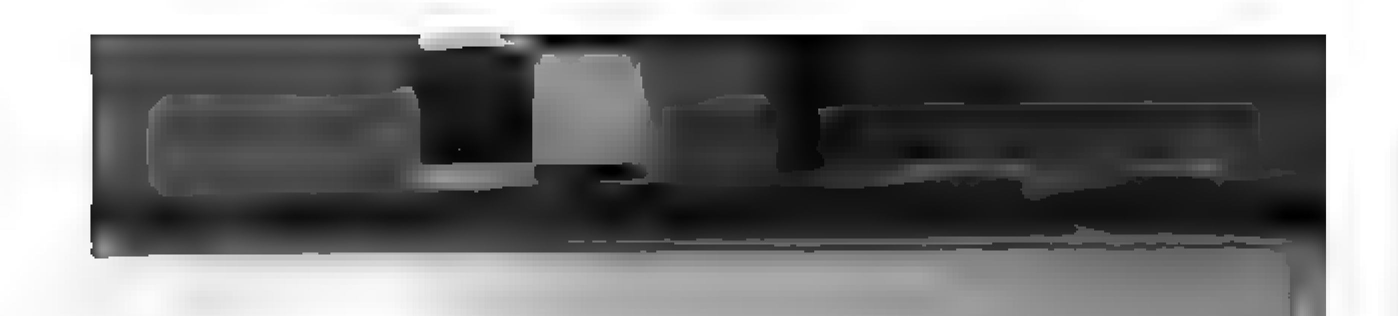
lances and targets, and advanced in very warlike form. Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and said to him:

—If I were able, Sancho, to use my arms, and my promise had not tied my hands, this mass which is coming against us I would reckon but tarts and gingerbread.[1] But perhaps it may be something other than what we fear.

Here the mounted men came up and, raising their spears, without speaking a word, surrounded Don Quixote and pointed them at his back and breast, menacing him with death. One of those on foot, putting a finger to his lips as a sign for him to be silent, seized Rozinante's bridle and led him off from the road; and the rest of the footmen, driving Sancho and Dapple before them, all preserving a marvellous silence, followed in the steps of those who conducted Don Quixote. Two or three times the Knight would have asked them whither they were taking him and what they wanted, but as soon as he began to open his lips, they made as if they would shut them with the points of their spears; and the same happened to Sancho, for scarce did he make a motion to speak, when one of the men on foot punched him with a goad, doing the same to Dapple as though he wished to speak too. The night closed in; they hastened their pace; the fears of the two prisoners increased, and the more when they heard them mutter from time to time:—*Get on, Troglodytes; silence, you barbarians; pay up, you Anthropophagi; grumble not, you Scythians; keep your eyes shut, murderous Polyphemes, bloodthirsty lions;* and other names like to those with which they tortured the ears of the wretched master and servant. Sancho went along, saying to himself:—We ortolans? We barbers and andrew-popguns? We bitchlings, with your hist, hist![2] I like

[1] *Tortas y pan pintado*—a proverbial phrase, which has been frequently used in the course of this story.

[2] Sancho's fearful fancy tortures the strange words he overhears—*trogloditas,*—*barbaros,*—*antropofagos,*—*Scitas,*—*Polifemos,*—into others more familiar to



not these names: to an ill wind goes this grain.[1] All the mischief comes to us together like blows on the dog; and please God it may stop here with what this adventure, so ill-venturous, threatens.

Don Quixote rode on confounded, not being able to divine, with all his thinking about it, to what end were those abusive epithets which they flung at him, from which he gathered that he had to look for no good and to fear much evil. About an hour after dark they arrived at a castle, which Don Quixote knew well to be the Duke's, where a little while ago he had stayed.

God bless me! he cried, as soon as he recognised the mansion, and what should this be? Verily in this house all is courtesy and good entertainment, but for the vanquished the good is turned into bad and the bad into worse.

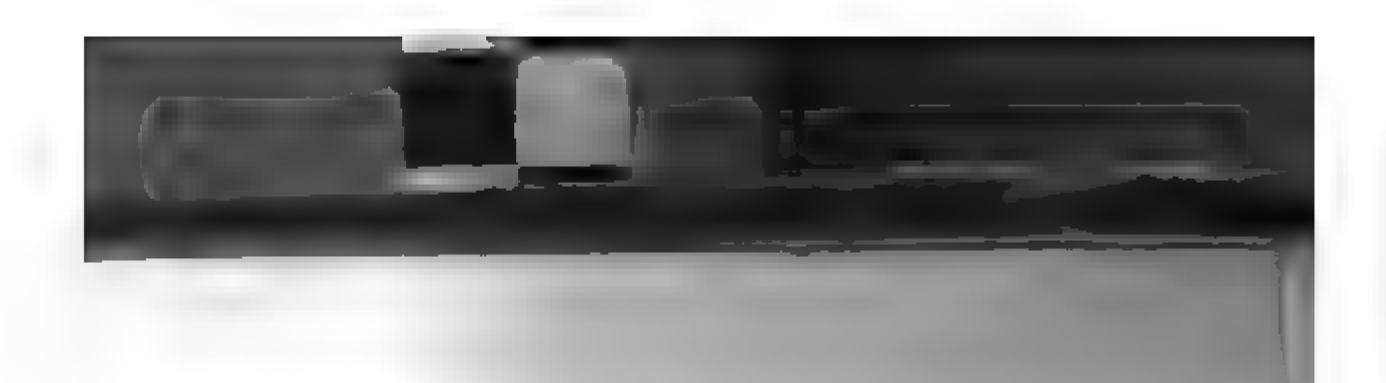
They entered the principal court-yard of the castle, which they perceived to be decorated and arranged in a manner which increased their astonishment and doubled their fears, as will be seen in the following chapter.

CHAPTER LXIX

Of the rarest and most novel adventure which happened to Don Quixote in the whole course of this great history

THE horsemen dismounted, and together with those on foot, catching up Don Quixote and Sancho forcibly in their arms, bore them into the court-yard, around which there blazed about a hundred torches, set in their sconces, and about the corridors of the court more than five hundred lamps, so that, in spite of the night, which lowered somewhat darkly, the want of daylight was not perceived. In the centre of the court was raised a tomb some two yards above the ground, covered all over with a spacious canopy of black velvet, round which, along the steps, tapers of white wax were burning upon more than a hundred silver candlesticks; on the top of which tomb was displayed the corpse of a damsel so lovely that by her beauty she seemed to make Death itself beautiful. She lay with her head upon a pillow of brocade, crowned with a garland woven of various sweet-smelling flowers, her hands crossed upon her bosom and between them a branch of yellow victor's palm.[1] On one

[1] *Amarilla y vencedora palma.* A branch of palm, the ancient Tree of Life, has been in all ages the emblem of victory. In Spain it is a symbol of special sanctity, renewed every Palm Sunday, without which no orthodox gentleman's house is properly furnished. The palm is called *amarilla* here, as being mostly yellow in colour, from long keeping. In Spain the palm itself, being a tree not uncommon in the Southern and Eastern provinces, is used in religious ceremonies,—not the willow or the yew, which do duty for it in England.



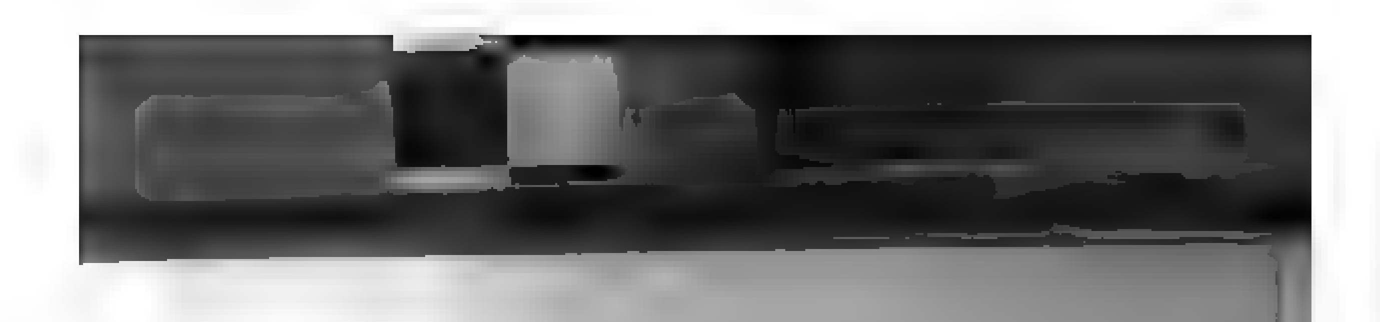
side of the court there was erected a stage, and seated upon two chairs two personages who, by their having crowns on their heads and sceptres in their hands, appeared to be kings either real or counterfeit. By the side of this stage, which was ascended by steps, were two other chairs, upon which they who carried the prisoners seated Don Quixote and Sancho, all the while silent, and making the two to understand by signs that they also had to keep silence, which they, without such signs, would have done, for amazement at what they saw kept their tongues tied. Two persons of distinction then ascended the stage with a great retinue, at once recognised by Don Quixote as his hosts, the Duke and Duchess, who seated themselves on two richly ornamented chairs by the side of the two who looked like kings. Who would not have been wonder-struck at this,—when, in addition to it, Don Quixote knew the dead body which lay on the tomb to be that of the lovely Altisidora? As the Duke and Duchess ascended the stage, Don Quixote and Sancho rose and made them a profound obeisance, which the ducal pair acknowledged with a slight inclination of their

saying to himself:—Nay, then, neither do those burn me nor these carry me off.[1]

Don Quixote also gazed at Sancho, and though fear kept his senses in suspense he could not keep from smiling to see Sancho's figure. And now, from beneath the tomb, to all seeming, there began to come a low, pleasant sound of flutes, which, though being unbroken by any human voice (for silence itself kept silence[2] in that spot), rang soft and amorous. Then of a sudden there appeared, close to the pillow of the seeming corpse, a beautiful youth clad in a Roman garb, who, to the music of a harp which he himself played, sang, in a sweet and clear voice, these two stanzas:—

[1] This passage is one of those which deserve to be studied by those who would learn of Cervantes' real feeling for the Inquisition. Why should he have gone out of his way once more to bring in the apparatus of the Holy Office if, as some critics assert and pretend to believe, he was entirely orthodox in his approval of that sacred institution and its Christian practices? Clemencin, who closes his eyes to every sign of heterodoxy in his author,—against whom, perhaps, he is all the more severe by reason of his suspicions,—insists that there is nothing in this passage which smacks of irreverence; that Cervantes, in his works, always manifested his great respect for the Holy Inquisition. It would have been absurd, and in his position equally dangerous and ungrateful, as one who was living on the bounty of the Inquisitor-General, for Cervantes to have made any direct onslaught on the Holy Office. Neither was he called upon, by any duty to mankind, to enter, as a man of letters, upon a crusade against the popular belief. At the same time, he does not hesitate to represent the forms and ceremonies of the Inquisition in a ludicrous light when it suits his greater purpose,—that is to say, the conduct of his story,—to do so. One of the most intelligent and judicious of recent Spanish critics, Don Juan Valera, while unwilling, like all his countrymen, to allow any doubts to be thrown on Cervantes' orthodoxy, in the eloquent Discourse upon *Don Quixote*, read before the Spanish Academy in 1864, admits that this sixty-ninth chapter contains a parody upon the processes of the Inquisition (*Sobre El Quijote*, p. 45. Madrid, 1864). I am not aware of any other writer of the period who ventured to write so freely of the dread tribunal, which, though in those years comparatively at rest, knew how to wake up, then and afterwards, into energy.

[2] This is an expression very much admired by Vicente de los Rios, which must be classed with those "precious" affected conceits then in fashion, by none more happily ridiculed than by Cervantes himself.



Until, by cruel Quixote slain,
Altisidora to herself return;
Whilst in the fairy court the train
Of dames in sombre sackcloth mourn;
And whilst my lady sad is fain
To clothe her maids in baize forlorn;
So long shall I her beauty and disgrace
Lament in tones more sweet than his of Thrace.[1]

Nor think that death shall end my song,
Or my lament shall cease to flow;
For still, though dead and cold, my tongue
Shall pay to thee the tribute due;
And as the Stygian lake along
Released my soul doth go,
Thee still I'll celebrate—thee still I'll sing,
Until the waters of Oblivion ring.[2]

—No more, exclaimed one of the two seeming Kings at this point; no more, songster divine! It were an endless process to recall to us the death and the charms of the peer-

Sancho with four-and-twenty smacks,[1] and a dozen pinches give him, and half a dozen pricks with a pin on the arms and loins; for in this ceremony consists the salvation of Altisidora.

On hearing this Sancho broke silence, and cried out:

—I swear, by this and by that, I will as soon let my face be sealed or my cheeks be fingered as turn Moor. Body o' me! What has the handling of my face to do with the resurrection of this damsel? The old wife was tickled with the spinach ——[2] They enchant Dulcinea, and they flay me that she may be disenchanted. Altisidora dies of ailments God was pleased to send her, and to revive her they must needs deal me four-and-twenty smacks, and cripple my body with pin-pricks and gall my arms with pinches. Try these jokes on a brother-in-law![3]—I'm an old dog, and it is not *tus, tus* with me.[4]

—Thou shalt die, cried Rhadamanthus, in a loud voice. —Relent, tiger! Humble thyself, proud Nimrod! Suffer, and be silent, for they ask no impossibilities of thee; concern not thyself with discussing the difficulties of this business. Smacked thou hast to be; pricked thou hast to see thyself; pinched, thou shalt groan; and so, officers, I say, execute my commands! Or, by the faith of an honest man, ye shall see for what you were born!

Hereupon there appeared some six duennas, who came

[1] *Mamonas*, *hacer*, or *sellar*, *mamonas*, is to plant the hand, with the five fingers spread out, on the face of another, in contempt (see note in ch. xxviii.).

[2] *Regostóse la vieja á los bledos*; Sancho, in his rage, comes out with only half of the proverb, of which the remainder is—*ni dejó verdes ni secos*, "not left any, green or dry." *Bledo* is the wild amaranth, of which the shoots are cooked as spinach (Hindustani *sâg*). Sancho means that the enchanters have got to relish their tricks upon him so much that they are tempted to carry them further.

[3] *Esas burlas á un cuñado*—a proverbial phrase. The brother-in-law of the Spanish proverbs fares almost as badly as the mother-in-law.

[4] *Tus, tus*, is what the Spaniard says to a dog in calling him (see note to ch. xxxiii.).

along the court in procession, one behind another, four of them with spectacles, and all with their right hands held aloft, and with their wrists bared to the depth of four fingers to make their hands appear larger, as is now the fashion. No sooner did Sancho see them than, bellowing like a bull, he cried:

—I might let myself be humbled by all the world, but to allow duennas to touch me—never! Let them cat-claw my face as they did my master's in this same castle, let them run me through the body with sharp-edged daggers; let them tear my arms with burning pincers; and I will bear it in patience, to serve these gentle-folks; but for duennas to touch me,—I will not consent to it, though the devil carry me away!

Don Quixote also broke silence, saying to Sancho:

—Have patience, my son, and give these gentle-folk pleasure, and render many thanks to Heaven for having put such virtue in thy person as that by its martyrdom thou mayst disenchant the enchanted and resuscitate the dead.

The duennas were now about Sancho, and he, become quieter and more resigned, settling himself well in the chair, lent his face and beard to the first one, who dealt him a smack very well planted, and then made him a deep courtesy.

—Less courtesy,—less paint,[1] my lady duenna! said Sancho, for egad your hands have a smell of vinegar-wash.

In fine, all the duennas smacked him and many of the household pinched him; but what he could not abide was the pin-pricking, and so he started up from his chair all in a fury, and, seizing a lighted torch which was near him, went after the duennas and after all his tormentors, saying:

—Away with you, ministers of hell! for I am not made of brass to be proof against these uncommon tortures!

At this moment Altisidora, who must have been tired of

[1] *Mudas*; certain unguents, paints, washes, etc., which it was the business of duennas to make for their mistresses.

having lain supine so long, turned to one side; seeing which the bystanders all cried out loudly:—Altisidora is alive! Altisidora lives!

Rhadamanthus bade Sancho lay aside his anger, since the object they aimed at was now achieved. When Don Quixote saw Altisidora begin to move he went and knelt before Sancho, saying:

—Now is the time, son of my bowels,—my squire no more!—to give thyself some of those stripes thou art engaged to give for the disenchanting of Dulcinea! Now is the time, I say, when thou hast thy virtue seasoned and effective, to work the good expected of thee!

To which Sancho made answer:—Methinks that this is prank upon prank[1] and not honey upon pancakes.[2] A good thing, indeed, that after pinchings and smackings and pin-pricking there should come lashes! They have nothing more to do than to take a big stone and tie it round my neck and toss me into a well! which I would not much mind if, to cure other folk's ailments, I am to be made the wedding-heifer.[3] Leave me alone, or, 'fore God, I'll fling out all to the dozen,—aye, though I spoil the market![4]

Here Altisidora sat up on her tomb, and at the same moment the clarions sounded, accompanied by the flutes, and by all their voices, who exclaimed:—Live Altisidora! Live Altisidora!

The Duke and Duchess, and the Kings, Minos and Rhadamanthus, arose, and all in a body, with Don Quixote and Sancho, went to receive Altisidora and bring her down from the tomb. She, putting on a faint and languid air,

[1] *Argado sobre argado*; *argado* was a provincial word, now obsolete, explained by the Academy's Dictionary as equivalent to *enredo*, a plot to circumvent one.

[2] *Miel sobre hojuelas*—a proverbial phrase, meaning "sweet piled upon sweet."

[3] *La vaca de la boda*—a proverbial phrase, signifying the animal at whose expense everybody takes his diversion.

[4] *Las echo todas a trece*, etc.—a phrase of obscure origin, used before by Sancho, with the variation, *todas á doce*, in Part I, ch. xxv.

bowed to the Duke and Duchess and to the Kings, and looking across at Don Quixote thus addressed him:

—God forgive thee, loveless Knight! for through thy cruelty have I been, as seems to me, more than a thousand years in the other world; and thee, O the most compassionate squire the world contains, I thank for the life I now possess! From this day forth, friend Sancho, thou mayst command six of my smocks which I bequeath to thee, of them to make other six for thyself; and if they are not all whole at least they are all clean.

Sancho kissed her hands for the gift, his knees on the ground and the mitre in his hand, of which the Duke bade them relieve him, and to return him his cap and put on him his overcoat, and take away the robe of flames. Sancho besought the Duke to let him keep the robe and mitre, which he wished to carry away to his own country for a token and a memorial of that unheard-of incident. The Duchess replied that he should have them, for he must know already how great a friend of his she was.

Then the Duke ordered them to clear the court-yard and all to retire to their own rooms, and Don Quixote and Sancho to be taken to those with which they were already acquainted.



CHAPTER LXX

Which follows the Sixty-Ninth, and deals with things not to be dispensed with for the clear understanding of this history

Sancho slept that night in a truckle-bed[1] in the same room with Don Quixote, a thing he would have avoided had he been able, for he knew well that with questions and answers his master would not let him sleep; nor was he in a mood for much talking, for he was still feeling the pain of his late martyrdom, which did not leave his tongue at liberty, and he would have preferred to sleep in a hovel alone than in that rich chamber with company. This apprehension proved to be so true and his suspicion so well founded, that his master had scarcely got into bed when he said:

—What thinkest thou, Sancho, of this night's adventure? Great and potent is the force of careless disdain, as with thine own eyes thou hast seen Altisidora dead, not by any other arrows, not by any other sword, not by any other warlike weapons or lethal poisons, but by reason of the rigour and scorn with which I have ever treated her.

—She might have died and welcome, when she liked and how she liked, answered Sancho, and left me alone to myself, since neither did I enamour her nor disdain her in all my life. I know not, nor can I think, how it is that the

[1] *Carriola.*—a low, portable bed on wheels.

health of Altisidora, a damsel more whimsical than wise, had to do, as I have said before, with the torturing of Sancho Panza. Now indeed do I come to see clearly and distinctly that there are enchanters and enchantments in this world, from whom may God deliver me! for I cannot deliver myself. For all that I pray your worship to let me go to sleep, and ask me no more questions if you would not have me throw myself out of window.

—Sleep, friend Sancho, said Don Quixote; if so be the pin-prickings and the pinchings thou hast received and the slaps on the cheek will let thee.

—No pain, replied Sancho, came up to the affront of the cheek-slapping, for nothing else than because it was given me by duennas, confound them!—And again I beseech your worship to let me sleep, for sleep is the relief of the woes which are suffered awake.

—So be it, said Don Quixote; and God be with thee.

The two fell asleep; and Cid Hamet, the author of this great history, would in this interval write and give an account of what it was that moved the Duke and Duchess to construct the elaborate device which has been spoken of; and he says that the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, not forgetting how, when the *Knight of the Mirrors*, he was vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote,—which defeat and overthrow spoilt and destroyed all his schemes,—resolved to try his hand again, hoping for a more fortunate issue than the last. And so, having learnt from the page who brought the letter and present to Theresa Panza, Sancho's wife, where Don Quixote was, he looked out for a fresh horse and armour and put upon his shield the white moon, carrying it all upon a mule which was led by a peasant,—not by Tomé Cecial, his old squire, lest he should be recognised by Sancho or by Don Quixote. He came to the Duke's castle, who informed him of the road and course which Don Quixote had taken with the intention of being present at the jousts

at Zaragoza. The Duke told him also of the tricks that had been played upon the Knight, with the scheme for Dulcinea's disenchantment to be effected at the cost of Sancho's posteriors. Finally, he gave him an account of the trick which Sancho had practised upon his master, making him believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and transformed into a country wench, and of how his wife, the Duchess, had made Sancho believe that it was he himself who had been deceived, seeing that Dulcinea really was enchanted; at all which the Bachelor laughed not a little and was amazed, thinking of Sancho's cunning and simplicity as well as of Don Quixote's extraordinary madness. The Duke begged him if he found the Knight, whether he vanquished him or not, to return by that same way and let him know of what happened. The Bachelor promised he would do so. He departed on his quest, and not finding Don Quixote at Zaragoza passed on farther, and met with the adventure which has been related. He returned by the Duke's castle and told him of everything, with the conditions of the combat, and how Don Quixote was coming back in order to fulfil, like a good Knight Errant, his pledge of retiring to his village for a year,—in which time it might happen, said the Bachelor, that he would be cured of his madness; for this was the motive which had induced him to put on those disguises, as it was a pitiful thing that a gentleman so well endowed with parts as Don Quixote should be a lunatic. Thereupon he took leave of the Duke and went back to his village, to wait there for Don Quixote, who was coming after him. Thus it was that the Duke took occasion to play off this last jest upon our Knight, so great was the delight he took in everything relating to the affairs of Sancho and of Don Quixote; and having had all the roads round the castle, far and near, occupied on all sides by which he thought Don Quixote was to return, by a number of his retainers on foot and on horseback, in order, by force or

free will to bring him to the castle, should they find him. They found him, and gave notice to the Duke, who had already arranged what was to be done. As soon as he received word of Don Quixote's coming he ordered them to light the torches and the lamps in the court-yard, and to place Altisidora upon the tomb, with all the apparatus which has been described, so well acted and so to the life that it differed but little from reality. And Cid Hamet says, moreover, that for his part he holds the two mockers to be as mad as the mocked, and that the Duke and Duchess were not two fingers' breadth of looking like fools, seeing they were so earnest in playing their pranks upon a pair of fools.

Upon them, one sleeping in sound sleep and the other wide awake with his unbridled fancies, the day fell with the desire to rise, for to Don Quixote, whether conquered or conqueror, the feather-bed of sloth never gave pleasure. Altisidora, in Don Quixote's opinion come back from death, following up the humour of her master, entered Don Quixote's chamber crowned with the same garland she had worn in the tomb, and clad in a gown of white taffeta flowered with gold, her hair loose upon her shoulders, leaning upon a staff of finest ebony. At her appearance Don Quixote, troubled and confounded, shrank down and covered himself up wholly under the sheets and quilts of his bed, dumb-foundered and unable to offer her any courtesy. Altisidora sat herself down in a chair close to his head, and giving vent to a deep sigh, said to him in a tender and feeble voice:

When women of condition and maidens of reserve tread honour under foot and give their tongues licence to break through every impediment, informing the public of the secrets buried in their hearts, they sure are reduced to a sore extremity. I, Sir Don Quixote of La Mancha, am one of these,—smitten, vanquished, love-lorn,—but still patient and modest, and through being so my heart burst through

my silence and I lost my life. Two days it is since, through feeling of the rigour with which thou hast treated me,—oh, harder than marble to my plaints, stony-hearted Knight![1] I have been dead,—at least, held to be so by those who saw me,—and were it not that Love, taking pity on me, placed my recovery in the sufferings of this good squire, there I should have remained in the other world.

Love could just as well have placed it in those of my ass, said Sancho, and I should have thanked him for it. But tell me, mistress,—and so may Heaven accommodate you with another lover kinder than my master,—what did you see in the other world? How is it in Hell?—For who dies in despair must perforce rest there.

—The truth I will tell you, answered Altisidora; I could not have been dead outright, seeing that I did not go into Hell, for had I gone in there verily I could not have got out had I wished. The truth is that I arrived at the gate, where about a dozen devils were playing at ball, all in their breeches and waistcoats, collars trimmed with Flanders lace and ruffles of the same that served for cuffs, with four fingers' breadth of arm exposed, to make their hands seem the longer,[2] in which they held rackets of fire. And what astonished me most was that, in place of balls, they used books which seemed to be stuffed with wind and fluff,—a thing marvellous and novel. But this did not strike me so much as to see that, whereas it is usual with gamesters for the winners to be glad and the losers to be sorry, in that game down there all were grumbling, and snarling, and cursing one another.

[1] *O mas duro que mármol á mis quejas!*—a verse from the First Eclogue of Garcilaso de la Vega.

[2] One of the freaks of the fashionable ladies of this period was to wear their sleeves well up to the elbow, so as to expose their arms, a fashion the more noticeable from its being a departure from the old style of the sleeves down to the wrist.

—That is no wonder, observed Sancho, for devils, in play or no play, never can be content, win or not win.

—So it must be, said Altisidora, but there is another thing which also astonishes me,—I mean, which astonished me then,—and it was that at the first toss the ball was spent nor was of any use a second time; and so they whirled away books, old and new, which was a marvel. To one of these, brand-new and smartly bound, they gave such a whack that they knocked out its guts and scattered all the leaves about. Said one devil to another—*Look what book that is;* and the devil replied—*This is the Second Part of the History of Don Quixote of La Mancha, not composed by Cid Hamet, its original author, but by an Aragonese, who calls himself a native of Tordesillas.—Away with it out of here,* answered the other devil, *and plunge it into the depths of Hell; let not mine eyes see it again. Is it so bad?* quoth the other.—*So bad,* replied the first, *that were I myself deliberately to set about to make it worse I should not succeed.* They pursued their game, tossing about other books; and I, because I heard them name *Don Quixote,* whom I so much love and adore, retained this vision in my mind.

—A vision beyond a doubt it must be, said Don Quixote, for there is no other I in the world; and that history is being bandied about from hand to hand, but stays in none, for all give it the foot. I have not been disturbed by hearing that I wander like a phantom body about the shades of Hell, any more than in the brightness of earth, for I am not he of whom that history treats. Were it good, faithful, and true, it would have centuries of life; but if it be evil, from its birth to its burial the road would not be long.[1]

[1] The prophecy has been fulfilled. Avellaneda's book, if it did not fall dead from its birth, was killed as soon as the true Second Part appeared. It was reprinted in 1732, by Blas de Nasarre, under the feigned name of Isidro Perales,—out of stupidity or malice. Both the original book and the reprint are now very rare, and probably would have been forgotten long ago, even as a curiosity,

Altisidora was about to proceed with her complaint of Don Quixote, when the Knight said to her:—I have told you many times, madam, it distresses me that you should set your inclinations upon me, for by mine they can only be acknowledged and not relieved. I was born to belong to Dulcinea del Toboso; and the Fates, if such there be, have dedicated me to her; and to think that any other beauty shall occupy the place she holds in my heart is to think an impossibility. This is a sufficient disillusion for you to cause you to retreat within the confines of your chastity, for no one can be bound to do what is impossible.

On hearing this Altisidora, pretending to be angry and troubled, cried:

—God's life, Don Stock-Fish,[1] soul of brass mortar! stone of date!—stubborner you are and harder than clown besought when he is taking aim at the mark;[2] and if I come at you I will tear your eyes out! Think you, perchance, Don Vanquished, Don Cudgelled One, that it is for you I died? All that you have seen to-night has been feigned, nor am I a woman who, for such camels, would let myself grieve the black of a finger-nail—much less die!

—That I can well believe, said Sancho, for this dying for love is a thing to laugh at; they may tell of it, but as for doing it,—believe it, Judas![3]

While they were thus talking there entered the tuneful

in spite of Le Sage and his translation, but for its connexion with the bibliography of *Don Quixote*. Of the recent attempt to revive Avellaneda by the eccentric Frenchman, Germond de Lavigne, I have spoken fully elsewhere.

[1] *Don Bacallao*; a name signifying the extreme of tenuity and meagreness.

[2] *Que villano rogado cuando tiene la suya sobre el hito.* The phrase is a little obscure, and most of the translators have either passed it by or turned it some other way. The reference is to the intentness with which a clown, when shooting at a mark, looks only at his own aim and refuses to turn his head to any one speaking to him. Shelton is faithful to the text, though a little diffuse. "More obstinate and hard-hearted than a rude and base peasant when one sueth unto him, and when he addresseth his level to the butt or marke."

[3] *Créelo Judas*—a free rendering of *credat Judæus*.

singer and poet who had sung the two stanzas above recited, who, making a profound obeisance to Don Quixote, said: —Sir Knight, let me be reckoned and numbered among your most faithful servants, for it is many days since I have been much affected to you, as much for your fame as for your achievements.

Don Quixote answered him:—Sir, tell me who you are, that my courtesy may respond to your deserts.

The youth replied that he was the musician and the panegyrist of the previous night.

—Certes, then, said Don Quixote, you have a perfect voice, though what you sang did not seem to me much to the purpose; for what have the stanzas of Garcilaso to do with this lady's dying?

—Wonder not at that, answered the songster; for, with the unshorn poets of our age it is the fashion for each to write what he pleases and to steal from whom he will, whether it be to the point or not; and there is no silliness sung or written nowadays but is set down to poetic licence.

Don Quixote would have replied, but he was interrupted by the Duke and Duchess coming in to see him, with whom there passed a long and delightful discourse, during which Sancho uttered so many droll and sharp things as to leave the Duke and Duchess in greater admiration than ever at once of his simplicity and of his acuteness. Don Quixote prayed them to give him leave to depart that same day, for it were more becoming for vanquished Knights like himself to inhabit a pig-sty than a royal palace. They granted his request very willingly, the Duchess asking him whether Altisidora was still in his good graces.

He answered her:—Dear madam, let your Ladyship know that all this damsel's malady springs from idleness, the remedy whereof is virtuous and continuous occupation. She has informed me just now that lace is worn in Hell, and

since she must needs know how to make it, let it never be out of her hands, so that, occupied in agitating her bobbins, the image or images of what she longs for will not agitate themselves in her imagination; this is the truth, this is my opinion, and this my advice.

—And mine, added Sancho; for, in all my life, I have never seen a lace-maker who died for love, for maids at work set their minds more at finishing their tasks than on thinking of their loves. I speak for myself, for, whilst I am digging, I mind me not of my deary—I mean my Theresa Panza, whom I love better than my eyelids.

—You say well, Sancho, cried the Duchess; and I shall make my Altisidora employ herself hereafter in some kind of needle-work, which she knows how to do to perfection.

—There is no occasion, madam, to resort to that remedy, replied Altisidora, for the thought of the cruelties which this ill-conditioned vagabond has used to me will blot him out of my memory without any other device. And, by your Highness's leave, I would retire, so that I may not see before my eyes, I don't say his *rueful feature*, but his ugly, abominable countenance.[1]

This puts me in mind, said the Duke, of the common saying: *He who rails is near to forgive.*[2]

Altisidora made a show of wiping her tears with a handkerchief and, making a courtesy to her master and mistress, went out of the room.

—Poor maid! cried Sancho; ill betide thee, ill betide thee, say I! for thou hast had to do with a soul of rush and

[1] Here we have a proof, if any was needed, that *figura*, throughout this history, as in connexion with the epithet bestowed on Don Quixote, was intended to refer not to his face only but to his whole figure and make. Otherwise there could be no point in Altisidora's parting sarcasm, where *catadura* is distinguished from *figura*.

[2] Apparently quoted from some well-known verse or some famous expression, though I cannot trace it as a proverb. Pellicer prints the original words as two lines of poetry.

a heart of timber!—'Faith, if thou hadst to do with me another kind of cock would crow for thee.[1]

The conversation here ended; and Don Quixote dressed himself and dined with the Duke and Duchess, and departed that afternoon.

[1] *Otro gallo te cantara*—a proverbial phrase.

CHAPTER LXXI

Of what happened to Don Quixote and his Squire on the way to their village

The vanquished and wayworn Don Quixote went along, very melancholy on one account and very cheerful on another. His sadness was caused by his defeat and his cheerfulness by the consideration of Sancho's virtue, as had been demonstrated in the revival of Altisidora; although it was with some reluctance that he persuaded himself that the amorous damsel had been really dead. As for Sancho, he went along not at all cheerful, for he was saddened by finding that Altisidora had not kept her word in the matter of giving him the smocks, and turning this over in his mind he said to his master:

—In truth, Sir, I am the unluckiest doctor to be found in the world, in which are physicians who for killing the sick man they treat seek to be paid for their trouble, which is nothing but signing a little bit of paper for medicines which not he but the apothecary makes up, and lo, 'tis done ;[1] and me, whom the curing of another cost drops of blood, smacks o' the face, pinchings, pin-prickings, and whippings, they give never a farthing. I take my oath then that if they bring me another such one into my hands they will have to grease them before I cure him ; for the abbot dines by what

[1] *Catalo cantusado.* *Cantusar* is an obsolete form of *engatusar*, to "trick," to "entrap." Here *cantusado* is equivalent to *despachado*.

he chants[1]; and I will not believe that Heaven has gifted me with the virtue I have that I should communicate it to others free gratis for nothing.[2]

—Thou art right, friend Sancho, answered Don Quixote; and Altisidora has done very ill in not giving thee the promised smocks; though the virtue thou hast was given thee gratis, for it has not cost thee any study more than the studying how to receive torments in thy person. For myself I can tell thee that if thou wouldst have payment for the whippings on account of Dulcinea's disenchantment, I would have given thee what was fair; but I know not whether the pay will go well with the cure, and I would not have the reward hinder the medicine. Nevertheless, methinks nothing will be lost in trying it. Look, Sancho, what thou wouldst have, and presently whip thyself and pay thyself down out of thine own hand, for thou hast my money.

At this offer Sancho opened his eyes and his ears a span wider, and consented in his heart to be whipped heartily, and said he to his master:

—Well now, Sir, I would dispose myself to give your worship satisfaction in what you desire for my profit; and my love for my children and my wife makes me seem selfish. Tell me how much you will give me for every lash I give myself.

—Were I to pay thee, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, according to what the greatness and importance of this remedy deserves, the treasures of Venice,[3] the mines of Potosi,

[1] *El abad de donde canta yanta*—a proverb implying what the Scripture enjoins about not muzzling the ox that treads out the corn. *Qui altario ministrant de altario participantur*, is Cejudo's explanation. That it should have passed into a common proverb shows that the precept was one which the clergy did not neglect to observe.

[2] *De bóbilis bóbilis*—a phrase of obscure origin, used by Sancho before, in a contracted form, in Part I. ch. xxv.

[3] The riches of Venice, through her commerce, had passed into a proverb. Quevedo, however, seems to have entertained but a poor opinion either of the

were little for thy recompense. Reckon up what thou hast of mine, and put a price upon each stroke.

—They are three thousand three hundred and odd, said Sancho, of which I have given myself about five; the rest remain. Let these five go for the odd ones, and let us come to the three thousand and three hundred, which, at a quarter of a *real* apiece,—and I will not take less though all the world should bid me,—come to three thousand three hundred quarter-*reals*, which three thousand are one thousand and five hundred half-*reals*, which make seven hundred and fifty *reals*, and the three hundred make a hundred and fifty half-*reals*, which go to seventy and five *reals*, which being added to the seven hundred and fifty, are in all eight hundred and twenty and five *reals*. These I will take from those I have belonging to your worship, and I will go home rich and contented, though well whipped, for trout are not caught [illegible][1] and I say no more.

—O blessed Sancho! O amiable Sancho! cried Don Quixote; how much shall we, Dulcinea and I, be bounden to serve thee in all the days of life which Heaven shall give us! If she is restored to her lost state (and it is impossible but that she will be), her misfortune shall prove her good fortune, and my defeat a most happy triumph. And look, Sancho,—when will you begin the discipline? For if thou wilt hasten it I will add a hundred *reals* more.

When? This night, without fail, Sancho replied.

reality of the Venetian wealth (then already beginning to decay), or the soundness of Venetian faith. In the *Visita de los Chistes*, he speaks disparagingly of Venice as the State which, if she restored what was not her own, would be left with nothing; "a fine people, their city founded in the water, their treasure and their liberty in the air, and their unchastity in the fire. . . . The Turk permits them to work evil on Christians, and the Christians to work evil on the Turks; and they, though being able to work evil on the one and the other, are neither Moors nor Christians." Quevedo spoke from personal knowledge, having been secretary to the Spanish Ambassador at Venice in 16[illegible].

[1] *No se toman truchas—á bragas enjutas*, is the proverb in full: "There is no catching trout without wet breeches"; equivalent to "there's no making an omelet without breaking of eggs."

Do you but order that we pass it in the fields under the open sky, and I will lay open my flesh.

The night came longed for by Don Quixote with all the anxiety in the world, it seeming to him that the wheels of Apollo's chariot must have been broken and that the day was prolonged more than was customary, just as happens with those in love, who are never able to adjust the time to their desires. They entered at length among some pleasant trees which stood a little way off the road, where, emptying Rozinante's saddle and Dapple's pannel, they laid them down upon the green turf and supped out of Sancho's store. He, making a strong and flexible whip out of Dapple's halter and head-stall, retired some twenty paces from his master among some beech-trees. On seeing him go off briskly and resolutely Don Quixote called out to him :—Take care, Sancho, that thou dost not lash thyself to pieces ; give time for one stroke to await another ; thou shouldst not hurry thyself so much in thy career as to fail of breath in the middle of it ; do not, I say, lay on so warmly as for thy life to fail thee before reaching the required number ; and that thou mayst not lose by a card too much or too little, I will stand by at a distance, and reckon on this, my rosary, the lashes thou givest thyself. May Heaven favour thee, as thy good purpose deserves !

—The good paymaster is not troubled for pledges,[1] answered Sancho ; I mean so to lay on to myself as to hurt me without killing, for in this should consist the substance of this miracle.

He then stripped himself naked from the waist upwards, and seizing the whip began to lay on, and Don Quixote to count the lashes. About six or eight had Sancho given himself when it appeared to him to be a burdensome joke and the price of it very low ; so, stopping awhile, he said to his master that he appealed against a fraud, for each stroke of

[1] A proverb, now repeated by Sancho for the fifth time.

them deserved to be paid at the rate of half a *real*, not a quarter.

—Proceed, friend Sancho, and be not faint-hearted, said Don Quixote, for I double the stake.

—In that case, cried Sancho, in God's hand be it and let it rain lashes.

But the rogue left off giving them to himself on the back and laid on to the trees, every now and then giving forth such groans as made believe that with each one of them his soul was being up-rooted. Don Quixote had a tender one himself, and fearful lest Sancho might put an end to his life and that through his imprudence he might not attain his desire, he exclaimed:

—Let the matter rest here, for thy life, friend; for this, methinks, is a very rough kind of physic, and it were well to proceed bit by bit, for Zamora was not won in an hour.[1] More than a thousand lashes, unless I have miscounted, hast thou given thyself. Let these suffice for the present, for the ass, to speak in homely phrase, bears the load but not the overload.[2]

—No, no, Sir, responded Sancho; it must not be said of me—money paid, the arms broken.[3] Stand you aside a little more, and let me give myself another thousand lashes at any rate, for in two bouts we shall have finished this job and even have stuff to spare.

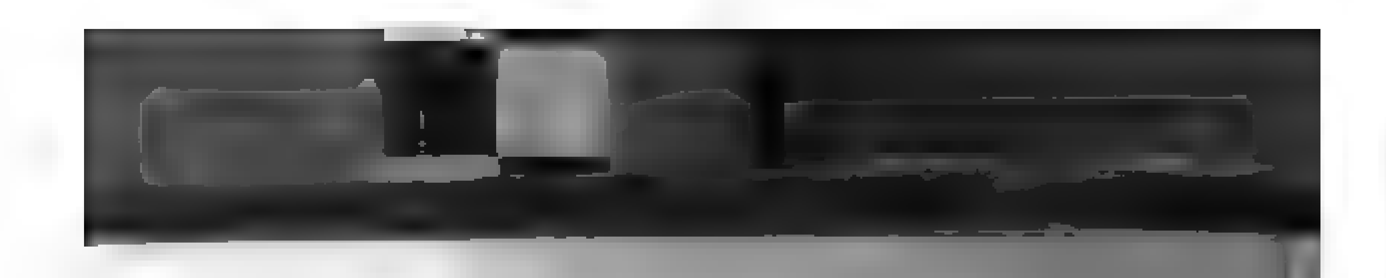
Since thou art in so excellent a disposition, said Don Quixote, may Heaven help thee, and stick to it, for I will withdraw.

Sancho returned to his task with so much fervour that he had a number of the trees now stripped of their bark, such

[1] *No se gano Zamora en una hora*—a proverb, which goes back to the eleventh century—to the long and momentous siege of Zamora, held by Doña Urraca, by her brother Sancho II. of Castile, who perished by treachery before its walls.

[2] *El asno sufre la carga mas no la sobrecarga*—a proverb.

[3] *A dineros pagados brazos quebrados*—a proverb, directed against the folly of paying for work before it is done.



was the severity with which he lashed himself; and once, raising his voice and dealing a tremendous stroke on a beech-tree, he cried out:

Let Samson die now and all along with him.[1]

Don Quixote ran up at the sound of that piteous cry and that stroke of the remorseless whip, and seizing the twisted halter which had served Sancho for a bull's pizzle, said:

—Fate forbid, Sancho friend, that for my pleasure thou shouldst lose thy life, which has to serve for the support of thy wife and children! Let Dulcinea stay for a better season, for I will contain myself within the bounds of proximate hope, and wait till thou gainest new strength to conclude this business to every one's liking.

—Since your worship, master dear, wishes it so, answered Sancho, let it be, in God's name, and fling your cloak over these shoulders, for I am sweating and don't want to catch cold; 'tis a danger your new disciplinants run.

Don Quixote did so, and, remaining himself in his doublet, covered up Sancho, who fell asleep until the sun awoke him; and then they pursued their journey, which for that day they

Æneas,—she upon a lofty tower making signals with half a bed-sheet to the fugitive guest, who was flying over the sea in a frigate or brigantine. On the two pieces it was noticeable that Helen went with no very ill grace, for she was smiling to herself on the sly; but the lovely Dido seemed to be dropping tears as big as walnuts from her eyes.

On seeing this Don Quixote observed:—These two ladies were most unhappy in not being born in this age, and I above all unhappy in not being born in theirs, for had I encountered those gentlemen, neither would Troy have been fired nor Carthage destroyed, for by the slaying of Paris only all these misfortunes had been avoided.

—I will wager, quoth Sancho, that before long there will not be a liquor-house, a tavern, an inn, or a barber's shop where they will not see painted the story of our deeds;[1] but I would wish that some better painter's hands painted them than he who has painted these.

—Thou art right, Sancho, said Don Quixote; for this artist is like Orbaneja, a painter there was in Ubeda, who, when they asked him what he was painting, answered, *whatever it might turn out*;[2] and if by chance he painted a cock, he would write underneath, *This is a cock*, lest they should think it was a she-fox. Of this kind, Sancho, methinks must be the painter or writer (for it is all one) who published the history of this new Don Quixote which has come out, who painted or wrote whatever it might turn out; he must have been like a poet who frequented the court in years gone by,

[1] Sancho's prediction has been amply fulfilled. There is, perhaps, no subject in history or fable which has given so much employment to art, in painting, in decoration, and in fictile products such as those here spoken of, than the story of Don Quixote. At St. Petersburg there is in the Imperial Palace a very celebrated collection of tapestries dedicated to his adventures. Even to this day, in the humblest inn or dwelling throughout Spain, where there is any attempt at art, outside of the everlasting *Maria Sin Pecado Concebida* and the local saint, there is no subject so popular as Don Quixote.

[2] *Lo que saliere.* The story is told before, in ch. iii. of this Part.

called Mauleon,[1] who was wont to answer off-hand any question asked of him, and on their asking him what *Deum de Deo* meant, answered, *De donde diere*.[2] But leaving this aside, tell me, Sancho, if thou art disposed to give thyself another turn to-night, and whether thou wouldst have it under a roof or in the open air.

—Egad, Sir, answered Sancho, as to what I have a mind to give myself it may be given me in house or in field; yet for all that I should prefer it to be among trees, for methinks they keep me company and help me marvellously to bear my trouble.

—It must not be thus, friend Sancho, said Don Quixote; but that thou mayst recover thy strength we will reserve it for our village, where we shall arrive the day after to-morrow at the latest.

Sancho replied that it might be as his master pleased, but that for his part he wanted to finish that business out of hand in hot blood and while the mill was a-grind, for in delay there was oft wont to be danger, and with praying to God and plying the hammer, and better is one take than two I-will-give-thees, and a sparrow in the hand than a vulture on the wing.[3]

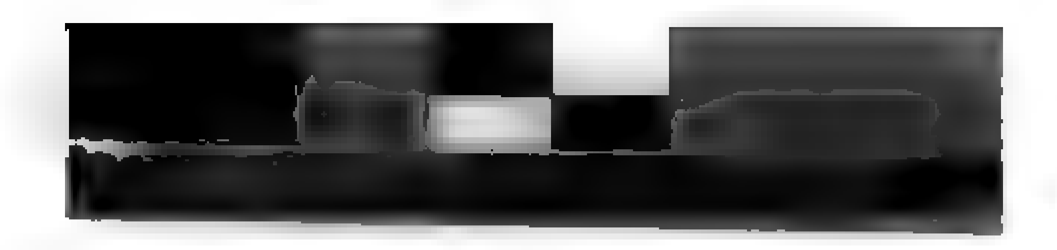
—No more proverbs, Sancho, by the one God! cried Don Quixote; methinks thou art returning to *as it was in the beginning*: speak plainly, simply, and not confusedly, as oft-times I have told thee, and thou shalt see how one loaf becomes to thee as good as a hundred.[4]

[1] There would appear to have actually flourished a foolish poet of this name who was the butt of the literary circle or club called *Imitatoria* or *De Los Imitatores*, founded at Madrid in 1556, of which perhaps Cervantes might have been a member, as he was afterwards, in 1612, of the *Academia Selvage*, so called because it met at the house of Don Francisco de Silva (see Navarrete, *Vida de Cervantes*, p. 452).

[2] *Dé donde diere*, "Let him give where he will give," or "hit where he may hit." This story is told in Cervantes' novel of *El Coloquio de los Perros*.

[3] All three proverbs, which have been used before.

[4] *Como te vale un pan por ciento*—a proverbial phrase. See note to ch. xxxiv.



—I know not what bad luck it is of mine, rejoined Sancho, for I cannot utter reason without a proverb nor a proverb which does not seem to me reason. But I will mend if I can.

And with this their discourse ended for that occasion.[1]

[1] Those critics who insist that there is a falling off in the latter chapters of *Don Quixote*, especially after the author has come to know of Avellaneda and his false Second Part, have apparently overlooked this chapter, which extorts from even the churlish Clemencin the praise of being one of the best in all *Don Quixote*.

CHAPTER LXXII

Of how Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at their village

All that day Don Quixote and Sancho stayed in that village and inn waiting for the night, one to make an end of the rest of his flagellation in the open fields and the other to see it accomplished, in which consisted the accomplishment of his desires. In the meantime there arrived at the inn a traveler on horseback with three or four servants, one of whom said to him who seemed to be their master: —Here, Don Alvaro Tarfe, your worship can pass your siesta to-day, for the lodging seems clean and cool.

On hearing this Don Quixote said to Sancho: —Look, Sancho, when I was turning over the leaves of that book of the Second Part of my history, I chanced to come upon the name of Don Alvaro Tarfe.[1]

—It may be so, answered Sancho; let him dismount, and afterwards we will ask him about it.

The cavalier alighted, and the hostess gave him a room on the ground floor opposite to the apartment of Don Quixote, bedecked with some painted serges like those in Don Quixote's room. The newly-arrived gentleman put on a summer undress, and coming out into the inn porch, which was spacious and cool, where Don Quixote was walking up and down, asked him:

[1] Don Alvaro Tarfe is a character in Avellaneda's false Second Part of *Don Quixote*. He is introduced in a scene similar to this, walking about in the court-yard of an inn, where he is accosted by the Knight and asked his name.

—Pray, gentle Sir, which way is your worship travelling?

And Don Quixote responded:—To a village which is near here, of which I am a native. And whither, Sir, is your worship bound?

—I, Sir, replied the gentleman, am going to Granada, which is my country.

—And a good country, rejoined Don Quixote; but of your courtesy tell me, Sir, your name; for methinks it concerns me to know it more than I can well tell you.

—My name is Don Alvaro Tarfe, answered the guest.

On which Don Quixote replied:—Then, without doubt, I believe you must be that Don Alvaro Tarfe who is in print in the second part of the history of Don Quixote of La Mancha, that was lately printed and given to the world by a modern author.

—The same am I, answered the cavalier; and the said Don Quixote, the principal subject of that same history, was a very great friend of mine, and it was I who took him out of his country, or, at least, persuaded him to go to some jousts which were being held at Zaragoza,[1] whither I was myself going; and verily and truly I did him many kindnesses; and saved him from having his shoulders slapped by the hangman for being over-daring.[2]

—And tell me, your worship, Don Alvaro, do I at all resemble that Don Quixote you speak of?

—No, indeed, answered the guest; in no wise.

[1] Don Quixote's third sally, according to Avellaneda, is commenced by his meeting with Don Alvaro Tarfe, from whom he hears of the jousts at Zaragoza, whither he resolves to go in quest of adventures. Avellaneda must have taken the hint for this journey from what Cervantes had said in the last chapter of his First Part, of the tradition in La Mancha that Don Quixote, "on the third time that he left his home, went to Zaragoza, where he appeared in some famous jousts which were held in that city."

[2] A reference to an adventure of the false Don Quixote, who, for releasing a criminal who was being whipped through the streets of Zaragoza, was laid hold of by the officers of justice, and was only saved from being himself whipped through Don Alvaro's intercession.

—And that Don Quixote, said our one, did he have with him a squire named Sancho Panza?

—Yes, he did, answered Don Alvaro; and, although he had the reputation of being a great wag, I never heard him say anything that had humour in it.

—That I can well believe, here Sancho broke in; for, to utter good things is not for everybody, and that Sancho your worship speaks of, gentle Sir, must be some very great knave, dullard, and thief together, for I am the real Sancho, who has more humours than are rained from the sky. Nay, let your worship make trial of me and walk behind me a year, and no more, and you shall see how they fall from me at every step, such and so many that often without my knowing what it is I say I make every one laugh who hears me. And the true Don Quixote of La Mancha, the famous, the valiant and wise, the enamoured, the undoer of wrongs, the guardian of minors and orphans, the support of widows, the killer of damsels,[1]—he who has the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso for his sole mistress,—is this gentleman here present, who is my master. Every other Don Quixote whatever, and every other Sancho Panza, is a mockery and a dream.

—'Fore God, then, I believe so, answered Don Alvaro, for you have uttered more good things, friend, in the few words you have spoken than the other Sancho Panza in all that I ever heard him speak, which were many. He had more of the glutton in him than the good talker, and more of the fool than the wag; and I have no doubt that the enchanters who persecute Don Quixote the Good have had a mind to persecute me with Don Quixote the Bad. But I know not what to say, for I durst swear that I left him shut up in the Nuncio's House in Toledo[2] for treatment,

[1] *Matador de las doncellas*; a piece of malice on the part of Sancho, alluding to Altisidora.

[2] The *Casa del Nuncio*, at Toledo, was a hospital for the insane, so called after

and now here starts another Don Quixote, though very different from mine.

—I, said Don Quixote, know not whether I am good, but I can say that I am not the bad. For a proof of which I would have you know, dear Sir Don Alvaro Tarfe, that I have never been at Zaragoza in all the days of my life; the rather, it having been told me that the fantastical Don Quixote had betaken himself to the jousts in that city, I cared not to go there in order to proclaim in the face of the world his lie, and so I passed over openly to Barcelona, that repository of courtesy, asylum of strangers, hospital of the poor, native land of the valiant, avenger of the injured, grateful mart of sincere friendships—in site and in beauty unique. And though the events which happened to me therein were not of much pleasure but rather of much grief, I bore them without repining, through having seen it. In short, Sir Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, the same of whom fame speaks, and not that miserable one who sought to usurp my name and to exalt himself with my ideas. I pray you, by your obligation as a gentleman, be so good as to make a declaration before the mayor of this town, that you never saw me in all the days of your life till now, and that I am not the Don Quixote written of in the Second Part, nor this Sancho Panza, my squire, is he whom your worship knew.

—I will do this with all my heart, answered Don Alvaro, though it surprises me to see two Don Quixotes and two Sanchos at the same time as like in the names as different in their actions; and again I say and affirm that I have not seen that which I have seen, nor has there happened to me what has happened.

its founder, Francisco Ortiz, a canon of Toledo and Papal Nuncio, who built it in 1483. Avellaneda concludes his Second Part with Don Quixote's confinement in the Toledo lunatic asylum; a fitting climax to the foolish and ribald story of the false knight.





relief of Dulcinea, all of which set Don Alvaro wondering afresh. Embracing Don Quixote and Sancho he went on his way, leaving Don Quixote to his.

That night they passed among some trees, so as to give Sancho an opportunity to accomplish his penance, which he completed in the same manner as the night before, more at the expense of the bark of the beech-trees than of his back, of which he took so much care that the lashes would not have disturbed a fly, if there had been one there. The befooled Knight lost not a single stroke of the count, and found that, with those of the night before, they came up to three thousand and twenty-nine. The sun seemed to have made haste to rise early to see the sacrifice,[1] by whose light they resumed their journey, talking among themselves of Don Alvaro's mistake and what a good thought it had been to take his declaration before the justice and so authentically. That day and that evening they travelled without anything happening to them worthy of being mentioned, except that at nightfall Sancho finished his task, at which Don Quixote was pleased beyond measure, longing for the daylight to see whether he might encounter on the road his now disenchanted lady, Dulcinea; and as he went along he met no woman to whom he did not go up to see if she were Dulcinea del Toboso, being firmly persuaded that Merlin's promises could not lie. With these fancies and longings they got to the top of a hill whence they descried their town, on seeing which Sancho went down upon his knees and cried:—Open thine eyes, O long-wished for country! and look at thy son Sancho Panza returning,—if not very rich, very well flogged! Open thine arms and receive also thy son Don Quixote, who, if he was conquered by another's arms, comes conqueror of himself, which, according to what he has told me himself, is the greatest victory that can be desired! Money I bring;

[1] That is, of the beech-trees.

pastoral we have to adopt.—V
hill, and went towards their to

[1] With the same words Sancho began
[2] To enter a place with the right foo
in order to enter with luck.

CHAPTER LXXIII

Of the omens with which Don Quixote met on his entering his village, with other incidents which embellish and accredit this great history

At the entrance to which,[1] as Cid Hamet relates, Don Quixote saw two boys quarrelling on the village threshing-floor, and said one to the other:

—Fret not thyself, Periquillo, for thou wilt not see it in all the days of thy life.

Don Quixote heard this and said to Sancho:—Dost thou not heed, friend, what that boy has said—thou shalt not see it in all the days of thy life?

—Well, and what then? said Sancho; what does it matter that the boy said so?

—What? rejoined Don Quixote; dost thou not see that, applying that word to my desires, it would signify that I shall see Dulcinea no more?

Sancho would have replied when he was stopped by the sight of a hare which came flying over the country pursued by several grey-hounds and huntsmen, who in her terror ran to shelter and hide herself under the feet of Dapple. Sancho took her up safe in his hands and presented her to Don Quixote, who was exclaiming:—*malum signum*,

[1] That is, to the village, taking up the last word in the chapter before. The same form occurred before at the opening of ch. vi. Part I.

malum signum![1]—a hare flies; hounds pursue her; Dulcinea appears not!

—Your worship is a strange one, said Sancho; let us suppose that this hare is Dulcinea del Toboso, and these hounds who chase her are the vagabond enchanters who have transformed her into a peasant wench. She flies; I catch her, and place her in your worship's power, who hold her in your arms and caress her. What bad token is this, or what ill omen can be taken here?

The two boys who had been quarrelling went up to look at the hare, and Sancho asked one of them why they had been wrangling. And he was answered by him who had said, *thou shalt not see it again in all thy life*, that he had snatched from the other boy a cage of crickets, which he did not intend to restore in all his life. Sancho took four quarter-*reals* from his pocket, and gave them to the boy for his cage, and placed it in Don Quixote's hands, saying:

—Here, Sir, are your omens broken up and come to nothing, which have no more to do with our affairs, as I imagine, though I am a fool, than with last year's clouds. And if I don't remember ill I have heard the priest of our place say, that it is not for Christians and sensible people to regard these childish things; aye, and even your worship has told me so in days gone by, giving me to know that they were fools, all those Christians who minded omens;[2] and there is no need to make a fuss about this, but let us pass on and come into our town.

The huntsmen came up, and asking for their hare Don Quixote gave her to them. They passed on, and at the

[1] A phrase taken from the practice of doctors, who, when at the bedside of a patient they detected a bad symptom, were wont so to exclaim in Latin, that the sick man might not understand.

[2] Don Quixote had indicated his opinions (which, doubtless, were those of Cervantes) on the absurdities of some of the popular superstitions more than once in the course of this story; but the particular opinion to which Sancho refers was expressed in ch. lviii.

entrance to the village they fell in with the Priest and the Bachelor Carrasco, in a little meadow, at their devotions. Now it should be known that Sancho Panza had cast over Dapple and the bundle of armour, by way of sumpter-cloth, the buckram robe painted with fiery flames with which they had clothed him at the Duke's castle, the night that Altisidora was restored to herself. He had fitted the mitre also upon its head, which was the strangest transformation and adornment that ass ever underwent in the world.[1] The two were immediately recognised by the Priest and the Bachelor, who went up to them with open arms. Don Quixote alighted and embraced them closely; and the boys, who are lynxes whom nothing can escape, espying the mitre on the ass, ran up to see it, calling out one to another:

—Come on, lads, and you shall see Sancho Panza's ass finer than Mingo,[2] and Don Quixote's beast leaner to-day than ever!

Thus, at length, surrounded by the boys and attended by

[1] Sancho had promised his ass when they were together in the pit (ch. lv.) that if they came out of that peril he would place on his head a crown of laurels. He is now better than his word. This last passage in the life and adventures of Dapple, the entry into his native town clad in the dread insignia of the Holy Office with the flaming *sanbenito* on his back and the mitre on his head,—are we to take it as a pure piece of idle humour, without any other significance? Taken in connexion with several other passages,—the parody of the process of the Holy Office in ch. vi. of the First Part; the sneer at the credulity and suspiciousness of the Holy Office in ch. lxii. Part II.; the clothing of Sancho himself as a penitent of the Inquisition in ch. lxix.; lastly, with Lope de Vega's resentment of the liberties taken with himself as a familiar of the Holy Office (see Prologue to Part II.),—there cannot, I think, be any reasonable doubt that Cervantes was, and was known at that time to be, as the whole story of his life proves, no friend to the Holy Inquisition; a state of mind quite compatible with fidelity to the national Church.

[2] *Mas galán que Mingo*—a proverbial phrase, derived from the opening lines of the *Coplas* of Mingo Revulgo,—

A Mingo Revulgo, Mingo,
A Mingo Revulgo, hao,
Que es de tu sayo de blao?

the Priest and the Bachelor, they entered the town and we
to Don Quixote's house, at the gate of which they fou
the Housekeeper and the Niece, whom already the news
his coming had reached. It had come also to Sancho's wi
Theresa Panza, who, dishevelled and half-naked, draggi
her daughter Sanchica by the hand, ran to see her husband
and, seeing him not so well equipped as she thought
Governor ought to be, said to him :—How come you th
husband mine? Methinks you come on foot and foo
foundered,—more like some mis-governed than a Governo

—Peace, Theresa, answered Sancho; there are oft
hooks where there are no flitches,[1] and let us away to o
house, where thou shalt hear wonders. I bring mone
which is the main thing—got by my own industry a
without wrong to anybody.

—Bring you money, my good husband, cried There
and let it be got here or there, for however you may ha
got it you will not have made a new fashion in the world.

Sanchica embraced her father, and asked him whether
brought her anything, for she was longing for him as

No le vistes en Domingo?
Que es de tu jubon bermejo?

(Ho! Mingo Revulgo, Mingo, hulloa! What's come of your shirt of b
Dost wear it not on Sunday? Where's your jacket of crimson?)—The li
were intended to veil a deep political allusion to the dismal state of things in
reign of Enrique IV. The meaning is that the people (Revulgo = Vulgo) w
in so wretched a state that even on Sundays they gave up wearing their
clothes. The colours have been interpreted to mean *blao* (blue) loyal,
bermejo (crimson) proud—the lines signifying that the people had in their mi
laid aside their loyalty and their pride. See the elaborate gloss by Hernando
Pulgar, in the Appendix to the *Crónica* de D. Enrique IV. (Madrid, 17
Long after their political allusions were lost the lines clung to the memory
the populace, *Mingo* surviving as a synonym for a popinjay or over-decor
dandy.

[1] *Donde hai estacas no hai tocinos*—a proverb several times before used. San
means the converse,—that is, to intimate that he has the substance if not
shadow (*tocinos sino estacas*), but in his confusion turns the saw wrongly, as
often does.

rain in May;[1] and taking hold of him on one side by the girdle and his wife on the other by the hand, the daughter leading Dapple, they went away to their house, leaving Don Quixote at his in the care of his Niece and his Housekeeper, and in the company of the Priest and the Bachelor.

Don Quixote, without waiting for time and season, that same moment took the Bachelor and the Priest apart, and in brief words told them of his defeat and the obligation which he lay under not to leave his village for a year, which he intended to observe to the letter, without infringing it in one atom, as became a Knight Errant bound by the strict rule and order of Knight Errantry; and how that he proposed to become a shepherd for that year, and to take his diversion in the solitude of the fields, where he would be able to give a loose rein to his amorous meditations, occupying himself in that pastoral and virtuous calling. And he besought them, if they had not much to do, and were not hindered by business more important, to agree to become his companions, and he would purchase sheep and stock sufficient to qualify them for shepherds; and he let them know that the principal part of the business was already done, for he had put names on them which would fit them exactly. The Priest asked him to say what they were. Don Quixote answered that he was to call himself the Shepherd Quixotiz, and the Bachelor the Shepherd Carrascon,—the Priest the Shepherd Curiambro, Sancho Panza the Shepherd Panzino. They were all amazed to perceive Don Quixote's new craze; but in order not to have him again going away from the village on his chivalries, in the hope that he might be cured within that year, they fell in with his precious design and applauded his folly as though it were a wise idea, offering to become his companions in its exercise.

More by token, said Samson Carrasco, as all the world

[1] See note to ch. xlii.

knows, I am a very celebrated poet, and at every turn I' will compose verses pastoral or courtly, or such as may best answer our purpose, so that we may divert ourselves in those deserts where we have to wander; but what is most needful, gentlemen, is that each of us should choose the name of the shepherdess whom he purposes to celebrate in his verses, and that we should leave no tree, how hard soever it be, on which her name is not inscribed and cut as is the use and custom of love-stricken shepherds.

—That's to the point, said Don Quixote, though for myself I am exempt from seeking the name of any imagin- ary shepherdess, since there is the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, glory of these river shores, the ornament of these meads, the stay of beauty, the cream of the graces, and, in fine, the object on which all praise may settle, however hyperbolical it be.

—That is true, said the Priest; but, for us, we shall have to look out here for accommodating shepherdesses, whom, if they do not square with us we may corner.[1]

To which Samson Carrasco added:—And should they fail us we will give them names from those figured and printed of whom the world is full; your Filidas, Amaryllises, Dianas, Fléridas, Galateas, and Belisardas,[2] whom, seeing they are sol

[1] *Si no nos cuadraren nos esquinen.* The Priest, as Clemencin thinks it wor while to point out, is joking.

[2] All these are common names in the pastoral poetry of the age, includ among which we perceive is Cervantes' own heroine *Galatea*,—so little merci was he to his own follies in this kind when the humour seized him. *F. da* the leading shepherdess in Gálvez de Montalvo's *Pastor de Filida*, reserved fro the fire, and extravagantly praised in the Inquisition of the Books (Part I. ch vi.). *Amaryllis* is a favourite name in many pastorals, from Virgil's *Buc* downwards. *Diana* is the heroine of Jorge de Montemayor and his follower, G Polo. *Flérida* is a name in one of the old ballads, and also in Garcilaso de Vega. *Belisa*, or *Belisarda*, figures in Lope de Vega's *Arcadia*. It is charact istic of the author of *Galatea*, which was up to that time certainly the mo popular of the pastorals, that he should ridicule the absurdities of the pastoral li just as he, the most romantic of men, had ridiculed the romances.

in the market-places, we can well buy and keep for our own. Should my lady—or my shepherdess I should rather say—by chance be called Anna, I will celebrate her under the name of Anarda, and if Francisca, I will call her Francenia, and if Lucia, Lucinda; for it will all come to that. And Sancho Panza, if he is to enter our confraternity, will be able to celebrate his wife, Theresa Panza, under the name of Theresaina.[1]

Don Quixote smiled at the application of the name, and the Priest greatly extolled his chaste and honourable resolve, offering anew to keep him company all the time he could spare from attending to his compulsory duties. With this they took leave of him, advising and pressing him to take care of his health by dieting himself on what was wholesome.

Now fate so willed it that the Niece and Housekeeper overheard the conversation of these three, and, as soon as the others were gone, they both went in with Don Quixote, and the Niece said to him:

—What is this, uncle? Now that we were thinking that you were come to bide at home and pass a quiet and decent life there, you want to entangle yourself in new labyrinths, turning yourself into—*Gentle shepherd, thou who goest; gentle shepherd, thou who comest.*[2] In truth, then, the straw is too old to make pipes of.[3]

[1] In a previous chapter (lxvii) Sancho had chosen for her the name *Theresona*, but that, as conveying that she was big and stout, would have been less suitable to the shepherdess character than the more sentimental *Theresaina*.

[2] The Niece is quoting from some lines of a popular ballad:—

Pastorcillo tú que vienes,
Pastorcico tú que vas.

The Niece, who is once more introduced in person after a long interval, preserves, as the most careless reader cannot fail to note, precisely the same character in her one little speech as in all her utterances, which, few and brief as they are, mark her distinct individuality; so that we know at once who is speaking without any indication of the speaker.

[3] *Esta ya duro el alcacer para zampoñas*—a rustic proverb, here most appropri-

To which the Housekeeper added: — And will your worship be able to stand, out in the fields, the hot afternoons of summer, the night-dews of winter, and the howling of the wolves? No, for certain; for such is the employment and office of robust men, trained and reared for such work almost from their swaddling-clothes; nay, bad for bad, better it is to be Knight Errant than shepherd. Look ye, Sir, take my advice, which is not given from a stomach full of bread and wine but fasting and on fifty years that I am of age — stay at home, attend to your estate, confess frequently, be good to the poor; and upon my soul be it if I serve you ill.

— Peace, daughters, Don Quixote answered; I know well what I have to do. Lead me to bed, for methinks I am not very well; and be assured that whether now I am Knight Errant or wandering shepherd I will never fail you at your need, as you shall find in the trial.

And the good daughters, for such indeed they were, Housekeeper and Niece, took him up to his bed, where they gave him to eat and comforted him as much as possible.

[illegible] is the green stalk of wheat before the [illegible] according to Covarrubias, the boys were accustomed [illegible] country. When the stalk becomes hard [illegible]

[illegible] chapter of Part I. we were told that the housekeeper was [illegible] necessary to comment on the variation between [illegible] Cervantes for carelessness of assertion, [illegible] as Bowle and Pellicer have done, that the story was meant to cover a period of ten years. We have shown elsewhere the [illegible] by the acceptance of any chronological theory. (See the Chronology of *Don Quixote* in Appendix A at the end of this volume.)

CHAPTER LXXIV

Of how Don Quixote fell sick, and of the will he made and of his death

As human things are not eternal, being ever on the decline from their beginnings till they reach their last end, especially the lives of men; and as Don Quixote had no privilege from Heaven to detain the course of his, so its end and finish arrived when he least thought of it; for whether it was of the melancholy which his being vanquished caused him, or by the disposition of Heaven which so ordained it, a fever seized him which kept him in bed six days, during which he was many times visited by the Priest, the Bachelor, and the Barber, his friends,—his good squire Sancho Panza never leaving his bed-side. They, believing that chagrin at being defeated and at not seeing his wish accomplished in the deliverance and disenchantment of Dulcinea brought him to that fate, endeavoured to cheer him in every way possible, the Bachelor telling him to be of good heart and arouse himself in order to begin his pastoral employment, for which he had already composed an eclogue which would put Sannazaro's[1] nose out of joint; and that he had already purchased with his own money a couple of famous dogs to guard the flock, one called Barcino and the other Butron,[2] which a

[1] Jacopo Sannazaro, who took the name of Actinus Sincerus, was a famous Italian poet of the *Renaissance*. He was born in 1458 at Naples, and was chiefly eminent for his pastoral eclogues in imitation of Virgil.

[2] *Barcino*, "ruddy," was a common name for dogs. It occurs in Cervantes'

Quixote heard this with
Housekeeper, his Niece, a
piteously, as if he were a
doctor's opinion was that
were bringing him to his e
to leave him alone, for he w
and he slept at a stretch,
hours, so that the Housekee
pass away in his sleep. He
and in a loud voice cried:

—Blessed be the Almigh
me so great a boon! Indee
nor do the sins of men limit

The Niece was attentiv
they seemed to her to be mo
wont to utter, at least in tha

—What is it, Sir, that you
What mercies are these or w

—The mercies, Niece, an
which God at this moment h
sins, as I have said, are no
now free and clear from the
which were laid upon me thr

novel of *El Colóquio de los Perros.* G
Butron was the surname of a noble fa

ous reading of the detestable books of chivalry. Now do I know their absurdities and their delusions, and I am grieved only that this discovery has come so late that it leaves me no time to make amends by reading other books, which might be a light to my soul. I feel myself, now, at the point of death: I would fain meet it in such a manner as to make it understood that my life has not been so bad as to leave me the character of a madman; for, granting that I have been one, I would not confirm this truth in my death. Call in to me, my dear, my good friends the Priest, the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the Barber, for I wish to confess and make my will.

But from this trouble the Niece was saved by the entrance of the three. Hardly had Don Quixote seen them when he exclaimed:—Give me joy, good Sirs, in that I am not Don Quixote of La Mancha but Alonso Quixano,[1] the same to whom for his deeds was given the name of the Good. Now am I an enemy of Amadis of Gaul and all the endless brood of his progeny! Now are odious to me all the profane stories of Knight Errantry! Now do I know my folly and the peril in which the reading of them involved me! Now, by God's mercy, tutored by mine own experience, do I abhor them!

When the three heard him say this they believed for

[1] *Quijano*, or *Quixano* as in all the older editions, is here finally decided to be Don Quixote's real name, a point which in the first chapter of the book had been left in doubt between *Quijada*, *Quesada*, and *Quijana*. In ch. v. of Part I. he is called Quijada by the labourer who brings him home after his beating in his first sally. There is a certain plausibility in the conjecture of Don Ramon Cabrera, quoted by Clemencin, that the name of *Quijano* was borne by a real person who was living when the First Part was published, and, therefore, Cervantes did not care to indicate it too precisely, but expressed it afterwards in the Second Part, as the original had died in the interval. There were living in the reign of Philip II., at Esquivias, the town of which Cervantes' wife was a native,—where he himself once lived for a short time,—two gentlemen, named Alonso Quixano the elder and Alonso Quijano the younger, whom Cervantes must have known.

your worship wish to tur
your life; return to yours

—Those which hithert
true ones to my damage—
Heaven, shall turn to my
dying with all speed; lay a
confessor to confess me anc
such straits as this a man n
so I pray you, while the Pri
notary.

They looked at one anot
words, and though in doub
him. And one of the sign
was dying was his having
sane, for to the words alread
so well spoken, so Christian-l
came to be wholly resolved
that he was sound of mind.
leave the room, and stayed
him. The Bachelor went
while returned with him, a
Sancho (who had learnt by
state his master was), finding
crying, commenced to blubb
fession being ended, the Pri

squire, so that it caused the tears to burst out afresh, and a thousand groans from their bosoms; for, in truth, as has been some time said, that whether he was plain Alonso Quixano the Good, or whether he was Don Quixote of La Mancha, he was ever of an amiable disposition and pleasant behaviour, and therefore was well beloved, not only by those of his household but of all as many as knew him. The Notary entered with the rest, and after having written the preamble to the will, and Don Quixote had disposed of his soul with all those Christian circumstances which are requisite, coming to the bequests he said:

—Item, it is my will that of certain moneys which Sancho Panza, whom in my madness I made my squire, retains, that because there have been between him and me certain accounts, receipts, and disbursements, I wish that he be not charged with them, nor that any reckoning be asked from him, but that, if there should be any surplus after he has paid himself what I owe him, the residue should be his, which will be very little, and may it do him much good. And if I, being mad, was a party to giving him the Governorship of the Isle, now, being sane, I would give him that of a Kingdom, were I able, for the simplicity of his nature and the fidelity of his behaviour deserve it.

And, turning to Sancho, he said to him:—Pardon me, friend, that I have given thee occasion to appear mad like myself, making thee fall into the error into which I fell, that there were and are Knights Errant in the world.

—Alack! responded Sancho weeping, don't you die, your worship, dear master, but take my advice and live many years, for the maddest thing a man can do in this life is to let himself die, without more ado, without anybody killing him, nor other hands to finish him off than those of melancholy.[1]

[1] Nothing in Sancho becomes him like these last words, in which, for once, the pathos drowns the humour, leaving Sancho purged of all taint of grossness, and in the closing act of his pictured life worthy of his dying master.

Look you, do not be lazy but get out of that bed, and we will go into the country dressed like shepherds, as we have arranged. Perhaps behind some hedge we shall find the lady Doña Dulcinea disenchanted and as fine as may be seen. If it be that you are dying of sorrow at being conquered, put the fault on me, and say they overthrew you because I girthed Rocinante badly. Moreover, your worship must have seen in your books of chivalries that it was a common thing for some knights to overthrow others, and he who is conquered to-day may be conqueror to-morrow.

—It is so, said Samson, and honest Sancho is very true about these matters.

—Gently, Sirs, said Don Quixote, for in last year's nests you look not for birds of this year.[1] I was mad, and now I am sane. I was Don Quixote of La Mancha, and to-day I am, as I have said, Alonso Quixano the Good. May my repentance and my sincerity restore me to the esteem you once had for me, and so let Master Notary go on.

—Item, I bequeath all my estate, without reserve, to Antonia Quixana, my Niece, who is present, there being first deducted from it, as may be most convenient, what is needed for the satisfaction of the bequests which I have made; and the first payment to be made I desire to be of the salary due to my Housekeeper from the time she has been in my service, with twenty ducats more for a dress. I leave as my executors[2] Master Priest and Master Bachelor Samson Carrasco, who are present. Item, it is my wish that if Antonia Quixana, my Niece, is inclined to marry, she should wed a man of whom she shall first have evidence that he knows not what books of chivalries are; and in case it shall be discovered that he does know, and yet my Niece wishes to marry with him and does so marry, that she shall forfeit all that I have bequeathed her, which my executors

[1] *En los nidos de antaño no hay pájaros hogaño*—a proverb.

[2] *Albaceas*; from the Arabic *al-wasi*, which has the same meaning.

are empowered to distribute in pious works at their pleasure. Item, I beseech the said gentlemen, my executors, that if good fortune should bring them to know the author who, they say, wrote a history which is current hereabout under the title of Second Part of the Exploits of Don Quixote of La Mancha, that they will on my behalf beg him, as earnestly as they can, to pardon the occasion which I unwittingly gave him for writing so many and such enormous follies as therein be written, for I quit this life with some tenderness of conscience for having given him a motive for writing them.

With this he concluded his testament, and being taken with a fainting fit he lay extended at full length upon the bed. They were all alarmed and ran to his assistance, and during the three days that he lived after the day on which he made his will he fainted very frequently. The house was all in confusion; however, the Niece ate, the Housekeeper drank, and Sancho Panza was cheerful; for this inheriting of something dulls or tempers in the inheritor the memory of the pain which the dead man naturally leaves behind.

At last came Don Quixote's end, after he had received all the sacraments, and after he had expressed, with many and moving terms, his horror at the books of chivalries. The Notary was present, and said that never had he read in any book of chivalries that any Knight Errant had died in his bed so tranquilly and so Christian-like as Don Quixote, who, amidst the tears and lamentations of all who stood by, gave up his spirit, — that is to say, died.

On seeing this the Priest asked the Notary to give him a certificate that Alonso Quixano the Good, commonly called Don Quixote of La Mancha, had passed out of this present life and had died a natural death; declaring that he sought such certificate in order to take away from any other author than Cid Hamet Benengeli the excuse falsely to resuscitate him and write interminable histories of his deeds.

This was the end of the Ingenious Gentleman of La Mancha, whose village Cid Hamet desired not to indicate precisely,[1] in order to let all the cities and towns of La Mancha contend among themselves for the honour of giving him birth and adopting him for their own, as the seven cities of Greece contended for Homer. The lamentations of Sancho, of the Niece, and the Housekeeper of Don Quixote are here omitted, as well as the new epitaphs upon his tomb,[2] but this was what Samson Carrasco put there :—

A valiant gentleman here lies,
Whose courage reached to such a height,
Of Death itself he made a prize,
When 'gainst Death he lost the fight.

He reck'd not of the world a jot,—
The world's great bugbear and the dread ;
Strong was his arm, and strange his lot ;
Stark mad in life,—when sober, dead.

And said the most sagacious Cid Hamet to his pen :— Here shalt thou rest suspended from this rack and by this copper wire, goose-quill of mine !—whether well cut or badly nibbed I know not,—where thou shalt live long ages, if presumptuous and felonious historians do not take thee down to profane thee. But before they touch thee, mayst thou warn them and say to them as best thou canst :—

Take care, take care, ye scoundrels base !
I must be touched of none :
For this emprise, my worthy king,
Is kept for me alone.[3]

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[1] See the opening words of the first chapter in the First Part.

[2] Other epitaphs had been given at the end of Part I.

[3] Tate, tate, folloncicos,
De ninguno sea tocada,
Porque esta empresa, buén Rei,
Para mi estaba guardada.

—For me alone Don Quixote was born, and I for him. It was he could act, and I could write. We two alone are in one, maugre and in spite of the fictitious and Tordesillescan scribe,[1] who has dared, or shall dare, to write with coarse and ill-trimmed ostrich quill of the deeds of my valorous Knight, for it is no burden for his shoulders nor subject for his frost-bound genius; whom, if perchance thou gettest to know him, thou shalt warn that he must suffer the weary and now mouldering bones of Don Quixote to repose in the grave, nor seek, against all the canons of Death, to carry him off to Old Castile,[2] making him come out of the vault where he really and truly lies stretched at full length, powerless to make a third expedition and new sally; for sufficient to cast ridicule upon the many which the many Knights Errant have made are the two which he made, so much to the delight and entertainment of the people to whose knowledge they have come, as well in these as in foreign kingdoms. Thus shalt thou comply with thy Christian profession, giving good counsel to him who wishes thee evil; and I shall remain content and proud to be the first who ever enjoyed the fruit of his writings in their entirety as I desired, seeing that my desire has been no other than to inspire mankind with an abhorrence of the false and absurd stories of the books of

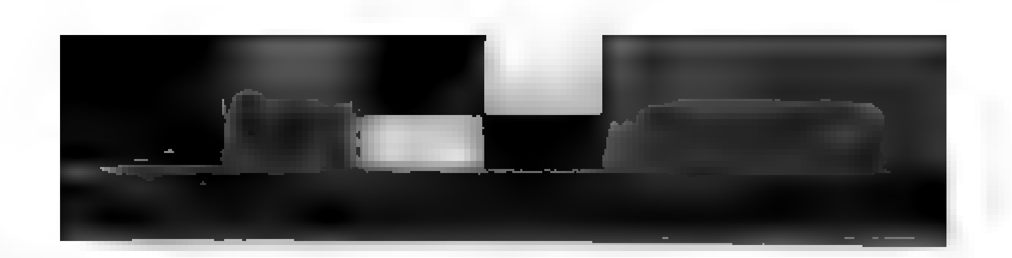
The lines quoted in the text are from a ballad in the *Guerras Civiles de Granada*, by Gines Perez de Hita, where the words are put in the mouth of Don Alonso de Aguilar, a famous captain in the army of Don Juan of Austria in the expedition against the insurgent Moriscoes in the Alpujarras. The two last lines are a very common form in the ballads and the books of chivalries.

[1] *i.e.* Avellaneda, who called himself in his title-page a native of Tordesillas,—which, of course, as well as his name, was only a veil to cover his real identity.

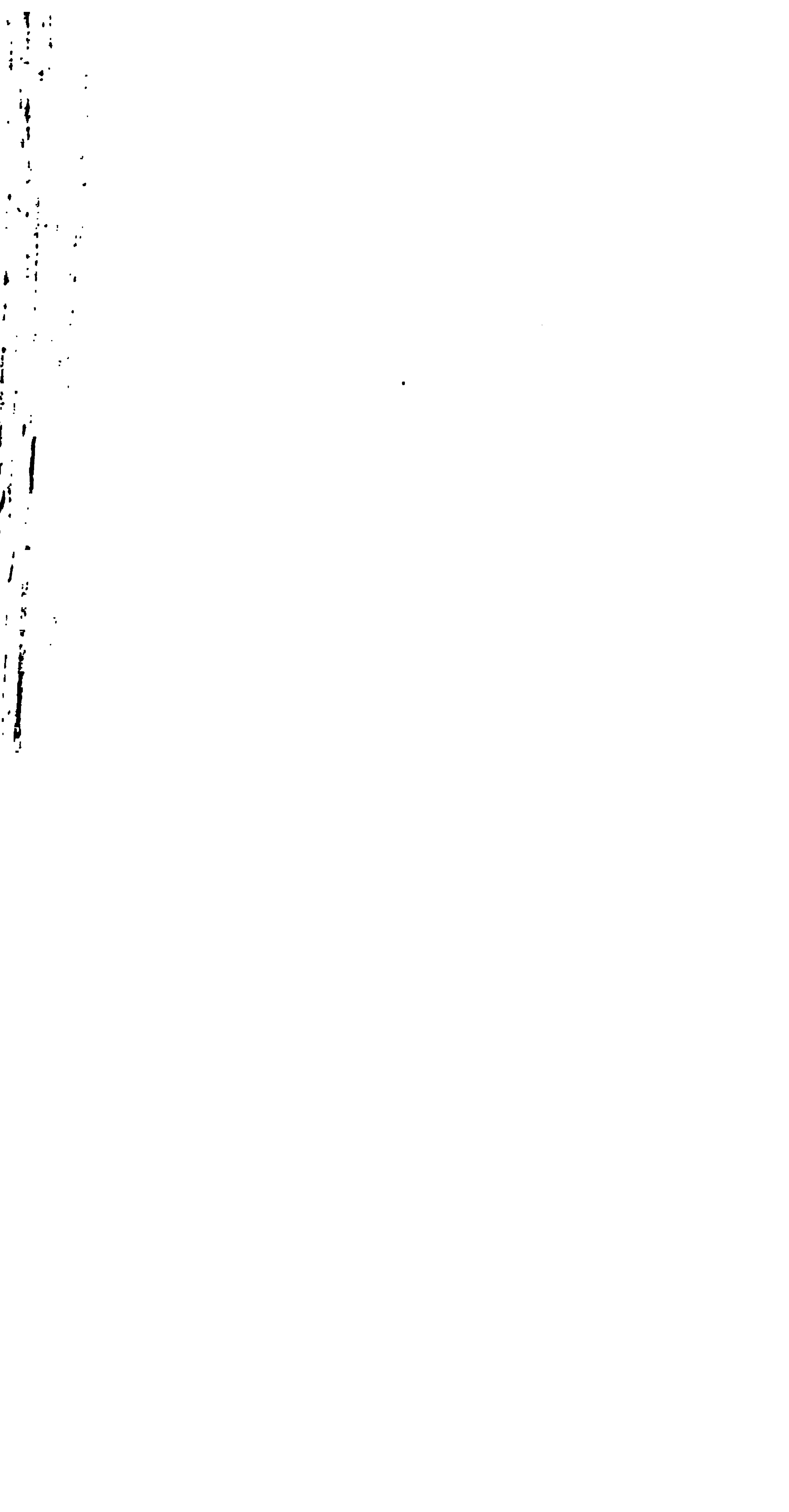
[2] Avellaneda, after bringing his hero, the false Don Quixote, into the madhouse at Toledo, concludes his story, in imitation of Cervantes' closing words of the First Part, by speaking of an old tradition in La Mancha that Don Quixote was ultimately cured of his madness and was released from the asylum to start upon a new series of adventures in Old Castile, with a soldier's wench, clad like a man, for his squire,—taking upon himself the name of *El Caballero de los Trabajos*,—"to celebrate which there will not be wanting some better pen" (in allusion to Cervantes' quotation, *Forse altri canterà*, etc.).

chivalries, which by means of those of my true Don Qui
are already tottering, and have, without any doubt, to
wholly and for ever.[1] FAREWELL!

[1] Here we have a distinct and final declaration of Cervantes' purpo
writing *Don Quixote*, repeated from the Prologue to his First Part, whe
avows his aim to be "nothing more than to destroy the authority and infl
which the books of chivalries have in the world and over the vulgar." T
was no part of his scheme to write a satire against the follies and vices
time,—that it still less entered into his imagination to ridicule any
personages by way of revenge for the wrongs and sufferings he had to endu
that he did not even purpose to assail the legitimate authority of fiction, an
very far from desiring to curb the spirit of romance and to limit its domain,
foregoing pages will have proved, or else *Don Quixote* has been written a
author has lived in vain. The hero himself of a stirring romance,—the
and the victim of adventures,—the Knight Errant of Letters,—Cervantes w
last man in all the world to meditate any such insane enterprise. Wh
sought to destroy was the evil and the false romances,—the stupid and the
books of chivalries; making war especially upon the two great vices, wh
every age are the bane of literature—affectation and extravagance. An
perfectly his work was done, how complete was his victory, is proved by th
that after the appearance of the First Part of *Don Quixote* no new bo
chivalries, claiming to be such, was published in Spain, and only two or th
the old books were reprinted. The one book of chivalry which survives,
one knightly romance which remains untouched by time,—is *Don Quixote*.



APPENDICES



APPENDIX A

THE CHRONOLOGY OF DON QUIXOTE

DON VICENTE DE LOS RIOS, the first of Spanish editors to treat *Don Quixote* as a serious book and a classic and not merely as a book of drolleries, was also the first who attempted to reduce the process of the fable to some kind of chronological order. In this pious enterprise he has been followed by Hartzenbusch, who has gone even farther than his predecessor, supplying, among many other things omitted by the author, a perfect Diary of all Don Quixote's proceedings in his first, second, and third sallies.

That this task has not been achieved without much straining of dates and alteration of words, to bring Cervantes' careless narrative into some kind of harmony with the Calendar, we can easily conceive when we remember two or three leading facts connected with the publication of *Don Quixote*. In the first place, there was an interval of ten years between the conclusion of the First Part of Don Quixote's adventures and the appearance of the Second Part; while the actual interval, according to the story, would not have been more than a few months between Don Quixote's return home at the end of the First Part and the resumption of his adventures in the Second Part. According to some indications given in the First Part,—as, for instance, in the Captive's Story in ch. xxxix.,—the date of the action of the story seems to have been about 1589 (see vol. ii. p. 221). The Captive represents himself as having been engaged in the battle of Lepanto (1571), and is described as a man of about forty years (vol. ii. p. 204). On the other hand, events are spoken of in the Second Part, such as the Expulsion of the Moriscoes, which

did not occur till 1609; and some of even four or five years later. It is obvious, therefore, that there are some chronological difficulties in the way of those who attempt to give us a Diary of Don Quixote in which the events of the story shall be reconciled with the historical Calendar. These difficulties, however, have not been so great as that the ingenuity of Vicente de los Rios and of Hartzenbusch has been unable to overcome them, or at least to give us, what they suppose every reader demands, the precise date of each one of Don Quixote's adventures.

It will be unnecessary, perhaps, to give the Diary, according to Hartzenbusch, in full. So much we can gather from Cervantes' own words as that Don Quixote left his village, on his first sally, on a Friday in July, arriving the same evening at the inn where he was dubbed a Knight, when the moon was at the full. This could only have been on the 28th of July in the year 1598, according to Vicente de los Rios. On the next day, Saturday, Don Quixote is brought home bruised and battered, and laid in bed. On Sunday takes place the Inquisition of the Books. Allowing twenty days to elapse for the Knight to recover and to engage Sancho as a squire, it was on the night of the 24th of August that they sally forth again from the village. The next day is the adventure of the windmills. On the night of the 27th of August comes the scene at the inn with Maritornes, and the next morning Sancho is tossed in the blanket. On the 30th of August the Knight is left alone in the Sierra Morena. On the 2nd of September they arrive, with the Priest, Barber, Cardenio, and Dorothea, at the inn of Palomeque, and on this eventful day occur a great many things. On the 4th of September, Don Quixote is encaged, and they start on their return journey. They were six days, we are told, on the route, so that they must have returned home to Argamasilla on the 10th of September. Here ends the First Part. Rios makes the time shorter, bringing the Knight home on the 2nd of September.

The Second Part, according to Hartzenbusch, opens on the 3rd of June, 1614; but though this agrees with chronological history, according to some of the events referred to, it does not agree with the action of the fable, for it is preposterous to suppose

that Cervantes meant to keep his hero at home for sixteen years, which would be to start him on his third sally when he was approaching seventy years of age. Rios, who adheres to the letter of the story, which speaks of Don Quixote remaining at home in quiet only for about a month, begins the Diary of the events in his third sally with the 3rd of October; a date which also has its inconveniences, for it assumes that Don Quixote and Sancho were wandering about at a season of the year which, even in Spain, would not be very suitable for out-door adventures. According to the scheme of Hartzenbusch, which is better fitted for the story, the third sally occupies a period of four months and a half, Don Quixote returning to his village about the middle of October. According to Rios, the third sally would be protracted to the 29th of December, a date which clearly does not suit the narrative. Thus we have a choice of two alternative chronologies. Hartzenbusch's plan gives us the better season of months for the adventures to have occurred in, but it gives us a year which, though it agrees with the historical reference, is out of date with the fable. Rios, in trying to keep within the terms of the story, gives us a year which does not square with history, and a scheme of months which does not fit the adventures.

Between these two chronologies the reader may make his choice. Should he demur to be ruled by either, he may be able to console himself with the reflection that, after all, Cervantes did not intend to write a history but a fable, and that there is a chronology allowed to writers of fiction which owes no allegiance to the Calendar.

APPENDIX B

THE ITINERARY OF DON QUIXOTE

The adventures of Don Quixote are contained in three sallies made from his native town, Argamasilla de Alba, of which the account of the two first is contained in the First Part; the third and longest, ending at Barcelona, making the substance of the Second Part. The scene of the greater part of Don Quixote's wanderings is the district of La Mancha, which in the sixteenth century embraced a larger extent of country than it does now—stretching from the slopes of the Sierra de Cuenca in the north-east to the Sierra de Almaden in the south-west. The north-easternmost portion was anciently called *La Mancha de Aragon*, or *de Monte de Aragon*. La Mancha proper was divided into the Campo de Montiel and the Campo de Calatrava, comprising what is now the province of Ciudad Real. Through the centre of this district runs the Guadiana in a general direction from east to west, divided in its upper course into two main feeders—the Zancara, which rises at the foot of the Sierra de Cuenca, and the Jabalon, which springs from the Sierra de Alcaraz. Argamasilla itself is on the Guadiana Alto, which after a devious and obscure course, partly underground, joins the Zancara a little above Villarta de San Juan. (See the accompanying sketch-map.)

The course of Don Quixote's journeys it is not always easy to follow, nor need we look for perfect geographical exactness in the narrative. In Pellicer's edition (1797) there is given a map at the end of the last volume, not only tracing the route taken by the Knight in each of his sallies, but marking the sites of the various adventures up to Barcelona, the scene of his final over-

throw. To the first volume of the Academy's edition of 1819 there is also affixed a map, showing not only the tracks of Don Quixote but the spots where all the leading incidents of the story occurred. These two itineraries do not agree, and there are some discrepancies in each of them with geography and with the text. In my own plan of the journeys I have followed the narrative so far as it is possible to reconcile it with the map of the country, without attempting to do more than indicate generally the course taken by Don Quixote in the prosecution of his adventures.

On his first sally we are told that Don Quixote, after riding all day, arrived at nightfall at an inn, where he saw two young women standing at the door. This, the first of the five inns which are mentioned in the story, has been identified with a *venta* which still exists, called the *Venta de Quesada*, with an inscription, affirming it to be the inn where Don Quixote was made a knight. Its general features correspond with those of the inn which Don Quixote took for a castle. There is a well with a stone trough and a *patio* which answers to the description, and the house, or the basis of it, is old enough to have been standing in Cervantes' time. The *Venta de Quesada* is about five or six leagues from Argamasilla, in a direction almost west-south-west by the compass. After leaving the inn the new-made knight returns to his village (ch. iv.) in order to provide himself with a squire and other necessaries for his enterprise. He meets on the road with a labouring man beating his boy, after redressing which wrong he comes to a cross-way where four roads meet. Leaving Rozinante to choose his road, the Knight seems to have taken the direct way home, when after going two miles he encounters the merchants of Toledo going to buy silk in Murcia. Rozinante falling in mid-career, the knight is beaten by the muleteer and left lying helpless on the road (ch. v.), where he is found by a labouring man of his village, calling on the Marquess of Mantua for aid. He is taken home, laid upon an ass, with his armour on Rozinante, and so ends the first sally.

The second sally is taken with Sancho Panza for squire. Starting at nightfall, they took, we are told (ch. vii.), the same

course and road which Don Quixote had taken on his first journey, which was "by the plain of Montiel"—that is, skirting the northern boundary of the plain so called. There happens, at a spot marked by Pellicer beyond the *Venta de Quesada*, the famous adventure of the windmills, the district being one where windmills are in plenty. After this they "follow the road to the Pass of Lápice" (ch. viii.), which, being greatly frequented, would yield "adventures up to the elbows." The Pass of Lápice is a gap between two olive-clad hills, so called (*Piedras Lapidas*), from the building stones in which they are rich. Through this pass went all the traffic, in those days, between Madrid and Andalucia. To the Puerto Lápice the Knight's course would carry him almost due north, by the Ojos de Guadiana, which are small lakes formed by the river coming to the surface here after its underground journey. Arrived at the pass, the Knight meets a train of people escorting the carriage of the lady who was going to Seville, in whose company are two Benedictine friars riding on mules (ch. viii.). Here occurs the great battle with the Biscayan, which is left suspended through the loss of the manuscript (ch. ix.). After this Don Quixote turns off the road into a wood, where they meet with some goatherds and are told the story of Chrysostom and Marcela (ch. x.). Pursuing their way farther into the wood in a direction due west, he falls in with some Yanguesan carriers who are resting on their way, where through the fault of Rozinante master and man fall out with the Yanguesans and receive a severe cudgelling (ch. xv.). A "short league" farther, fortune guides them to an inn, the second of the kind, which becomes the scene of many adventures. This is the inn kept by Juan Palomeque, where the adventure with Maritornes occurs, and Sancho is tossed in a blanket, after having been dosed with the Balsam of Fierabras. This is the farthest point west reached by Don Quixote, and thence the authorities agree that he took a course due south. After leaving the wood they encounter the two flocks of sheep, which are taken to be the opposing armies of Pentapolin and Alifanfaron (ch. xviii.), when Don Quixote is stoned by the shepherds. "Without quitting the



high road" they come up at dead of night with the procession of "surpliced ones," carrying the body of a gentleman from Baeza to Segovia (ch. xix.), after which Sancho gives his master the title of *Knight of the Rueful Feature*. They proceed a little way between two hills, stopping in a wide secluded valley to eat of the provender found on the priests' sumpter-mule. Going a little farther they hear "a great noise of water," and terrified spend the night in the wood (ch. xx.). In the morning they discover the fulling-mills on the banks of the Guadiana. They are now, according to the rate they have been travelling since they left the inn of Palomeque, a little east of Ciudad Real, near the site of the small town of Almagro. (See sketch-map.) In the morning occurs the adventure with the barber and the winning of his bason, called the helmet of Mambrino (ch. xxi.). "Returning into the high road," without any definite purpose, Don Quixote takes a course which by the Academy's map is south-east. After a while he meets the chain-gang of galley-slaves coming towards him, and gives them their liberty (ch. xxii.). For fear of the Holy Brotherhood, at Sancho's instance, they plunge into the defiles of the Sierra Morena. The spot is identified in the Academy's edition as between Valdepeñas and Almuradiel, near the village of Torrenueva. That night they reach the very bowels of the Sierra Morena (ch. xxiii.), where Ginés de Pasamonte robs Sancho of Dapple while asleep. Proceeding farther into the mountains, they find a saddle-cushion and valise, and soon afterwards come up with their owner, the Tattered One, Cardenio. They enter "the ruggedest part of the mountains," arriving at "the foot of a lofty mountain standing alone," along the skirt of which ran "a gentle streamlet," encircling "a green and luxuriant meadow." This is the spot chosen by the Knight in which to perform his penance in imitation of Amadis. It is a little to the north of the site of the famous battle of *Las Navas de Tolosa*, fought in 1212, and near the scene of the Spanish victory of Bailen, won over the French in 1808. The streamlet, by the Academy's map, should be the river Guadalen, near its source. Here Don Quixote spends some three days in mortifying his flesh and in invocations to

Heaven and his lady-love, while Sancho is sent with a letter to Dulcinea. Sancho, on the road to El Toboso, arrives at the inn where he had been blanketed, and meets the Priest and the Barber. Sancho returns with them to where he left his master. The Priest and the Barber meet with the disguised Dorothea, and the three, together with Cardenio, go to where Don Quixote is, with a design to draw him thence. They find him amidst "a labyrinth of rocks" (ch. xxix.). The whole company emerge from the mountains and take the road which leads them back to the inn, Sancho recovering his ass from Ginés by the way. Arrived at the inn, there occur a variety of adventures,—with the Captive and Zorayda, and Fernando and Lucinda, and the Judge and his daughter with Don Louis, with the contention over the ass-pannel and the barber's bason, and the battle of the wine-skins, and the reading of the story of *The Impertinent Curiosity*; after which Don Quixote is bound and shut up in a cage, and led away in a bullock-cart to his own village; where end his second sally and the First Part.

The third sally of Don Quixote occupies the entire Second Part, and extends over a much wider field. Starting at nightfall, the Knight and squire take the road to El Toboso, which is almost due north from Argamasilla. On the evening of the second day they reach a wood in the neighbourhood of "the great city," entering El Toboso, after a few hours' rest, to look for Dulcinea's palace, "on the stroke of midnight" (ch. ix.). Don Quixote is persuaded to retire two miles from the town while Sancho goes in quest of Dulcinea's abode. After the meeting with the three damsels they remount and take the road to Zaragoza. A short stage farther on they encounter the Car of Death. The next night they enter a wood, and while resting under a tall and shady tree Don Quixote overhears the soliloquy of the Knight of the Mirrors (ch. xii.). After overthrowing his adversary, who is revealed as Samson Carrasco, Don Quixote proceeds joyfully once more on the road to Zaragoza. According to the route traced on the Academy's map, Don Quixote's course, however, is now due south, and for the next half-a-dozen stages is somewhat erratic. On the road he is

overtaken by Don Diego de Miranda, and shortly after meets with the lions, travelling from Oran towards Madrid. This adventure being ended, he arrives about two o'clock in the afternoon at Don Diego's village and country-house (ch. xvii.). Leaving Don Diego's house, Don Quixote announces that he has to employ his time in adventures "till the arrival of the day of the jousts at Zaragoza," proposing as his first adventure a visit to the Cave of Montesinos, which takes him very much off the road, and indeed in a contrary direction. Passing by Camacho's village, which should be near the site of Villarobledo, Don Quixote joins in the wedding festivities. After spending three days with Basilio, Don Quixote starts for the Cave of Montesinos, arriving within two leagues of which he spends the night in a village, which can be no other than Ruidera (ch. xxii.). From this point Don Quixote makes due north, resuming his course to Zaragoza. He arrives at the third inn, where he meets Ginés de Pasamonte under the disguise of a puppet-showman, near the borders of Aragon. Farther on is the braying village, identified with El Peral or Peraleja (ch. xxv.). (In the Academy's map Don Quixote is made to arrive at the braying village before he reaches the inn, which is clearly an error, for it is stated in the text that it was not until the third day after leaving the inn that the Knight came up with the army of the brayers.) After travelling a few more days, Don Quixote arrives on the banks of the Ebro, still bound for Zaragoza. (This is a very long stage, passed over with a celerity which has much exercised the geographers.) The point where the adventure with the enchanted bark occurs is variously set down in the map by the authorities, some making it above Zaragoza, others below the city. The day after leaving the river, Don Quixote meets the Duke and Duchess hawking, and is taken to their castle. This castle is identified by Pellicer with Buenavia, a pleasance of the Duke of Villahermosa near Pedrola, twenty miles from Zaragoza. Here is a long halt. Sancho's Isle is set down variously in the maps, sometimes as Castejon, sometimes on the site of Alcalá del Ebro. On leaving the Duke's castle, Don Quixote directs his way to Zaragoza (ch. lvii.). After meeting with the images of saints, and the adven-

ture with the disguised shepherdesses, and being trampled on by the bulls, they come to an inn, which should be in the neighbourhood of Zaragoza—the fourth in their experience. Here it is that, while Sancho is busy with his supper of cow-heel, Don Quixote overhears two gentlemen talking of the book which purports to be the Second Part of his adventures, written by Avellaneda. Giving up his plan of going to Zaragoza, he starts for Barcelona, which he reaches in six days, after encountering Roque Guinart and his band of freebooters, travelling almost due east.

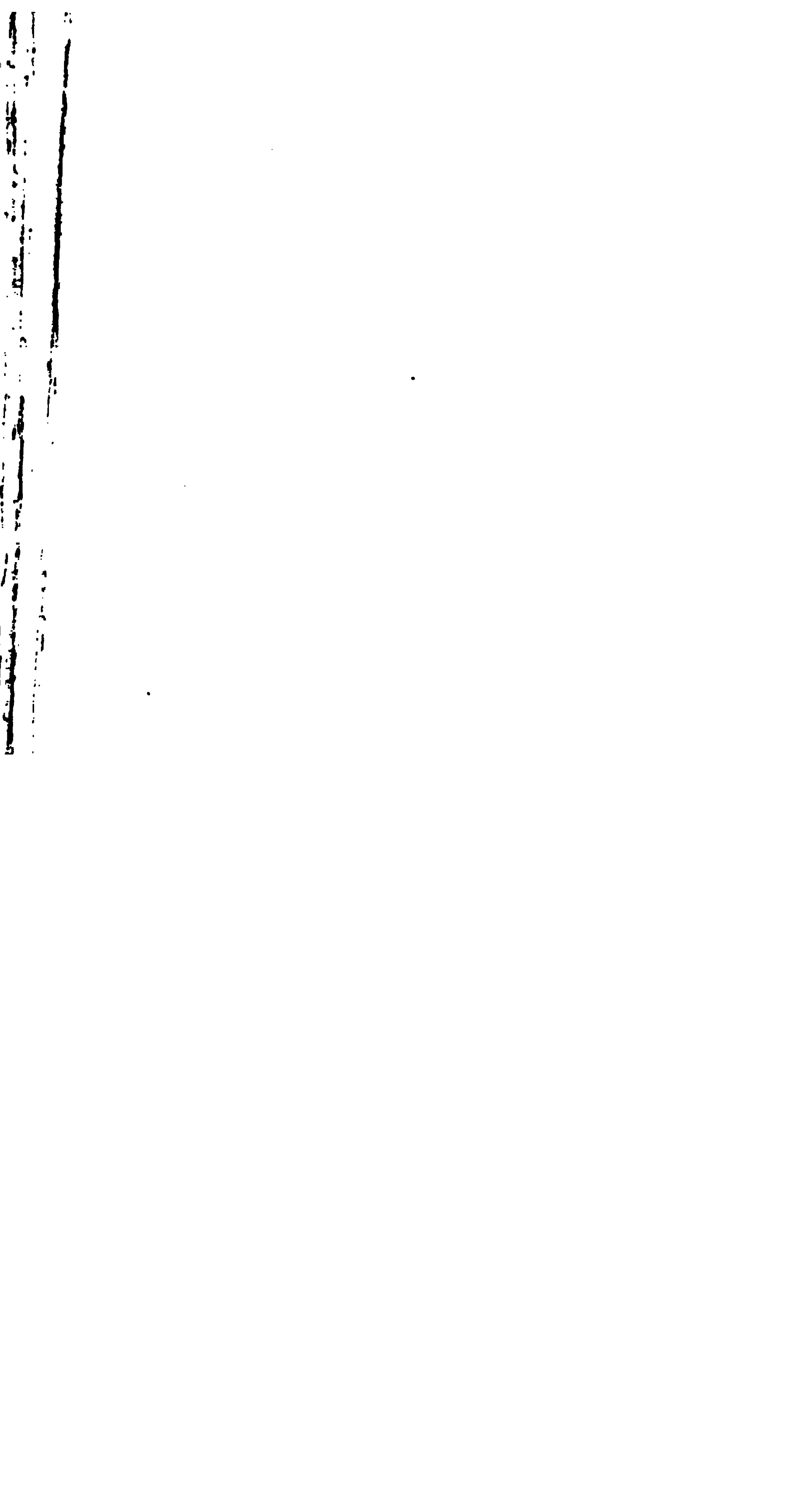
On his return from Barcelona after his overthrow by the Knight of the White Moon there are but few incidents to mark the course of the journey. In fulfilment of his vow we may suppose that the Knight took the shortest road home to his village. In the Academy's map the return route is not laid down, nor is it material, in the interests of geography or of the romance, to trace the Itinerary of Don Quixote any farther. The sketch-map here appended of La Mancha and the surrounding districts will enable the reader to follow the course of Don Quixote's wanderings, as closely as it is desirable or proper for any hero of romance to be pursued by the student of geography.



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INDEX

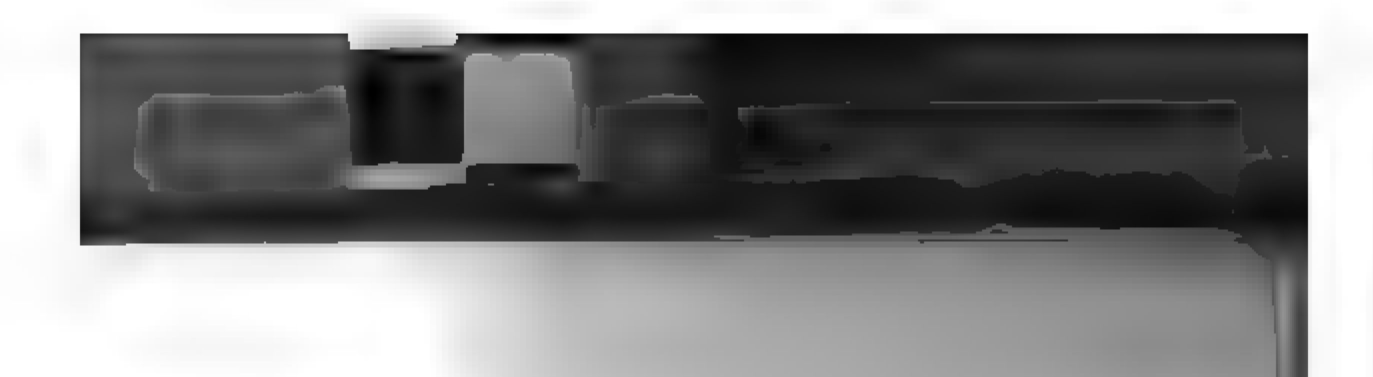
This index is to the contents of the four volumes, including the text of *Don Quixote* and the Introduction.

The abbreviations are:—C. for Cervantes; D. Q. for Don Quixote; S. for Sancho; D. for Dulcinea; and R. for Rozinante.

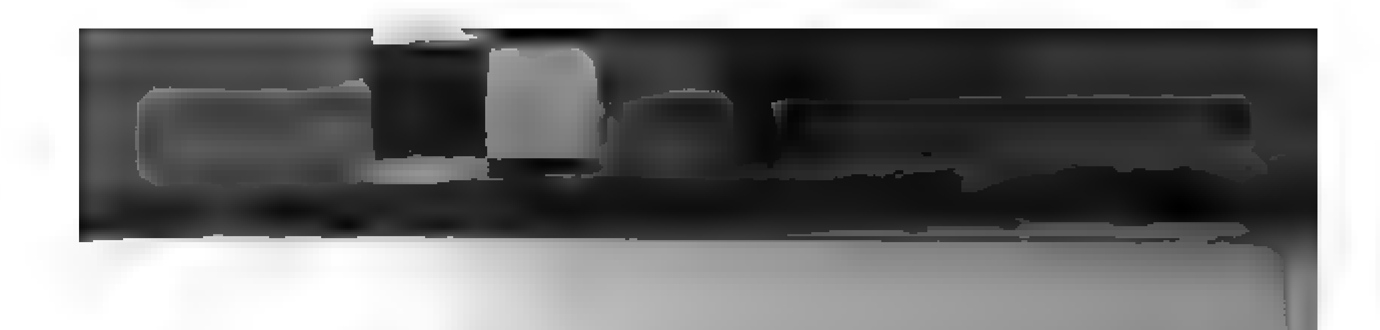
All Spanish words and titles of books are in Italics.

The proverbs are arranged, under that general head, in alphabetical order, according to the leading word.

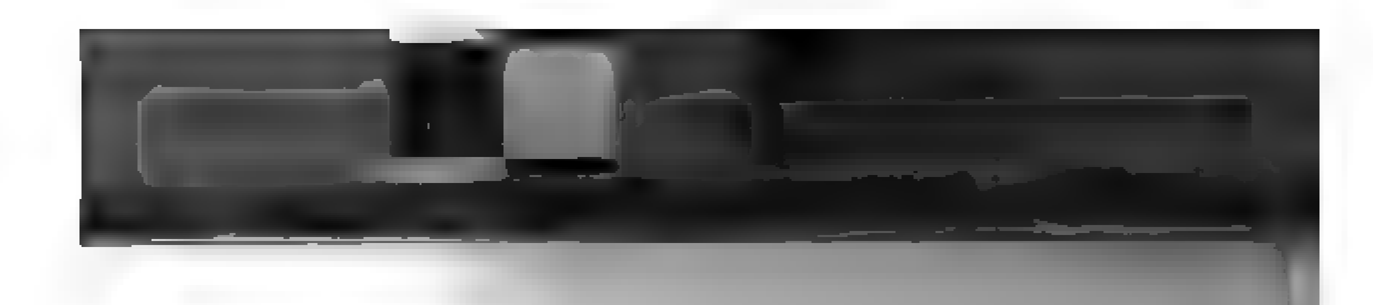
The Roman numerals indicate the volume, the Arabic the page.



Don Quixote

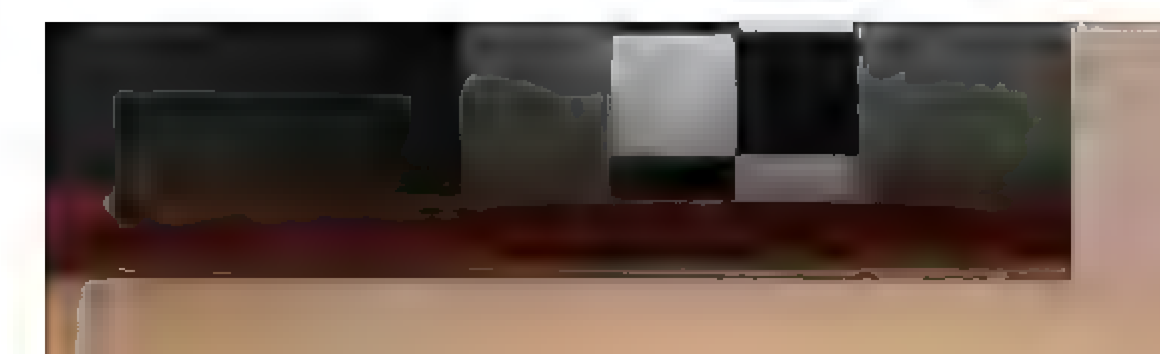


Don Quixote



Don Quixote

Don Quixote



Don Quixote



